

# METHODIST REVIEW

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## ART. I.—JOHN HENRY NEWMAN: HOW HE FOUND A LIGHT AMID THE ENCIRCLING GLOOM

WHILE the subject of this study was yet a lad, he read Newton On the Prophecies. The impression left on his mind by the book was that the Pope of Rome was unquestionably the Antichrist predicted by the biblical writers. The sentiment was of a piece with the modified Calvinism in which already his youthful mind had been steeped. Fourteen or fifteen years later than this, just after he had paid a visit to the Imperial City and while he was recovering from a serious illness at Palermo, he voiced his feelings in the wish, "O that thy creed were sound, thou Church of Rome!" Early in 1840 he published an article in the British Critic in which he wrote:

We see Rome attempting to gain converts among us by unreal representations of its doctrines, plausible statements, and bold assertions. . . . We see its agents, smiling and nodding and ducking to attract attention as gypsies make up to truant boys, holding out tales for the nursery, and pretty pictures, and gilt ginger-bread, and physic concealed in jam, and sugar-plums for good children. . . . We Englishmen like manliness, openness, consistency, truth.

On January 8, 1845, Newman wrote a letter to a lady who afterward became a Nun of the Visitation. The letter contains the following clauses:

The simple question is, Can *I* (it is personal, not whether another, but can *I*) be saved in the English Church? Am *I* in safety, were *I* to die to-night? is it a mortal sin in *me*, not joining another [the Roman] communion?

Years later, in a sermon, he speaks of the religion of "The Catholic Roman Church" in such a strain as this:

She has adoringly surveyed our Lord, feature by feature, and has paid a separate homage to him in every one. She has made us honor his five wounds, his precious blood, and his sacred heart. . . . She has sought out and placed before us the memorials of his life and death: his crib and holy house; his holy tunic; the handkerchief of Saint Veronica; the cross and its nails; his winding-sheet, and the napkin for his head.

And again, in the *Apologia*, he writes:

I did not believe the doctrine of transubstantiation till I was a Catholic. I had no difficulty in believing it as soon as I believed that the Catholic Roman Church was the oracle of God, and that she had declared this doctrine to be part of the original revelation.

And he whose spiritual struggles and experiences are indicated by the foregoing paragraphs, writing of it all in an autobiography that will never cease to claim its readers, tells us that the struggle ended with "perfect peace and contentment," and that, safe in the bosom of Mother Church, he felt as the storm-tossed mariner feels when he drops his anchor in the sheltered haven.

To trace at greater length the steps by which one who began his career with the conviction that the Pope was Antichrist eventually reached the other conviction, that that same Pope was vested with the most regal powers by God himself, may prove to be a task not altogether wanting in interest and instruction. Nor is the task without a certain element of pathos, for it reveals the sight of a great soul and an earnest wrestling grimly with haunting doubt, at last ceasing the struggle less by solving the real questions at issue than by submitting to their arbitrary solution by another. No proper appreciation of the mental movement of Newman can be arrived at apart from a knowledge of the facts of his life. The transition from Calvinism through Anglicanism to Romanism was not made suddenly. The whole sweep of his life for at least a quarter of a century was in the direction of Rome. His friendships and his historical studies united with his temperamental peculiarities in such a way as to make the retraction and the resignation of 1843, and the Romish ordination of 1846, appear to be the logical and even the inevitable outcome of all that had gone before. In Newman's case the inner life and the outward circum-

stances are vitally connected. They admit of no separation if we would understand the tragedy of his life. The source from which must ever be drawn any true insight into the character of Newman must, of course, always be the fascinating *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. In January of 1864 Charles Kingsley published in Macmillan's Magazine a review of Froude's History of England. In this article the author made the statement that "truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and, on the whole, ought not, to be." It was because of this and similar attacks that Newman brought himself to the preparation of the *Apologia*. The book was eagerly received by a curious and not too friendly public. It produced a remarkable sensation. The least it did was to exhibit the evident sincerity of its author. It was absolutely incredible that there should be any conscious duplicity in the nature of a man who could lay bare the inmost recesses of his soul with such chaste boldness as was displayed on every page of this autobiography. The task was one from which Newman might well have shrank. Evangelical, Laudian, Romanist—he had been all three in turn, and he had to show a skeptical public that he had sought the truth in each changing situation. The book has little proselytizing power—Newman expressly declares that it was not written to expound Roman doctrine; but as a great human document, compelling the attention if not the admiration of the reader, and often touching the heart while yet the intellect remains as adamant, it takes second place to but few books of its class.

John Henry Newman was born in London on February 21, 1801. The boy was in some measure the earnest of the man. "In my early years I was very superstitious" is a remark he makes about himself, which some may think applicable to his later years. Under the guidance of his mother, when he was fifteen years of age he believed he experienced "conviction of sin" and "conversion." At this time, and for some years later, Newman says that he was firmly convinced of his election to eternal glory. While still a boy he read Paine's Tracts Against the Old Testament, Hume's Essays, Law's Serious Call, Joseph Milner's Church History, with its long extracts from the fathers, and, as indicated above, Newton

**On the Prophecies.** It was now, too, in his attempts to imitate Addison, Johnson, and Gibbon, that he laid the foundations of a style which later was to bring him fame. On December 14, 1816, Newman entered himself at Trinity College, Oxford. In 1818 he won a valuable Trinity scholarship. He graduated in 1820, and two years later was elected Fellow of Oriel. This is a fact to be noted, for it meant that Oxford could now be his permanent home. In 1826 he was given a tutorship at Oriel, and this made his circumstances yet more comfortable, besides throwing him more fully into the life of the university. The ten years covered by this brief recital were full of other momentous experiences, and these demand our attention. Early in his college career Newman became dissatisfied with the gloomy creed in which he had been nurtured. Calvinism did not fit the facts; the evangelical teaching did not satisfy; the old positions must be abandoned. Perhaps the most potent factor in Newman's life at this period was his friendships. To them must be attributed no small share of the influences which led him to some of his later decisions. And what friends he had—Hurrell Froude, Keble, Whately, Edward Hawkins, Pusey! Froude's admiration of Rome was equaled only by his hatred of the Reformation. An authoritative hierarchy he could understand, but never an authoritative Book. All the peculiarities of the mediaeval church—tradition, celibacy, miracle, penance, mortification, the Real Presence—found in Froude a zealous defender. And with such a man the impressionable Newman was in the closest daily contact. Froude said that the best thing he ever did was when he brought Newman and Keble to understand each other. It was Keble's sermon on "National Apostasy" which we shall see later really started the Tractarian movement. Without Keble, says Newman, the movement never would have been. It was from the author of *The Christian Year* that he got the two ideas, (1) that the sacramental system accords with the conception that the material is the type and the instrument of the real unseen; and (2) that the strength of a doctrine depends not so much upon its intrinsic probability as upon the power of the faith and love which accepts the doctrine. He may have got some assistance toward the first idea from Butler as well. The second he later renounced on

the ground that it was not logical. Whately's influence over Newman was confined chiefly to the years 1822-26. We are told that it was Whately who taught him how to think and to use his reason. Here, too, he got the conception that the church was a substantive corporation, with her own peculiar powers, rights, and prerogatives. It was largely owing to impressions he received from Whately that Newman became so amenable to the influence of Keble. Edward Hawkins was vicar of Saint Mary's at the time Newman won the Oriel fellowship. His influence over the young scholar's mind was very marked, especially in connection with the doctrine of Holy Scripture. Under his guidance Newman exchanged the evangelical conception of the Bible for the conception that the Bible must be interpreted by tradition. In 1828 Hawkins was elected over Keble as provost of Oriel and Newman became vicar of St. Mary's. The year following, as the result of a disagreement with the provost, Newman lost his tutorship. Writing of the event later, he said, "Humanly speaking, the Oxford movement never would have been had I not been deprived of the tutorship, or had Keble, not Hawkins, been provost." Pusey was made an Oriel Fellow in 1823, and his friendship with Newman dates from that time. No leader of the Oxford movement has received more vilification than has he, and none was more able than was he. He gave the movement a certain strength which first forced its recognition by other parties in the university. Especially did he change the character of the tracts. "He saw that there ought to be more sobriety, more gravity, more careful pains, more sense of responsibility in the tracts and in the whole movement."

But besides the influence exerted upon Newman by his friends was the influence exerted upon him by his studies of the fathers and his investigations of heresies. He began to read the fathers seriously during the long vacation of 1828, with a view to writing a book on the Arians. The Alexandrians, Origen, Clement, and Dionysius had a special attraction for him, so much so that he was himself called "a Greek of Alexandria." In connection with this study, Newman read the works of Bishop Bull, and the two combined led him to believe that the Church of England, to be a true church, must have antiquity for her basis. The volume on

the Arians was published at the close of 1833, and immediately made its author's mark as a writer. The real significance of the book, however, is its indication of what was taking place in Newman's own mind, for it contains the startling statement that "to spare an heresiarch is a false and dangerous pity"—a statement which led to his being accused of wishing to reëstablish the Inquisition. The truth is that Newman was already beginning to hate anything which threatened the corporate unity of the church. At his hand was the Establishment, dissected by the great liberalizing elements. His studies revealed to him a primitive church, fresh, vigorous, whole. Of that church—the Church Catholic and Apostolic—his own church was nothing but the local presence and organ. *Unless she was this she was nothing, and to make her this there must be a second Reformation.*

Another influential factor in Newman's spiritual upheaval was his trip to the south of Europe, begun in December of 1832 with Hurrell Froude, who was going in search of health. During this trip he wrote a great deal of poetry, most of it expressive of his frame of mind respecting the church. He left Froude at Marseilles and went on alone to Rome. The city itself enamored him, but he found its religion "polytheistic, degrading, and idolatrous." He was detained at Palermo by a serious illness, but was convinced that he would recover, since he had not sinned against light and had a work to do in England. It was now that he wrote the expression referred to above—"O that thy creed were sound, thou Church of Rome!" Leaving Palermo, he traveled by boat back to Marseilles, and on the way wrote his great hymn, "Lead, kindly Light!" In a few days he was in England again, and on the first Sunday following his return, July 14, 1833, Keble preached at Oxford the epochal sermon on "National Apostasy," concerning which Newman wrote: "I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." "Erasmus laid the egg, and Luther hatched it." The ideas inspired by Keble and fostered by Froude were now to be brought to full fruition by Newman. A five days' consultation took place in the vicarage at Hadleigh, and in this meeting the plan of the Oxford movement took definite shape. Apostolic succession and the integrity of the

Prayer Book were to be fought for, and the ideas of the party were to be disseminated by a series of tracts. In connection with the plan, Newman immediately began to preach his famous four o'clock sermons at Saint Mary's. Thus originated the party which eventually clashed not only with the church from which it sprang but even with the very nation itself. For ten years Newman, whose intense convictions gave rise to an equally intense enthusiasm, was the soul of the party. Especially in his tracts did he call into play his splendid powers of expression. He made the British Critic, of which he became editor in 1838, the organ of the movement. Contemporaries bear united testimony to his remarkable influence at this period. "It was almost," says Professor Shairp, "as if some Ambrose or Augustine had reappeared"; and J. A. Froude declares that "compared with him all the rest were but as ciphers, and he the indicating number." The "Essay on Justification" was published in 1837. It is a sufficient indication both of the character of the writing and of the trend of Newman's mind to say that he himself tells us that the Essay was "aimed at the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith as the cardinal doctrine of Christianity." The first threatened collision with ecclesiastical authority was when in 1838 Newman's bishop publicly expressed himself against the tracts. Newman could not bear the thought of offending his superior and offered to stop the tracts at once if the bishop wished. Whatever the bishop wished, the tracts were *not* discontinued. Five more eventful years were to elapse before the fateful number ninety should appear. The studies commenced by Newman in the "memorable" Long Vacation of 1839 dealt him a staggering blow. He applied himself to a close study of the Monophysite controversy. "It was during this period that for the first time a doubt came upon me of the tenability of Anglicanism." It was as if a ghostly figure had appeared momentarily by his side and whispered an impressive warning. The question forced itself upon him: If the Eutychians and the Monophysites were heretics, why were not also Protestants and Anglicans heretics? Could it be possible that the Church of Rome would prove to be right, after all? For the first time an awful suspicion haunted his mind that he was in spiritual danger—a suspicion that

continued to increase in power until it blossomed into a great conviction. Rightly to understand why he was so overwhelmed by the results of this study we must consider his doctrine of a *via media* —a receding from extremes, an attempt to form an Anglo-Catholic theory. Newman prepared a series of works bearing on the subject. These were issued 1836-8. The title of the first was The Prophetic Office of the Church Viewed Relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism. Others of the series were the Essay on Justification, the Disquisition on the Canon of Scripture, and the Tractate on Antichrist. The volumes increased both the devotion of friends and the hostility of enemies. The Prophetic Office aimed at several things: to show that the Roman and Anglican systems could not be confused together; to commence a system of theology on the Anglican claim of apostolic succession; to find in reason a basis for the belief; and to show that, since the Greek, Latin, and Anglican Churches agreed in fundamentals and differed only in later errors, by "lawful" coöperation doctrinal purity and unity could be restored. Underlying the theory of the book were what Newman considered three fundamentals: (1) The principle of dogma: "From the age of fifteen dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. . . . Religion as a mere sentiment is to me a dream and a mockery." (2) The idea of a visible church with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace. Especially did Newman contend for the high authority of his bishop. "My duty to him was my point of honor." (3) The duty of making an emphatic protest against the Church of Rome. He believed, with Bernard Gilpin, that Protestants "were not able to give any *firm and solid* reason of the separation besides this: to wit, that the Pope is Antichrist." In the spring of 1839 Newman's position in the Anglican Church was at its height. So far in all his theology he could claim the support of the great Anglican authorities, and this gave him confidence. An article which he published in the British Critic for April of this year exactly describes his feelings. The article anticipates the coming of a great upheaval over the attempted resuscitation of buried doctrines, disclaims responsibility by the party for the vagaries of certain new disciples, and discusses the possibility of

the future of the Anglican Church being "a new birth of the ancient religion." It concludes with the contention that all who did not wish to be "democratic, or pantheistic, or Popish," must "look out for some *via media* which will preserve us from what threatens." Yet that Newman was not fully convinced of the soundness of his suggested *via media* is evident from his own words:

It still remains to be tried whether what is called Anglo-Catholicism, the religion of Andrewes, Laud, Hammond, Butler, and Wilson, is capable of being professed, acted on, and maintained on a large sphere of action, or whether it be a mere modification or transition state of either Romanism or Popular Protestantism.

It was while Newman's mind was filled with ideas such as these that he plunged into that study of the Monophysite heresy which shook his theory to the very foundation. The time was the Long Vacation of 1839. Then in August he read, in the Dublin Review, an article by Dr. Wiseman on "The Anglican Claim," in which a comparison was made between the Donatists and the Anglicans. The article quoted the phrase of Augustine: "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" Writing of this, Newman says:

By those great words of the ancient father, interpreting and summing up the long and varied course of ecclesiastical history, the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverized.

Yet we must not think that Newman was now ready to enter the Roman communion. He was still very far from this. The indictment of Rome's proselytizing methods which he made in the British Critic early in 1840, to which reference was made at the beginning of this article, was written, be it observed, *after* the study of the Monophysite heresy. If he could not attack Rome in *what* she taught, he could still attack her in *how* she taught. Nevertheless, as time went on he found himself getting less and less inclined to speak against Rome in any way at all. His misgivings, he says, "dismayed and disgusted" him. He felt that he no longer had a distinctive plea for Anglicanism. But he still believed that there was apostolic succession and the grace of the sacraments in the Establishment, and entertained the hope that perhaps England and Rome might some day unite. It was now that his friends began to fear that he was breaking down in his Anglicanism, and that his

enemies began to accuse him of being a "secret Romanist." On such questions Newman should be allowed to speak for himself. He emphatically denies that he ever said anything which bore secretly against the Church of England in order that others might unwarily accept it. In analyzing the state of his mind during the ten years 1835-45 he says that for the first four he wished to benefit the Church of England at the expense of Rome, and that for the next four he wished that benefit without prejudice to Rome. His varying positions during the next two years will appear later. He did not want to see individual Anglicans becoming Romanists—this he declared to a Catholic friend in a letter written in 1840; the fact of Protestantism argued for something radically wrong with Rome. "*My sympathies have grown toward Rome, but I still have the strongest reasons for shunning her communion.*" Mariolatry and transubstantiation were positive difficulties in his way. The "Sermons on Subjects of the Day," preached during the period under consideration, are additional proof that he was trying to bring to bear upon himself and others every possible reason for *not* joining Rome. Yet he does admit that, as time went on, he "recognized, in principles which he had honestly preached as Anglican, conclusions favorable to the cause of Rome."

Newman thus conceived the issue of the controversy between the two churches: A distinction must be made between Roman dogma and Romanism as practiced. In the same way must a distinction be made between Anglicanism quiescent and Anglicanism in action. *Between Romanism in action and Anglicanism quiescent there is not much difference*, and these are really the parties in the controversy. In 1840 he wrote: "Our strong point is the argument from primitiveness, that of Romanists from universality"; and a year later: "If the note of schism, on the one hand, lies against England, an antagonist disgrace lies upon Rome, the note of idolatry." But his confidence that apostolicity and holiness could make Anglicanism a branch of the Church Catholic gradually weakened, so that by the end of 1841 all he could say was: "Still, we are not nothing; we cannot be as if we never had been a church; we are 'Samaria.'" This conclusion—the conclusion of a man who is hoping against hope—was hastened by three other

events of the latter half of this same year. The first was the pronounced and open hostility of the Anglican bishops. The second was that, from a study of the Arians, Newman says he saw clearly that "the pure Arians were the Protestants, the semi-Arians were the Anglicans, and that Rome now was what she was then." The third was the matter of the Jerusalem bishopric. The Prussian court wanted an Anglican bishop to reside at Jerusalem. All the foreign Protestants there who were so minded were to come under the bishop's care. The Anglicans were willing to make the experiment. Newman strenuously objected to the innovation. Who was going to tell if these foreigners—Orthodox Greeks and schismatical Orientals—had been duly baptized and confirmed, or even if they held the doctrine of baptismal regeneration! This was the heaviest blow of all; it marked the beginning of the end. Newman accelerated the course of events by the publication of the celebrated Tract Ninety. In this tract he undertook to defend the proposition that the Thirty-nine Articles were not meant, primarily, to oppose Catholic teaching; that they only partially oppose Catholic dogma; and that their real purpose was to oppose the dominant errors of Rome. The main problem, he declared, was to draw the line between what the Articles allowed and what they condemned. The Reformation was aimed at "Popery," not as a religious power, but as a political principle. It was a part of the purpose of the Articles that the "papists" should be won to the Reformation. The Convocation of 1571, which received and confirmed the Articles, enjoined upon ministers that they should be careful to preach only that which is "agreeable to the doctrine of the Old and New Testaments, *and which the Catholic fathers and ancient bishops have collected from that very doctrine.*" The tract reaches this conclusion:

The Articles are evidently framed on the principle of leaving open large questions on which the controversy hinges. They state broadly extreme truths, and are silent about their adjustment.

There was a measure of truth in some of Newman's contentions, but few people saw this, and in the clamor that followed the publication of the tract the author realized that his place in the movement was gone forever. He therefore immediately resigned both his official

position and the editorship of the British Critic. The breach thus made in the party was irreparable. One half, including Newman himself, went on toward Rome; the other half split up into various sects.

The first question that the new condition of affairs brought up in Newman's mind was his relation to his parish. He seriously contemplated resigning it, especially as he felt that his preaching was disposing many people toward Rome, and he wrote to Keble to this effect. Keble advised him to retain the living, and for a time the advice was followed. After all, he thought, there was only a question of degree between himself and earlier Anglican divines; and, besides, he could use Saint Mary's to protest against the current rationalism. Situated a short distance from Oxford and attached to Saint Mary's parish was the village of Littlemore. At this place Newman owned some land and a house—later called "The Littlemore Monastery"—and in 1842, with several young men, he took up his residence there. Here for three years he led a life of prayer and fasting and monastic seclusion. This seclusion aroused suspicion, and his enemies declared that he "dared not" tell why he went to Littlemore. He utters the pathetic plaint: "Wounded brutes creep into some hole to die in, and no one grudges it them. Let me alone; I shall not trouble you long." Newman declared that he went to Littlemore for his own personal good, as well as to be able to give greater care to a neglected part of his parish. He was "attempting nothing ecclesiastical." To the charge that he was rearing a "nest of papists" at the village, he replied that, so far from urging the young men to go to Rome, he did all he could to hold them back. One of these young men conformed to Rome very suddenly, but in this he broke faith with Newman, to whom he had promised that he would remain at Littlemore as an Anglican for at least three years. But the course of time only served to unsettle Newman the more. If the Anglican Church was formally wrong, and if the Church of Rome was formally right, why should he stay in the one, and why should he not join the other? The least he could do, he thought, was to retire into lay communion, and in anticipation of this step he wrote a letter on March 4, 1843, in which he said that he saw no reason why an

Anglican layman should not hold Roman Catholic opinions. This period of seclusion led up to two significant events: the retraction and the resignation. (1) In February, 1843, Newman made a formal retraction of all the harsh things he had ever said against Rome. In it he declared that much of his antagonism to the hierarchy had been second-hand; he had simply repeated what other Anglican divines had said, and they had led him astray. But what troubled him most, he said, was that his retraction would result in a triumph for Liberalism. Anglicanism was the halfway house to Rome, as Liberalism was the halfway house to Atheism. He feared that his change of opinion would drive many from the Anglican to the Liberal halting place. (2) On the 18th of September following the retraction Newman resigned his living. The "ostensible, direct, and sufficient reason" for this was "the persevering attack of the bishops on Tract Ninety." The immediate cause of the resignation was the "conversion" to Rome of Lockhart. Newman had had little to do with the "conversion," but he felt sure it would be laid at his door as a breach of trust. Besides, he had on hand a plan to publish a great series of the Lives of English Saints—a plan which never fully materialized—and he believed this was incompatible with his holding the living. For two years after resigning Saint Mary's Newman was in lay communion, for there were yet serious obstacles in the way of his joining Rome. The fluctuations of his mind during these years led naturally to inconsistent statements which perplexed his friends and baffled his enemies. He resolved to adopt a policy of silence, but this only led to his being charged with being "mysterious and inexplicable." It was while he was in this state of mind—literally with "foes without and fears within"—that he grasped a principle which he believed would legitimately and adequately explain the whole structure of Roman dogma. It was the principle of development. Christian doctrine was under an evolutionary plan; it was a great organic structure of which every item was originally present in germ, and brought to light and completion as occasion demanded. It was to elaborate this idea that Newman began, late in 1844 or early in 1845, the epochal "Essay on Doctrinal Development." Very suggestive are two letters written at about this

same period. The first is dated November 16, 1844, and in it Newman declares that logically Anglicanism leads on to Rome, and if he does not follow the leading, he fears he must fall back into skepticism. But he says also: "What keeps me yet is what has kept me long—a fear that I am under a delusion." The second letter, dated January 8, 1845, is the one referred to in the opening paragraphs of this article as containing the searching personal question: "Can I be saved in the English Church?" These two letters show plainly enough that Newman began the essay with a strong prejudice in favor of Rome. What he wanted was a sufficient ground for allowing his mind to follow his heart. The proposition which he undertook to defend was:

That, whereas Revelation is a heavenly gift, He who gave it virtually has not given it unless He has also secured it from perversion or corruption in all such development as comes upon it by the necessity of its nature. . . . That intellectual action through successive generations, which is the organ of development, must be in its determinations infallible.

The main contention of the essay, and the conclusion to which Newman was led by his work in connection with it, is summed up in this sentence: "From the time of Constantine the system and the phenomena of worship in Christendom, from Moscow to Spain, and from Ireland to Chile, is one and the same." The more he worked at the essay, the more he felt all his doubts about Rome disappearing. "Catholic" was substituted for the term "Roman Catholic"; none other than Romanists were "Catholics." Soon he became so certain of his conclusions that he determined to take the final step, "imperative when such certitude was attained," of submission to Rome. The essay was laid aside unfinished. An arrangement was made for a personal visit by Father Dominic, superior of the Passionist House at Aston, near Stone. "He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the One Fold of Christ." The visit was made, and Newman was received into Rome on October 9, 1845. A year later he was ordained to the priesthood. He went in the strength of a great conviction, and yet not without a sorrow, for at the time of his going he wrote these words, which cannot but excite pity in even the most hostile heart:

Yes, I give up home; I give up all who have ever known me, loved me, valued me, wished me well; I know well that I am making myself a byword and an outcast.

Thus he went, and we may draw what inference we like from the fact that his going synchronized with Renan's renunciation of the Roman claim.

A brief notice of Newman's career as a Romanist is all that is necessary. Gladstone said that, as far as the Church of England was concerned, the secession was "calamitous"—chiefly because Newman at once began to regain for Romanism an influential place in England. He introduced the institute of the Oratory, to whose founder, Saint Philip Neri, he was especially attracted. The "Papal Aggression," which led to such violent anti-Romanism in England, had Newman for one of its leaders. In 1854 he was made rector of the new Roman Catholic University at Dublin. The university failed, but it led to the writing of one of Newman's greatest books, the *Idea of a University*. The manifest worth of his work was recognized by Pope Leo, who in 1878 called him to the Sacred College, with the unusual privilege of exemption from the obligation of residence at the pontifical court. At Rome, in May of the following year, he was formally created cardinal of the title of Saint George in Velabro. At the time that he received this honor he told the Sacred College something of the story of his life: how for fifty years he had resisted Liberalism, how he had clung to the absolute character of Christianity, and how the seat of religious authority, which he had so long sought in vain in Anglicanism and evangelical theology, he had at last found in Rome. Newman's life after this was comparatively quiet, uneventful and serene. Doubt was at rest. Most of his remaining years were spent at the Oratory at Edgbaston. He died on the 11th of August, 1890.

J. A. Froude has made some curiously erratic judgments of men and events, but his characterization of Newman is worth attention:

He was above middle height, slight and spare. His head was large—his face remarkably like that of Julius Caesar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. In both men there was

an original force of character, which refused to be molded by circumstances, which was to make its own way and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and willful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose.

Newman's sincerity and earnestness were undoubtedly, Abbott's two volumes of labored attack notwithstanding. Grant all that can fairly be said of mistakes of judgment and of conduct, there remains a residuum of true personal worth. He "loved souls" with something of an evangelical fervor, yet neither as an Anglo-Catholic nor as a Romanist did he seek to force men's convictions. He became a leader, not by any manipulation, but by the force of inherent desert. The poor of Birmingham knew him well, and more than once during an epidemic did he risk his life that he might tend the sick. What he conceived to be the great issues of our mortal life he faced bravely, and no man may do that and altogether fail of manliness. Whately taught Newman the art of reasoning, and as far as formal argument is concerned the pupil learned his lesson well. The only way to resist Newman's conclusion is to refuse to grant him his premise. Take, for example, his ground principle, that "an infallible religious authority is necessary," predicate "objective" of this authority, allow to Newman that the claim is good, and in a moment one finds oneself full-fronting Peter's chair, vaguely conscious of being in the wrong place, and yet quite sure that the road that led there was plain and straight and inevitable. It seems incredible that this mind which was capable of sustaining a keen logical process should be the same mind that implicitly accepted every statement of Augustine and Aquinas, that thought natural phenomena were to be explained by angelic mediation, and that accepted the miracles and the legends and the "science" of the Middle Ages because, forsooth, an infallible church had pronounced them true! It was, perhaps, things such as these that Carlyle had in mind when he expressed the opinion that Newman possessed "the brain of a medium-sized rabbit." Perhaps he would never have gone where he did go had he spent less time with the ancients and more with the moderns. A mind which knew practically nothing of what German scholars and philosophers had done for a century past

could hardly be expected to construct other than a mediæval theology. Newman was master of a regal style. His Idea of a University affords to more than one textbook illustrations of clearness, force, and beauty. From a literary standpoint many of his sermons are well-nigh faultless. Even his casual letters exhibit a rare command of luminous English. Dean Stanley is no friendly critic otherwise, yet he writes: "There are hardly any passages in English literature which have exceeded in beauty the description of music in his University sermons; the description of the sorrows of human life in his sermon on the Pool of Bethesda; the description of Elijah on Mount Horeb."

But after we have said all the good things we can find to say about this man—after we have admitted his evident sincerity and genuineness, his devotion, his philanthropy, his mental vigor, his literary skill—we are forced to admit that there was something about him which both prevented the fullest fruition of his powers and went far to vitiate the usefulness of those powers even in the extent to which they were developed. Wesley was a *homo unius libri*. Newman was a *homo unius notionis*. In the case of Wesley the One Book was such, and his relation to it was such, that there was kept sound and wholesome his relation to all other interests, human and divine. In the case of Newman the One Idea was such, and his relation to it was such, that there was thrown out of balance his relation to all other questions. The One Idea to which Newman pinned his whole faith, and on which he literally staked his whole existence, was that there must be an objective infallible authority in matters of religion. Once the idea took possession of him he never rested until he yielded to the only power which had ever claimed to be such an authority—Rome. He read history in the light of the One Idea and it made him misread it. It dominated him as he studied the heresies. It ultimately drove him away from Anglicanism and filled his soul with hatred of the Reformation. What mattered it that that Reformation was really a revolt against the puerilities and corruptions of that very authority he would deify? What mattered it that almost every worthy thing in modern Romanism had resulted from the internal reforms forced upon it by that great revolt? What mattered it that the

darkest crimes on record had been perpetrated under the sanction of the Holy See? There *must* be the objective infallible authority, and that authority was Rome! That settled, and crimes were no longer crimes—they were pious deeds; pious deeds were no longer pious deeds—for they were crimes; myths were no longer myths—they were historical facts; historical facts were no longer facts—they were myths; bad men were no longer bad—they were good; good men were no longer good—they were bad! Why all this? Because there must be objective infallible authority; because that authority was Rome; and because Rome had formally declared this or that. But who says Rome is infallible religious authority? *Rome says so*; and what more is needed?

No one can be a Catholic without a simple faith that what the church declares in God's name is God's word, and therefore true. A man must simply believe that the church is the oracle of God. . . . The church cannot allow her children the liberty of doubting the word of her truth. . . . Let a man cease to inquire, or else cease to call himself her child. . . . I did not believe the doctrine of transubstantiation till I was a Catholic. I had no difficulty in believing it as soon as I believed that the Catholic Roman Church was the oracle of God, and that she had declared this doctrine to be part of the original revelation.

A final word: The evangelical doctrines of the supremacy of Christ, the witness of the Holy Spirit, and the sufficiency of Scripture—which are also doctrines of that primitive church which Newman professed to find only in Rome and in Roman dogma and practice—would have supplied him with all the authority and certainty which he needed. Newman prayed for the leading of the “Kindly Light.” Was the light withheld? or, being given, was its help ignored? In any event, as the student traces the progress of what one has called “A Soul’s Tragedy,” somehow there ring through his mind as an unceasing refrain the words of Jesus: “If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!”

*Edwin Lewis.*

ART. II.—THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITY OF GOD TO  
MAN

ALL true thinking leads us to the conclusion that the external world is the expression of mind, and that the one absolute and eternal thinker and worker is God—God, eternal, omnipotent, holy, and righteous, who has filled the universe with his power and glory, and has written and inscribed on every law and atom his eternal power and Godhead. The external world is the language of God—the revelation which the infinite mind has made to the finite. The world is full of God. So impressed and overwhelmed was the psalmist in those far-off days with this thought that he broke forth: “The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.” God’s omnipotence, omniscience, his wisdom, power, and glory are over all. The falling snowflake, the tiny flower, the feathered songster, the rolling seasons, and the majestic sunset speak of God, of design, of an overruling Providence.

The question is eternally present—Can God’s wisdom, power, and glory be seen in the creation of man as in the laws that govern nature? Consider the races of mankind dwelling upon the face of the earth; men of strange speech, complex ideas, different ideals, and diverse temperament. Behold man placed under the limitation of knowledge, groping in darkness, ignorance, servitude to environment and superstition; see him in his struggle with himself, his clan, his enemy, devastated, destroyed, yet ever looking up and struggling forward. Consider man in ignorance—as a cannibal of the south sea, as a dweller in darkness in the wilds of Africa; as a devotee of fanaticism bowing before some hideous idol, even lifting up human sacrifice to appease the anger of his deity. Behold this gruesome sight of men and armies in conflict, in war, in blood-red carnage; see awful death and destruction walking abroad in gaping wounds and maimed bodies. See a world of sin, sorrow, suffering; see human wretchedness and misery, sorrow and heartache abounding; the strong preying on the weak, the cunning upon the innocent, the dishonest upon the hon-

orable. Is there infinite wisdom and goodness behind all this mass of disorganized wretchedness, this misery, sin, and degradation? There is infinite responsibility somewhere. The God who is responsible has shouldered a great burden. Can he in any way show man that it was love that prompted and governs all? When God launched our humanity into this world, with its fearful responsibility, its awful possibility for good and evil, did not God put himself under infinite obligation to take infinite care of his creatures? God did not take mankind into his counsel. He asked no man's advice as to how, when, and where he should endow, create, and place man. Man is in this world burdened and freighted with tremendous responsibilities, even filled with immortal possibilities. Man lives under social, physical, and spiritual laws that to disobey, even in the innocence of ignorance, means death and destruction. Man finds himself a living, moving, and thinking mystery; and yet under moral obligations to himself, to others, and to God. Man learns that to do justly, love truth, walk uprightly, is wisdom, and essential for social well-being. Man learns that God is a Being of infinite holiness, justice, truth, and mercy, and that he requires man to live in a world of moral chaos—a world of selfishness and sin, a world of ignorance and prejudice, strife and disorder—a good life; moral, upright, pure, and holy. If not, law will smite him, justice will condemn him, society will scorn him, and at last even God will smite, and heaven will banish, and hell will torment.

Man looks up and cries in despair, "What does all this mean? Where is the justice, the love, the mercy of all this?" Man asks, "What right had this Being to create man and ordain laws that smite, and conditions that degrade, and place limitations of knowledge around him, and then leave all to organic law, and quietly withdraw and sit over yonder on a throne and view with apparent complacence all this struggling and sorrowing and miserable mass of human wretchedness which he has made possible?" Reason says, "Why ask man to do what the God of creation does not do?" Why ask man to live in a world where sin, sorrow, and suffering abound? Why ask man to struggle toward the light of truth, the beauty of holiness, with a thousand hands grasping him to pull

him back? Why condemn man for not finding truth, and life eternal, when it is so difficult to find—so many discordant voices, so many isms and schisms, so many doxies, so many creeds that wind and wind?" Reason sits in judgment upon creation, and asks: "Shall not the Creator give account to man? Is there not moral responsibility and moral accountability of God to man? Is it possible for intelligent moral beings, that have struggled to the light of reason amid surrounding conditions, to look upon the disorganized masses of human misery and respect a God that made such conditions possible and then complacently lived apart from it all?" Is reason satisfied and justice placated by any process of inspiration that attains to ethical precepts and moral ideals through which the soul can find its way to life, to holiness, to heaven, to God?

It is safe to say that the higher the degree of intelligence, the purer the reason, the more revolting would be its conception of such a God. Man could not respect such a God. Such a God could not respect himself and be moral. Think of a father putting his son in an underground labyrinth, full of pitfalls and evil beasts that prey to destroy, and simply giving a chart of the labyrinth together with a few fatherly precepts and then leaving the son to his fate. The writer knows of a father who bought a high-spirited horse and put the animal in a box stall. Upon leaving home he told his two sons, aged ten and twelve years, to go after school and feed and bed the horse. The lads were afraid to enter the box stall to bed the horse. The father came home and found the work undone. He got the boys out of bed, made them go in and bed the horse, and then he tied them in a corner of the stall and left them there all night. The children cried and sobbed in fear. One died of brain fever, and the father walked to the grave amid the angry threatenings of many outraged and incensed neighbors. It is not necessary to say that millions and millions of human beings are tied in the box stall of environment, of social conditions, of moral conditions, that kick the life and brains out of unnumbered millions. Gaunt famine decimates, the Ganges drowns, the funeral pyre cremates, witchcraft destroys, custom drowns and damns to a worse hell than even devils invent. Let China, India, Africa, and

the isles of the sea speak of what they know, and then let the recording angel write it down and put it in the book of remembrance and open it before the throne eternal, and then adjust the scales and let justice take account of heaven's verdict.

Reason says, "God has no moral right to ask me to do, and to go, and to live under conditions that he did not live, and do, and go, and be in himself." Reason says, "Precepts, maxims, ideals, and even pure truth, are not sufficient to guide the soul amid so many discordant voices and conflicting opinions." Reason says, "There is no respect in heaven or in earth for a God that says, 'Go,' without first going; for a God that says, 'Do,' without first doing." That kind of a God would be no better than a Shah of Persia, an Abdul of Turkey; no better than some overfed, self-satisfied autocrat who demands toil and servitude, or who, like Shylock the Jew, demands his pound of flesh regardless of human suffering. Is this the way the God of heaven, the God whose power and glory are seen in the heavens above and the earth beneath, treats man?

Apart from Christian revelation, apart from the revelation which the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ made in the person of his Son, men are forced by the verdict of pure reason to look upon God the Creator as just such an autocrat. There is no other path marked out for a moral God to follow, that will win respect and commendation in heaven and earth, than a self-revelation of a God of love, in grace and in human life. A God that cannot enter human life and become man's leader and guide is no God, and one that could, and would not, is not worthy of respect. Every religious system that has been worth the name or recognition, that has given to the world any class of thinkers, has reached these or similar conclusions. Take Platonic thought: "Before the visible universe was made there must have existed the invisible idea or archetype in the mind of God. For everything, from a flower to a nation, there must be a preëxistent idea eternal in the heavens. And if there be an archetypal man, he, too, must be manifest for a while in a human body." Turn to Egyptian religious thought. We learn that Osiris, the great hero god of that system of worship, is represented as visiting the earth, suffer-

ing, dying, rising again, to be judge of the quick and the dead. The same thought is expressed in Persian religion, Zoroastrianism. Indian thought, as represented in Buddhism, speaks of this Buddha, son of light, as being born of a virgin seven centuries before Christ, to reveal truth and to deliver man from evil. Those great religious systems foreshadowed the Gospel of John, which says, "The Logos was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten Son," etc. The glory and grandeur of the Old Testament prophecies were that our God, the Messiah, was to do just this thing. The glory and grandeur of our Christian religion is that God did this. He took the world of mankind upon his heart. He fathered and mothered humanity. He entered into the fellowship of its sorrows. He became the supreme burden-bearer and the leader of all in self-sacrifice. He became "bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh." He became obedient to the limitations of the laws that he imposed upon man. He walked in the path he asked man to walk in. He lived the life he asked man to live. He stripped himself of his glory, and left the light of heaven and came to earth, because he loved man, and because he loved to serve and help man. There is no other God worth having, worth loving and serving. There is no other religion that appeals to reason, justice, truth, and morality.

In 1881 the Berlin Academy of Sciences held a meeting in honor of Leibnitz. Du Bois-Reymond read an address. His subject was, "The Seven Riddles of Science." He spoke of the nature and origin of matter, the nature and origin of motion, the nature and origin of life, the nature and origin of thought, of language, the freedom of the will, and design in nature. He said: "They challenge all science, all thinking, to explain their origin and nature. They are wrapt in profound mystery." The quest of the ages is to know these riddles of matter, motion, thought, and volition. Science deals with the facts, the phenomena; philosophy with the principles; literature with the criticism, and art with the beauty of these gifts of the Creator to man. We study facts, principles, criticism, and beauty, but the study of the phenomena does not explain the origin and essence of the things themselves. By these seven gifts, or riddles, or mysteries, as the master of science

calls them, we have come to place and power. By their magic power ignorance, tyranny, and hate are being banished from the earth. Through these we are the possessors of science, philosophy, literature, art, and physical forces. These seven gifts have liberated, educated, and empowered the human race. These gifts are given to man in order that man may investigate and conquer and possess nature and mind. What does Du Bois-Reymond mean when he speaks of the nature and origin of matter, motion, life, will, and language as being wrapt in unfathomable mystery? He simply means that all these gifts are in their origin and essence of virgin birth; they are direct emanations from the thought and power of God; they are incarnations. "Thou sendest forth thy spirit and they are created."

Science says: "These are great gifts; they are in exact harmony with the giving of the Creator, with his omnipotence and omniscience." Science and philosophy, literature and art say that, if the Creator would add another gift, that gift would be in exact accord with the other gifts so far as their and its origin and nature were concerned; and, further, that this gift would correspond with the other gifts in lifting man to a place of power through coöperation with the gift; and the place of power would correspond with the nature of the gift and the nature of its reception. We turn to Paul's second letter to the Corinthians, chapter 9, verse 15, and read, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." This refers to the Christ of God. We learn regarding his incarnation, his virgin birth, that "the Word," or thought of God, "was made flesh." We learn that he was "conceived by the Holy Spirit"; thus he stands before us as an unthinkable mystery, as a mystery that baffles science, philosophy, theology, art, and literature to explain. His incarnation adds to the riddles of science another one. This gift is in exact accord with what science, philosophy, literature, and art propose. By this gift unspeakable man also comes to a place of power and service divine.

Christ in his incarnation is beyond my reason, as are matter, motion, life, will; but he is not against my reason. He is in exact accord with my reason enlightened and guided by science and philosophy, literature and art. He is a splendid, living, helping

reality to the heart and life of a living and believing humanity. As men possess Christ in the same way that they possess matter, motion, life, thought, and will, they conquer and possess the moral and spiritual world and rise to a place of power which liberates, educates, and crowns the human race with that eclectic power called Christian civilization, and a living, vital, spiritual relationship with the Creator. The man who says, "I reject the incarnation and virgin birth of Christ because it is unthinkable and unscientific" is himself irrational and unscientific. He is an anomaly, a monstrosity in the scientific and philosophical world. As well reject the reality of matter, motion, life, thought, and will—these phenomena which are round and about us, within and without us—simply because one does not understand the unfathomable mystery of their origin and nature or essence.

Look for a moment at the demand that modern science makes of this God who reveals himself to man in terms of human life. Science says that such a life in its revelation of love and grace shall be correlated to the power of Omnipotence, which already is expressed in the law of correlation and conservation of energy as seen throughout the physical world. This life shall be correlated to Omnipotence and draw from this divine source such power that it can be transferred to men and institutions, giving them life and inspiration immeasurable, and at the same time remain inexhaustible. This law of correlation would save the work of this Divine Man or incarnate type from counterfeit or imitation. Look into this proposition and see if God has covered his moral responsibility in this demand of science. If so, he has given us a life and a demonstration of power that, apart from all Old Testament and New Testament revelation, give scientific verification that that life and work was and is of divine origin. Science demonstrates, speaks of, the conservation of energy, the transference of force. The conserved force of a ton of coal can be transmuted into heat, to steam, to the express train. The conserved flow of water can be transferred to water-wheel and machinery. The tree conserves sunlight. The acorn and oxygen and carbon and hydrogen and sunlight are the equivalent of the oak. The rising up of one force in one place involves the withdrawal of force in another. This law

is universal. All physical, mechanical, electrical effort is correlated and transferrable. The dynamo gives out no more than it gathers in. Let us look at this law and see how it applies to the work and ministry of Christ. Can the spiritual correlation of Christ to the world of humanity be measured by the law of conservation of energy? Has no more force issued from the person of Christ than subsided when only a man named Jesus was crucified? If Jesus Christ, as love, is correlated to the spiritual needs of the human race as the sun is correlated to the physical needs, then we have a life peculiar and unique, and a life that meets the exacting demands of the scientist.

We know that all physical force in the solar system is traceable to the sun. Dr. Lee pertinently asks:

Where are all conserved forces of Christian literature and Christian power traceable to? All Christian ideals, principles, forces, philanthropy, love, goodness, peace, power, come directly from Christ, as heat comes from the sun, as coal comes from carbon. There is the conserved force of Christian literature, Christian art, of Christian philanthropy, of Christian love, faith, zeal, inspiration. This conserved force takes form in churches, educational institutions, missionary work, love, service, sacrifice; these are correlated directly to Christ. Not one pound of energy more out of coal or wood or gas than was conserved in them.

The transference of energy is correlated to its conserved power. The transference of Christian energy is correlated to the conserved power of Christ. The sun expresses its transference of energy in the forests, trees, gardens, etc.

The Christ expresses himself in transference of energy of life, love, power in the hearts and lives of millions and millions of men and women and institutions, the happiest and holiest and purest and most blessed in all the world. Take the domestic, social, political, and ecclesiastical institutions that bear his name and live up to his teachings.

From whence this power?

From a poor Jew with no social position, no money, no army, no college; from one who never wrote a book, from one who was crucified as a malefactor, as a disturber of social tranquillity along with thieves and murderers.

All physical force can be measured. No more force rises up than subsides. Action and reaction are equal.

Was that young Man's life of three years, seemingly so insignificant and weak, the exact equivalent of all the Christian churches and colleges,

art, literature, homes, and government, sacrifice and heroism, patience and love, faith and hope, that have resulted from the life and ministry of that young Man? If so, was he only a man?

Multiply three years by poverty, toil, contempt, sorrow, and crucifixion and you have one product.

Multiply twenty centuries by hundreds of thousands of churches, schools, and colleges, and by hundreds of millions of transformed lives and happy homes; then by poems and songs, paintings and embellished art; then by success and triumph, conquest, love, mercy, and truth; then by a hold upon the hearts and lives of humanity unequaled by all the other world's great men; then by the glorious hope of glory, honor, and immortality inherent in the Christian's life, and you have another immeasurable product—a product that carries you into the infinite.

Whence all this power? Whence the correlation and transference of power? Can Christ's life be accounted for from simply a human side? Can any human philosophy or logic, can any appeal to human reason account for this any more than they can account for the origin of matter or mind? Is there any rule or scientific principle known by which the unique life and power can be classified and labeled? Call him a mere man, the paradox deepens. Take him at his own valuation. Accept his own estimation and honesty. He said: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." On no other premise can we account for his life and work and influence. Christ is the incarnate Word of God, and God revealed to man as the "unspeakable gift" and yet as the unfathomable mystery. It is easy to assume that any system, the center of which is gradually losing its force, is using itself up.

Christ is the center, the sun of the Christian world. He is pouring his force, his love, his life, and his spirit into the hearts and lives of millions of men and women, churches and institutions; they are growing richer in love and faith, hope, and power, and still Christ lives and gives; and as he gives new power is generated. Instead of becoming poorer he becomes richer. The power, the love that he gives away come back to him increased by the love and service of all who receive him.

This places the life of Christ in the exact class that science demands—a unique place that cannot be duplicated. His life cannot be classified with any other life or measured by any rule. It is correlated to God himself and expresses the transference of infinite power to finite needs. As Dr. Lee puts it: "The object of

which hunger is the subject is bread. The object of which intellect is the subject is truth. The object of which art is the subject is beauty. The object of which the spiritual nature is the subject is Jesus Christ." As the embodiment of truth, love, and righteousness, the human spirit finds in Christ the climate and the condition exactly adapted to its need and highest realization. To be an oak is to grow out of the acorn and to assimilate the natural elements of the natural world. To be a Christian is to grow out of Christ and to assimilate the spiritual life of the spiritual world, and this is inexhaustible.

Let us turn for a moment to the demand of philosophy. Let Plato or Zeno state it. Regarding this archetype, the perfectly righteous man, he says: "He must needs not be guilty of one unrighteous act, and yet labor all of his life under the imputation of being utterly unrighteous, in order that his disinterestedness may be thoroughly tested." By proceeding in such a course he must arrive inevitably at bonds and scourge and lastly at the cross. Interpret this into practical language and we have the following: This archetype, or God incarnate, must use as the ideals and principles of his kingdom what no other world conqueror ever used, and could not use if he tried. This perfectly righteous man must appeal to man's unselfish and disinterested worldly ambition. He must use what other world conquerors cast aside. He must not make conditions of service in his kingdom sensual or carnal; he must offer no position of ease, no money, no pleasure, no social distinction; but a sphere of service, unselfish, loving, in which the strong will bear the burden of the weak, in which the leader is the servant of the many, in which men are called to die to self-seeking, and, if necessary, to pick up the cross and carry it to Calvary, lie on it, and die rather than seek one's own ease or pleasure or relinquish one's ideals.

Who in all history exactly met this demand, and fulfilled in life what philosophic thought saw as an absolutely perfect ideal in this archetype of incarnate Deity? Turn to the Christ. He did not make the condition of discipleship sensual or carnal. He offered not life but death. He offered not pleasure but pain. He built his kingdom on sacrifice and service; he called men to die to

self and to the world's pleasure. "He that forsaketh not father and mother, brother and sister, houses and lands for my sake cannot be my disciple." He said to the rich young man, "Sell all that thou hast, give to the poor, come and follow me." To Matthew, the tax-gatherer, he says, "Follow me." To Peter, James, and John: "Leave your nets, fishing boats; follow me." Then we hear him: "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests; the Son of man has not where to lay his head."

The work and ministry of Jesus Christ was a new departure in human life, yet a departure in perfect accord with the demands of reason and philosophy as suggested by Plato and as demanded by science. Christ's birth and life and work and ministry are no more of a departure from what we call natural law than was the introduction or virgin birth of life, of consciousness, of will, of thought. Plato says: "This archetype, this perfectly righteous life, must be guilty of not one unrighteous act, and yet labor all his life under the imputation of being utterly unrighteous." Look at Christ's life: Is it not the only original, absolute, unselfish life that has ever been lived? His ideals, precepts, and truths transcend all other products of the human mind as the mountains transcend the foothills. His character and principles are unique. He seeks a new humanity, a new and spiritual type, and from this new type he purposed to recreate a new race, a new humanity, whose ideals and principles are to incorporate what Christ represented in life and precept. Gustave Doré, in his painting, "The Triumph of Christianity," represents the Christ steadily advancing, bearing the cross, while before him all the gods of heathenism are overthrown. Christ wins his way not simply by overthrowing but by regenerating, cleansing, purifying, and transforming. His spirit permeates old creeds, casts out the false and base, and sanctifies the pure and true. He has fulfilled the ideals of the past and paves the way for a diviner future. All types and shadows of Jewish economy, all heathen signs, all thoughts and philosophies, as we have seen, point forward to such an incarnation as Christ represents. Science casts up its iron-bound demands, science brings its inductive and incisive thinking, science lifts its exacting scales, brings its infallible test, the law

of correlation, the transference and conservation of energy, and the Christ and Christianity meet even this demand. Philosophy delves into the realm of reason, postulates its exacting premise of incisive, cogent thinking, demands the realization of the ideal, and forthwith steps forth the divine archetype, the incarnate Christ, and meets and fulfills the requirements of philosophy. Science and philosophy uncover their heads, hoary with age and yet wet with the dews of the morning of perennial youth, and say: "We have Him whom the light of pure reason and the scales of inductive science have sought"—Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, infinite, eternal, and omnipotent.

And thus, by a process of reason which the mind imposes upon itself, does pure reason dethrone that fanatical false god, called "modern rationalism," which denies the self-revelation of God in grace and love in the person of the Christ. Modern rationalism, modern Unitarianism, and so-called reformed Judaism stand before the very tribunal which they evoke to sustain their proposition, without a postulate sustained by reason or science or philosophy. Its bridge is a *pons asinorum*, resting in the air with span reaching nowhere.

Fred Leitch.

## ART. III.—PULPIT MANNERISMS AND MANNERS

WE dare not treat this subject in a fault-finding or cynical spirit, remembering the command, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." The topic may seem comparatively trivial. It is not so when we consider that manner and mannerism are to the function of the preacher as art to the marble column. The manner beautifies and decorates, while mannerism defaces, disintegrates, and covers with moss and brambles. It is a peculiarity of style carried to excess till it becomes offensive. We use the word "pulpit" in a general sense, covering the functions of the preacher both in and out of the desk. Any peculiarities distinguish him in all his relations to the public. The strenuousness of his life is liable to make its impress upon the entire man more markedly than is observable in the other learned professions. There is a professional lingo with the doctor; the lawyer uses language peculiar to the courtroom and the legal adviser, but possibly they do not mark their subjects so conspicuously as do the mannerisms of the clergyman. They are less exposed. Is it not true that the stronger men of life's varied callings so rise above mere technicality as to resemble each other, as a great brotherhood, while weaklings are overgrown with affectation?

What we have felt and seen  
With confidence we tell.

I. Both manners and mannerisms affect the clergyman in his dress as well as address. If he desires to wear the straight-breasted coat and the white tie, do not hinder him. It may cause some people to shy as he approaches, while others may be attracted. He will need the more brotherliness to overcome a seeming difference between him and the common people. The Salvation Army uniform is appropriate and encouraging. The white-bordered black of the deaconess is pleasing, and is her protection. Both are handsomer than the "Merry Widow" hat or its successor, so like an inverted water bucket. The blue uniform becomes the soldier, the policeman and the railway officer. If well fitting, the dark suit, if not worn glossy, befits the clergyman, but to dress like a dude be-

littles him. His manner of address and heartiness of handshake may help or hinder. There may be an assumed familiarity in calling people by their first names, and familiarizing yet more by such pet names as "Jimmie," "Billy," "Sally." This is always a risk, and rarely appreciated by those so addressed. Indeed, it is only safe within a narrow circle of intimates. The Reverend Brother Gusher would say, "So glad I met you. I was on my way to call." The kind layman said to me, "I knew it was for effect." The Reverend Doctor Hercules had a powerful grip, and would smile at your pain when shaking hands. "Let your moderation be known."

II. In visiting from house to house he needs tact. In my first pastorate I followed a veteran of great strength of character and power as a preacher. I felt the need of a model such as he, but soon found it necessary to break with his plan of visiting every church family once a quarter. Our Book of Discipline says, "Go to those who want you and to those who want you most." I soon found that in visiting in the homes during the daytime I was spending my attention upon that member of the household surest of heaven, the wife and mother, while the husband was buffeting the world and the children were off at school. I began to do more pastoral work on the street, in the store, in shop and in school, being careful to be brief and timely, according to situation. In visiting the sick the pastor's bearing should not be a premonitor of death. The doctor and he should have such a good understanding as to supplement each other. Never should he interfere with the good result of the physician's visit, and only in case death seems inevitable should his function rise superior to that of the doctor. He will not dwell upon the symptoms of the sick, but cheerfully divert as far as possible the attention of the sufferer. He may be jocular, but too much seasoning spoils the food.

III. How shall he approach the pulpit? Cowper says:

I say the pulpit, in the sober use  
Of its legitimate peculiar powers,  
Must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand  
The most important and effectual guard,  
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.

This fact adds importance to his bearing as he approaches the sacred desk. He is fortunate if there be a vestry from which he can quietly approach the pulpit, and still more fortunate if there alone, or surrounded by praying brethren, he receives anointing for his sacred work. If less fortunate he must enter by the aisle. His bearing may be a precursor and a preparation for the services to follow. A kindly humorous layman, an admirer of the new minister, said, "He enters the church as if pursued by a hornet, and then preaches as if commanding five hundred 'Wideawakes'" —a political order. Being a gifted, earnest minister, he succeeded. How can I ever forget the impressive spectacle when Dr. Edward Thompson and Dr. J. P. Durbin entered the sanctuary side by side, both small, dignified, self-possessed? It was the first time we Ohio Wesleyan University students had heard Durbin. At first we were disappointed with the drawling voice and slowness of utterance—which suddenly gave way to a burst of genuine eloquence, like the explosion of a meteor. From that on the fascination was overpowering. He proved himself another Chrysostom. It was said of him that his manner of opening a church service was marked with great composure, everything having been arranged.

Shall the minister kneel on first entering the pulpit? Mr. Beecher said to the Yale divinity students, "Nor can I avoid a feeling of displeasure, akin to that which Christ felt when he condemned prayer at the street corners, when I see a man bow down himself in the pulpit to say his prayers on first entering." The Methodist ritual says, "Let all our people kneel in silent prayer on entering the sanctuary." They are not likely so to do without the preacher's example. Do we not waste our opportunity as Protestants by frivolous social visiting instead of reverent waiting? We might learn from the Roman Catholic in this.

How shall he handle the announcements? Where draw a line? Must he exhort in behalf of concert and festival? Shall the traveling religious show influence him with complimentary tickets? Shall he incur wrath by ignoring part of the list? Much relief is found in the printed bulletin distributed in the pews announcing all except emergent cases. Let not that bulletin be spoiled with his picture, ordinarily a deformity with a smack of egotism.

Shall he wear the pulpit gown? In some Protestant churches to appear otherwise would be unseemly. Habit excludes it from others. It might have embarrassed Henry Ward Beecher or Charles H. Spurgeon. Such sermons as I have heard from both it were hard to cripple with an outward garment. I heard Charles S. Robinson in the American chapel in Paris and Canon Lyddon in Saint Paul's Cathedral, London. Each preached in a gown. The Presbyterian and the English churchman both preached so memorably as to never be forgotten. The surplice choir eliminates rivalry in dress, subdues frivolity, and tends to reverence. The college gown is becoming, the judicial robe adds dignity; so may the surplice become the pulpit. I prefer the Prince Albert.

What shall he do with his hands? Make gestures. A large proportion of American preachers thrust their hands into their pockets. Dr. Broadus, at the head of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville for many years, declared it vulgar. If the preacher cannot without self-consciousness break the habit, let him pin up his pockets on Sunday morning. There are those whose hands and arms remind one of a windmill, and so divert attention from the minister's message. Tom Corwin, that wizard of Western stump oratory, would often say more at the end of a great sentence by the gesture with which he concluded his eloquent utterances than is said in many a sentence. The graceful movement of his hand, accompanied by a knowing look and shake of the head, would bring shouts of laughter and applause from the entranced audience. But even this would have become tiresome as a mannerism. The motion of the hand should so accompany the thought and its utterance as to unite both tongue and gesture in carrying home the truth.

Pulpit prayers when extempore may become more formal by repetition than if printed. Some are grandiloquent, having come down through generations. How the suppliants would be surprised if answered! In others much information is given to the Lord and the congregation. Sometimes wrongdoers are publicly whipped through so-called prayers. Cut out from some prayers repetitions; addresses to the Deity, and affirmations of unworthiness, and very little would remain except the "Amen." A young man having left

home for a residence in New York wrote, "Mother, I went to hear Mr. Beecher. In his prayer he took hold on God with one hand and laid the other on my head. I shall belong to his church." President Eliot says: "In those denominations which permit extemporaneous public prayer the minister possesses that tremendous influence. Leading in prayer worthily is the most exalted effort of the human mind. The power of such prayer is pervasive and enduring beyond all imagination. It may at any moment give to the listener a thrill which runs through all his being, and determine the quality not only of his own life but of many of those lives which will derive from his."

Pronunciation and enunciation must result from training outside of the pulpit. Even school children will be attracted and pleased by evident acquaintance on the part of the preacher with the dictionary. If he ever goes to the low level of slang he will lose his influence over an invaluable part of his audience, and it is doubtful whether those for whom he is thus fishing really take the bait. What he gains in sensation is more than balanced by what he loses in conviction. When a log has broken loose from a boom, and is on the verge of the falls from which it might never be recovered, the lumberman must use any grapple within reach. But this is purely exceptional; so should it be with sensationalism, and especially slang. He should modernize thought and language but in purest English. Most of our evangelists, being college graduates, are free from pulpit slang, though the few who indulge in it are having multitudes of mimics who but weaken their power as preachers. Moody avoided slang, so does Gypsy Smith. "Hear me," "I tell you right now," are belittling. Many pulpit men fall into bad habits traceable to the school-teacher and the college professor. One is in the form of prefix and suffix to words while bridging over from one sentence to another. Thus they interject with great frequency "Ah," "Ugh," "Eh." One may hear a minister say "The-ah-text-ah-may be-ah-found in-ah-Mark," or he may state, "Manna fell-ah-from ah-heaven for man-ah's use." In this way many an auditor falls far behind in effort to understand how much of the sentence is to be left out. This mannerism is widely prevalent among scholarly as well as illiterate preachers. Beware

of irreverent perversions of Scripture by punning or otherwise. It may destroy the sacredness of a passage and associate it in memory with trifles.

Shall he stand still, or move about? Both alternately. Said a friendly layman, "Our preacher paced the rostrum sixty times yesterday—and it was not a good day for pacing, either." There is a mannerism which may be called orating—a vociferous imitation of eloquence such as is never indulged in by the foremost speakers, religious or political. Daniel Webster was free from it. Returning from a lecture by Wendell Phillips in Columbus, Ohio, I overheard people comment with a note of disappointment, saying, "I thought he was a great orator." Yet he had held his audience in profoundest attention. William Jennings Bryan makes the audience, no matter how large, distinctly hear his first sentence, and all through to the end there is an earnestness and personal touch which adds moral grandeur to his most common utterance and entitles him to rank among the foremost orators of the day. He has manner without mannerism. "I hate oratory," said Spurgeon. He reminded one of President Garfield in naturalness. If the preacher is intellectually and religiously wide awake, he will not need to fling at "science and philosophy" while the results of each contribute to and surround all his work, in and out of the pulpit. It is a cheap bid for approval from the unthinking. Nor need he swing in the other direction, assuming to be "up to date," ringing the changes on "environment," "evolution," and "out along these lines." Such phrases may be helpful occasionally, but most of the audience want to get away from disputation and doubt, and would prefer "surroundings" to "environment," and some plainer words than "psychological moment," "psychophysics," and the like. He had better say little about Homer, Ajax, Hercules, Demosthenes, Cicero, and Shakespeare, and spending his time on "this one thing," "by all means save some."

How long shall the sermon be? That depends largely on whether he or the chorister is in charge of public service. A ritual is greatly helpful as the part for the laity, and should seldom be eliminated or much abbreviated. If anything is cut out, let it be the song ditties or concert anthems. The Rev. Dan Young, who

had been in youth a colleague of Bishop Hedding, said to Chaplain McCabe, "Brother McCabe, I came to borrow, to borrow, to borrow, to borrow your hoe, your hoe, your hoe, your hoe." He repeated it a half dozen times and then said, "That is an anthem." Often the sermon is spoiled by brevity necessitated by such performances. "The guild of organists" are reformers in the right direction. When the lad was asked, "What did the preacher talk about?" "About an hour," said he. Leaving off his mannerisms he may succeed in a half hour in delivering his message, but the great preachers have seldom been confined to less than an hour. "How long?" is like asking how tall a tree should be, or the proper length of a river. The sermon is the great gun of Protestant Christianity. Spike it, burst it, dismount it, dismantle it, and the battle is lost.

Shall he read his sermons? On this question uniformity ought not to be possible. Usually he should write out in full about what he is going to say. If he use a manuscript, let it be only as the marksman sometimes wants a rest for his rifle—that his shot may be more accurate; but the man so steady as to fire offhand is the better marksman of the two. We have known men whose greatest success was in free delivery from a manuscript and others whom it would have embarrassed.

Shall he announce his themes in advance, especially on the topics of the day? This may be overdone, and also wrongfully neglected. When on a visit to Philadelphia I looked through the Saturday paper for pulpit announcements. I avoided the sensational, selecting the modest statement of preaching services. I was hungry for the Gospel, and Dr. Hatfield, the preacher, furnished the feast. In Columbus, Ohio, was a fine young preacher in a strong church. A new resident, high in railroad control, remarked, "There must be something weak about that church, judging from its sensational pulpit announcements." He united with another church. One risk is that, when the great themes of sin and salvation are to be treated, to announce them would discourage attendance.

There must be variety to avoid monotony and mannerism. These clocks that strike once every half hour become very unsatis-

factory as guides through the night, for it is the same thing repeated too often. George MacDonald's "Old Rogers" was a sage critic unwittingly. He meets the young vicar on the bridge and, as a sensible man, introduces himself:

"I beg your pardon, be you the new vicar?"

"I am. Do you want to see me?"

"I wanted to see your face. That's all, if you'll not take it amiss."

"You will see my face in church next Sunday, if you happen to be there."

"Yes, sir; but you see, sir, on the bridge here the parson is the parson, like, and I am old Rogers, and I looks into his face and he looks into mine, and I says to myself, 'This is my parson.' But o' Sundays he is nobody's parson. He's got his work to do, and it mun be done, and there's an end on't. Did you know the parson that's gone, sir? O, sir, he were a good parson. Many's the time he come and sit at my son's bedside, him that's dead and gone, for a long hour—on a Saturday night, too—and then when I see him up in the desk the next morning I'd say to myself: 'Old Rogers, that's the same man as sat by your son's bedside. Think of that, Old Rogers.' But, somehow, I never did feel right sure o' that same. He didn't seem to have the same cut, somehow, and he didn't talk a bit the same, and when he spoke to me after sermon in the church yard I was always a mind to go into the church again to look up to the pulpit to see if he were really out of it; for this was not the same man, you see."

We attach the more importance to these helps and hindrances because of the grandeur of the calling and the men who have responded to it. An intelligent poorly informed man has lately published derogatory statements as to the intellectual development and scholarly attainments of the average Christian minister. On good authority I make the statement that, with over one hundred thousand filling the ministerial ranks in our country, there are more college diplomas per capita than are in the possession of any other learned profession. And in the nineteen thousand Methodist ministers' pockets you will find no whisky flasks and, possibly, but a hatful of tobacco boxes. Test any other line of men that way! Of late there has been a falling off in the pulpit supply, possibly by reason of an increasing number of useful and more remunerative callings being opened. In twelve years theological students have fallen off nearly twenty per cent. They are offered poor pay. Even Peter said, "We have forsaken all and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" There is a mystery about the fact that some preachers are conspicuous, popular, and sought after, while

their equals, and even their superiors, remain obscure. But this mystery is as large as human life and reaches into the universe. Why is the proportion of conspicuous merchants, physicians, and lawyers so small? Scarcely five in a hundred. May it not be that better supplies are needed for the downtown church and the Hard-scrabble Circuit? Even the Master was despised and rejected, and had not where to lay his head. The estate he left was his garments, possibly worth five dollars. This subject derives its importance from the importance of the calling. John Quincy Adams said, "The pulpit is the throne of modern eloquence." The man so much quoted now in all lands, even though not the safest of religious leaders, Ralph Waldo Emerson, said of the ministry: "It is the first office in the world, a holy office, coeval with the world. Christianity has given us two inestimable advantages: the Sabbath, the jubilee of the whole world, and the institution of preaching." In an earlier time Goldsmith wrote:

With meek and unaffected grace  
His looks adorned the venerable place,  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools who came to mock remained to pray.

And this theme has its place in the Scriptures. Moses sought to excuse himself from a mission to Egypt by saying to Jehovah, "I am of slow speech and slow tongue." To remedy that Aaron was appointed. Jeremiah said, "I know not how to speak." Jesus called James and John "Sons of Thunder." If they spoke as they wrote the title described their preaching. Paul was discounted as "weak" in bodily presence and in speech "contemptible." He seems not to have been so before the learning of Athens, or Agrippa, or Caesar. We know he beckoned with his hand to command silence, though that hand wore a manacle. In his defense before Cæsar "no man stood by"—yes, "the Lord"—and instead of self-defense he preached the gospel in hearing of the lion's roar. Apollos was an "eloquent man," which may be translated "learned." He fascinated the Corinthians so as to vie with Peter and Paul among those ancient lovers of art. The foiled officers reported back to the Sanhedrin concerning Jesus, "Never man spake like this man." "He spake as one having authority." To

Magdalene he only needed to say "Mary," but it scattered night, from her and the world, into light eternal. His Sermon on the Mount, his parables imperishable, his divine prayers, his wrathful "Woe! Woe! Woe!" to hypocrisy, his description of the judgment, ending in heaven and hell, all in truth and manner rise above all that was ever spoken. He was and is "the Word."

He said, "Go preach." Look along the line. What a colonnade through the field of history preachers furnish!—Elijah, Peter, Paul, Chrysostom—not only golden-mouthed but sworded and martyred and fearless as an angel; Savonarola, sending auditors home bewailing their sins through Florence; Knox, logical at the beginning, then so impassioned as to "beat the pulpit into blads, and flie oot o' it." He set three thousand hardy Scots to weeping. John Wesley, too great every way to be yet fully written up; Whitefield, able to draw tears by the way he could pronounce "Mesopotamia"; Jonathan Edwards, whose "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" gave alarm in time to frighten sinners and save our nation. May the power not desert us and settle over Korea to stay! Dr. Thomas H. Stockton, from whose lips the Lord's Prayer or the benediction was an apocalypse. He was chaplain to Congress three times in succession. In preaching before senators and representatives men were startled, and Supreme Court judges looked as if arraigned before the Judge of all the earth. I seem yet to see him—seated as an invalid, his physician at hand, lecturing before the university, thin, white, fearless, with introspective look—say, "I am an immortal spirit."

But that splendid list is too numerous and long to mention. It is increasing in numbers and not losing in courage or talent. It were easy to name them by the hundred now living. The Christian ministry for two thousand years, and now more than ever, refreshes the world, because supplied from the water of life from beneath the throne of God.

*Isaac Brock*

## ART. IV.—THE APOSTLE OF THE SUPERMAN

THE new generation that arose in Germany after the great struggle for national unity has produced in Friedrich Nietzsche the most radical thinker of modern times. His words have come with compelling power to the men of a new age, and the student of the thought of these latter days encounters his influence on every hand. The spell cast by this brilliant genius of the nineteenth century was not merely the magic of his words, but the boldness of his arguments in their appeal to the skeptical mind.

The reader looks in vain for a systematized philosophy in Nietzsche, and with difficulty disentangles from its mythological garb the thought that forms his doctrine. An attempt to set forth his principal thought, with its antecedents and its *raison d'être*, presupposes a familiarity with the philosophy of Schopenhauer, for during his student days in Leipsic, in 1865, Nietzsche was captivated by the latter's work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, and its pessimism reëchoed in his heart. This new philosophy showed him that this life was all most miserable and that its fleeting joys left a sting of pain, so that nonexistence seemed preferable to existence in so unhappy a world. Underlying all life, Schopenhauer had shown, was a blind, irrepressible desire which he named "will," and this was without any definite aim. If, therefore, man would escape its constant pressure, nothing but its denial could effect it. The fact that no lasting pleasure could be derived from things temporal brought him to the conclusion that this world must be a delusion, and that the gratification of our desires must lie beyond the things seen. It is therefore only poor comfort to the gloomy heart when he declares that a temporary pleasure could be derived from the contemplation of the beautiful, while a lasting one could be derived only from the denial of the will and asceticism. For a time these thoughts controlled young Nietzsche, but in his doctrine of the superman he turned this denial of the will unto life into an affirmation of the will unto life. Here it is necessary to consider some of the other antecedents.

One may call the years between 1865 and 1878 the formative

period in his life and the subsequent years the period of independence. At the beginning of his early period he had already launched out on the sea of doubt, having renounced the religion of his father and grandfather, both of whom had been clergymen. From deep piety he had plunged into skepticism, and the change seems the more remarkable and deplorable in the light of his fervor that—only a few years before—had caused him to refer to religion as the corner stone of all knowledge (1859). His insatiable thirst for knowledge had led him into the maze of doubt from which he reappeared as an agnostic and misanthrope. He believed science and religion to be antagonistic, and decided in favor of the former. As a "searcher after the truth" he felt that he had entered the *via dolorosa* which should eventually lead to his martyrdom. He waged war against all that the human race holds dear, especially against religion of every kind, and in his *furor religiosus* he finally exclaimed: "Dead are all the gods! Now I intend that the superman shall live!" This perversion seems strange also in the light of his genial, artistic temperament, but its explanation lies in the fact that he was an aristocrat of the most sanguine type. It explains to us his inbred hatred against all that is common, ordinary, low, and vulgar, his scorn for falsehood, shams, and deception, also his vigorous attacks on systems whose foundations he believed to have been reared on deceptions and lies. As such he loved the elegance, refinement, and grace which the forms of Grecian art, the spirit of the Renaissance in Italy, the culture of France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries constantly revealed to him. And this enthusiasm for aristocratic ideals was eclipsed only by the contempt in which he held all those who were not of this class. The brutality of an aristocrat shines out of his scorn for Socrates, the contempt for Jesus of Nazareth and his fishermen disciples, and out of his remark concerning Martin Luther, when he called him "the most eloquent and the most immodest of all peasants that Germany ever had." It is this aristocratic radicalism that makes him hate every attempt on the part of the masses to oppose the privileged classes, and that is irritated by every socialistic, anarchistic, populistic, or feminist propaganda which aims at the unseating of his oligarchy.

The same feeling guided him in the selection of his books. There was, first of all, Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann, which he referred to as one of the few immortal works. Next came Emerson's essays, a copy of which he carried with him for a long time. Then Shakespeare, Byron, Heine. Already as a student at Pforta he had selected Pascal, Montaigne, and the moralists as his favorite French writers, and later he became fascinated by the works of Stendhal and his great pupil, Taine. Last of all came Gobineau, whose kinship he recognized from the work *Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines*. Nietzsche believed in being everything or nothing at all (*Alles oder Nichts*), therefore he threw himself into his work with a whole soul. His insatiable thirst for knowledge was aided by an unusual power of penetration. No less a person than the famous philologist Ritschl was the first to discern this, and he recommended the brilliant young man for the professorship of the classics in the University of Basle. The appointment was made before Nietzsche had received his doctorate. During his professional career Nietzsche enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated art critic, J. Burckhardt, through whom his fondness for Greek art and the Italian Renaissance was deepened considerably. Prodigious indeed is the work which he performed in his profession, considering the minuteness and care which he bestowed on his lectures. Imagine his plan of covering in academic lectures running through eight years all the phases of Greek philology! But such profound work was his joy and inspiration, and he told his friends that he had chosen philology for his occupation because it was the "proper work for aristocrats and the mandarins of intellect." His talent in music at one time made him think seriously of becoming a composer. But he gave up this plan although he continued to occupy himself with it. His romantic spirit leaned toward Richard Wagner, having been aroused through the latter's *Tristan and Isolde*. When, later on, he became intimate with this composer he began to extol him as the high priest of art and the true genius of music. For him, and in the interest of the Bayreuth playhouse, Nietzsche toured the country as a lecturer. But his aristocratic ideals received a severe shock when he saw Wagner currying public favor by turning to religious motifs in

his Parsifal. The friendship came to a close, and the object of Nietzsche's praise became the object of his condemnation. It was, however, quite impossible to forget the associations he had enjoyed with the great musician, and he spoke of them in these significant words: "*Wagner war eine Krankheit*" ("Wagner was a disease").

Turning now to Nietzsche's *Weltanschauung*, it will be better understood when it is borne in mind that it is the reflection of the unstable views of the educated classes of Europe during the last decades of the nineteenth century. The channel into which these individualistic, skeptical, utilitarian, eudemonistic, and evolutional currents of thought converge is that strange, yet remarkable, prose-poem of Nietzsche entitled "*Thus spake Zarathustra*." The Zarathustra speaking unto the few is not the ancient priest of the Avesta religion, but the incorporation of the man as Nietzsche desires to see him, and is in many respects patterned after Nietzsche himself. Under the veil of mythology and allegory the romantic mind of the writer has concealed the meaning of his thought because of his conviction that the full-orbed truth of his deductions would not and could not be endured in his generation. So it has been considered a book of seven seals, with its flouting ideas, sententious epigrams, and startling aphorisms behind which we cannot deny a marvelous poetic genius. More argumentative, however, is his "*Genealogy of Morals*," in which the negative side of his problem is very prominent. It begins with a peremptory demand for a "*Transvaluation of all values*." "No people could live that did not, in the first place, know value. If it would maintain itself it must not value as its neighbor doth. Much that one people has called good another has called scorn and dishonor: thus I found it."<sup>1</sup> So he concludes that all moral standards are wrong and that they are in need of revision, a devaluation; for the origin of the concept and judgment "good" is explained by him on this wise: "Unselfish actions were originally praised and denominated 'good' by those to whom they were manifested; *i. e.*, to whom they were useful; afterward this origin of praise was forgotten, and unselfish actions, since they were always accustomed to be praised as good, were, as a matter of course, also felt as such—as if, in themselves,

<sup>1</sup> *Works*, vol. viii, p. 76.

they were something good." The complete upheaval that would result from such a "devaluation" is the very thing he postulates for the inauguration of the new regime, when he says that a change of values means a change of creators of values. In this skeptic temper he denies the existence of the absolute, of the thing *per se*. They all are creations of man's fancy; "God, to him, is a supposition, a thought which bendeth all which is straight and turneth around whatever standeth still." And with a sneer more skeptical than that of Pilate he asks, "What is truth?" and thereby begins his assault against the moral criteria that have hitherto passed unchallenged. As violent as the oriental sect of the Assassins, he concurs in their device: "Nothing is true; everything is allowable." With Schopenhauer he traces the human instincts and impulses to their fountainhead. Schopenhauer had given them the collective name "will"; Nietzsche similarly sees in the concentration of the human impulses a will, a desire unto power. This desire unto power, he tells us, is the underlying principle in every organism, be it plant, animal, or man. In the manner in which it asserts itself it takes up the struggle for existence—ending, of course, in the survival of the fittest. It has been noted that Schopenhauer taught a temporary escape from earth's misery by the contemplation of the beautiful. Nietzsche, too, tells us that art and morals are man's invention for the gratification of the aesthetic and moral instincts; but he asserts that through misconception man gradually began to idolize the things created at the expense of the instincts or impulses, and to this he ascribes the perversion of criteria especially in the realm of morals. The fact that the instincts may be either diseased or sound offers him opportunity to show that out of such conditions have arisen the robust and vigorous and the sickly, decadent types of man. To the former he ascribes the view of the optimist, to the latter that of the pessimist. Though at first he leaned toward Schopenhauer's view of the wretchedness of this life, he turned from it. We see this in his argument that endeavors to show that it is impossible for man to call life good or evil since it cannot be viewed in all its relations; besides, the living are incompetent to judge because of their interest in the struggle, and the dead—they speak not! Now, concludes Nietzsche,

inasmuch as the individual is not in a position to say whether life is worth living it is incumbent upon him to live exuberantly, "lavishly," "tropically," intensively, for the realization of the ideals of the beautiful. To do this one must refuse to be shackled by rules and conventions of society which suppress the natural impulses, and which stamp as bad those instincts which contribute to man's greater power and vigor, namely, cunning, cruelty, combativeness, etc. In short, this will unto power must be given free course; his development must be untrammeled by morals, ethics, science, or religion.

His study of morals has led him to accept two elementary types of morals—those of the common herd and those of the aristocrats. The one he named "Sklavenmoral," the other "Herrenmoral," and he asserts that all civilizations have attempted a harmonization of the two. Moral values, wherever they exist, are those of the ruling class; this may have at one time been the ruled class, where the morals of the herd obtained. Witness such civilizations as came up through conquest—Rome, the Frankish empire, the Moors. These races were the creators of moral values. Whatever was agreeable to them became the standard of life and conduct. It was nothing else but the principle, Might makes right. The race that he would see spring up conquers these underlings and this common herd; it should be superior in body and intellect, stalwart, intrepid, fierce foes, men who hate the commonplace and despise deception and lies. Their heroic nature makes them free from sympathy; to desire it would be contemptible, to offer it would be an insult. We ask what moral code would prevail among such a class of men? Nietzsche answers, only that which prudence and foresight dictate. Eudemonistic, you see. They are law unto themselves. Education, marriage, and the propagation of their kind come under the jealous care which seeks the perpetuation of the strong type. Their god is their desire unto power, for unto it they ascribe their place and position, and the offering they bring is their joyous life, their optimism! Quite different from these, says Nietzsche, are the morals of the common herd. Pessimism is the keynote of their lives, and their hatred is even toward their conquerors. To them these mighty ones have ever

been the hateful ones, the barbarians, the vandals. Thus Nietzsche has tried to show how one class of men has condemned as bad what the other has extolled as good, and thereby believes he proves that the moral standards have always been arbitrary. By this sweeping deduction he would condemn Christian morals as well. They, to him, have sprung from the *milieu* of the enslaved Jews. "It was the Jews who, with most frightfully consistent logic, dared to subvert the aristocratic equation of values." And he fumes over the fact that their "unparalleled, popular ingenuity of morals" has subverted the strong and noble race of the Romans. The essence of all the highest values, he tells us, is to-day acknowledged in the persons of three Jews and one Jewess (Jesus of Nazareth, Peter the fisherman, Paul the tentmaker, and Mary the mother of Jesus). His sharpest shafts are aimed against the priesthood. "The greatest haters in all history were the priests, and they were at all times the haters with most *esprit*." He characterizes their instinct to rule as a means to gain the confidence of the masses in order to first become their guardians and defenders, but later their tyrants. While he does not deny their disciplinary power in controlling the masses, still he sees in their deceptions and delusions a great obstacle to the development of the race he desires. Thank God for that! For to them he attributes the origin of the belief in a life to come. The haven of the pessimist, he tells us, is death; there all his woes are ended. Yet the panacea for his ills does not appear inviting to him; in fact, he shrinks from stepping into the grave. Nietzsche thinks he has found a solution to make the process less repulsive, and postulates that the priest came in and held out to the fearing and quaking mortal the hope of a life better than this. He adduces as a proof for his argument the Jews, who, like slaves, were subject to the aristocratic Romans, and whose sense of independence coupled with their weakness and inability to shake off the yoke of bondage had caused the beatification of the oppressed and the hope in a compensatory future with happiness for the oppressed and damnation for the oppressor!

Just how he would readjust these values would be interesting to ascertain, for it cannot be supposed that so complete a change shall come without preparation. Furthermore, he denies the free-

dom of the will and the existence of the soul separate from the body. These are no new problems, to be sure, yet it is interesting to learn that he judges the will qualitatively, saying there is only a strong or a weak will, and this will is inseparable from its action just as the property of flashing is inseparable from lightning. What has given rise to the illusion of the freedom of the will, he says, is the separation of the will from its action. So it came to pass, on the supposition that the use to which the will is directed marks the power of the individual rather than the sum total of this power, that the equality of man has been asserted and the aristocratic ideal became defeated. Consequently, the weak took courage, aspired to higher power; but, while they condemned as bad or evil the desire unto power of the aristocrats, they labeled as legitimate and permissible the very desire they themselves had assumed. Now, the positive side of the argument touches on the superman. In harmony with the principle of evolution, Nietzsche sees in man the culmination of the development from the worm to the ape, thence to man. But he says also that man has started on a downward road, and he points to state, religion, and art to prove his contention. All three are in a decadent form; the first in its emphasis of the democratic ideal, the second by its worship of illusions such as God, eternal life, etc., and the latter—especially in the case of his former idol, Wagner—by its vulgarization! Still this decadence does not lead him to despair; in fact, he likens it unto an autumn that precedes a springtime of regeneration. Decadent man is to be followed by superman. This type of man, he avers, can be attained only when the criteria of to-day—the democratic and Christian—are renounced and the aristocratic, such as prevailed at the time of the Augustan age in Rome, are recognized.

Now, this term "superman" is not original with Nietzsche. It had been used by Goethe, who named his *Faust* a superman. Likewise Feuerbach, Heine, Gutzkow, and Eduard von Hartmann had advanced similar ideas, that might best be formulated in the words of Feuerbach, who said, "Man alone is, and must be, our god." It is the same idea expressed by James Cotton Morrison in his *Service of Man*. It goes hand in hand with the thought of

the perfection of the human race by artificial selection, one of the advocates of which was Frederick the Great, and later, the poet Jordan. Schopenhauer had advocated asceticism, and the denial of the will, and his pessimism would eventually lead to self-destruction. Nietzsche, like him, also advocated that the weak and pessimistic men should end this life: "Life is but suffering—others say, and they do not lie. Well, then, see to it that you die! See to it that life which is but suffering come to an end. And let this be the teaching of your virtue: Thou shalt kill thyself, thou shalt steal thyself away." How does the superman differ from the common mortal? He is "free from the happiness of slaves; saved from gods and adorations, fearless and fear-inspiring; great and lonely." He spurns the moral code of the present, for he is a law unto himself; he despises the democratic ideals: "*égalité, liberté, fraternité.*". Nietzsche, you see, emphasizes the inequality of mankind just as had Huxley and Gobineau. Of course he is as unpolitical as can be expected. "The state is called the coldest of cold monsters. And coldly it lieth, and this lie creepeth out of its mouth: 'I, the state, am the people.' It is a lie! Creators they were who created the peoples and hung one belief and one love over them." These lords are to be the lawmakers. "Therefore, O my brethren, a new nobility is requisite which is opposed unto all mob and all that is tyrannic and writeth on new tables the word 'noble.' Because these men are egoistic they are anti-idealistic. They are come to bring war and not peace, and in their victory they advance civilization. I do not ask you to work, but to fight. Let your work be a fight and your peace a victory."

For this superman ideal he postulates the palingenesis of things. This idea did not come to him until 1881, when he was in Maria Sils in the Engadine seeking to recover his health. It almost overwhelmed him. His starting point was the theory of the conservation of energy. His manner of reasoning was on this wise: Energy is not infinite, but limited; if there were any quantitative change, it would have resulted in the diminution of the world or its growth into infinite proportions. If we assume that this energy in endless years produces a continuous line of combinations, then the limited quantity of energy must of neces-

sity reproduce a series of combinations that existed at one time or other. He had this in mind when he said, "Thou teachest that there is a great year of becoming, a monstrous great year. It must, like an hourglass, ever turn upside down again in order to run down and out. . . . I come eternally back unto this one and the same life in order to teach the eternal recurrence of things." He had planned to spend ten years in further study of the natural sciences in Vienna and Paris in order to establish a scientific basis for his idea of the palingenesis, but he found that it could not be supported by the atomistic theory, and he therefore gave up his plan; nevertheless, the palingenesis remained the central thought of his later years. And this is the end of our discussion. The boldness of his attack and the logic of his argument have been as shocking as they have been destructive. The novelty of his thought, which focuses the current views from many quarters, has made him attractive to many, and therefore very dangerous. Between the camp of his followers and that of his bitter opponents stands the public, undecided and perplexed. Still the close reader will not be misled by his arguments, however beguiling; besides, there are too many paradoxes requiring a satisfactory explanation. The thinker Nietzsche was, after all, too much of a dilettante in the natural sciences and history to bring conviction to the men of science; and one must not forget his utterance with regard to his writings: that he came not to give men a creed, but merely desired to influence the souls of those "who know."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. L. Raschen". The signature is fluid and somewhat stylized, with the initials "J. L." on the left and "Raschen" on the right.

#### ART. V.—AN OPTIMISTIC VIEW OF LIFE IN THE CHURCHES

THE battle between the pessimist and the optimist is always on. Most of us have elements of both, and find ourselves inclined to sway now this way and now that as we are affected by outward circumstances or by physical or mental states. The progress of the world furnishes materials and occasions for both. It is not an unbroken, universal upward sweep. Sometimes a repulse here or there breaks the line of advance and sometimes the whole world seems to be slipping back. We are always justified in asking about the present trend, and trying to find reasons in things as they are to justify our faith in the better things yet to be. Such a quest in the present life of the churches of this country yields results highly favorable to the optimistic view. Three things I mention as determining factors in church life: its trend of doctrine, its work of extension, and its output of character. If in these particulars we find conditions good, we need not very seriously mind incidental shortcomings, and sporadic indications of prosperity will afford us little real consolation if in these we are failing.

First, then, as to trend of doctrine. In the sense of living teaching doctrine has always a trend and is going somewhither. Theology is in constant process of being thought over. No theology is vital to a man until, with or without aid, he has thought it out for himself. Besides, new forms and modes of thought give rise to new questions in religion, and the old answers will not fit, not necessarily because they are untrue but because they were made for other questions, some of which are now obsolete. Some men are always trying the old answers on the new questions—an ill-starred undertaking which is foredoomed to fail, and sets others to thinking illogically that the answers are discredited and that the whole system of faith is toppling. The first effect of new questions is unsettling, and uncertainty as to the faith produces weakness and depression of spiritual life; but afterward, if followed to the end, “It yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.” In comparatively

recent times three influences have combined to disturb religious thinking: the general acceptance of the scientific doctrine of evolution, the employment of new and more exact canons of biblical criticism, and the application of advanced methods in psychology to the elucidation of spiritual experience and life. Not only have these important movements invaded the field of religious thought, they have also given us a new type of thinking to appeal to. We are ourselves witnesses to this fact. We may hold the old doctrines, but we find ourselves compelled to think them out by new processes. No man who is at once vitally religious and vitally intellectual can think himself into the exact forms of a past generation. The period of transition which these influences introduced is not yet over. We have won the new positions, but we have by no means finished the task of subduing and organizing the conquered territory. "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." If, now, we take an account of stock, we shall find that we have not parted with the old fundamentals. They are not there unchanged, but they are still there. The timorous souls who cried, "If the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?" have had their wail for naught. It was supposed at first that evolution really explained everything; that it was more than a synthesized statement of processes, and since it held in itself a sufficient account of the beginning and a sufficient promise and potency of all unfolding and consummation, that it relieved us of all necessity for a God or a religion. Criticism has not dethroned the Bible from its unique position among sacred literatures. It has shown that the value of the Bible is exclusively religious. We are ceasing to regard it as a thesaurus of inspired information on all subjects, but as a manual of religion it is still in a class by itself. In it God speaks to the human soul as nowhere else. If it is a mere natural evolution of human strivings after God, then human nature in the Hebrew race was something radically different from human nature in general. For spiritual life and all questions related thereto the Bible is still the final court of appeal. So with the other doctrines which have been generally regarded as constituting the essential basis of the Christian faith. Christ as not only the revealer but also the revelation of God to men, an atonement which answers the

demands of eternal law, a spiritual life which may be defined as the life of God in the soul of man—all these are retained, although they are conceived under new forms. This is a result of the extension of the scientific method beyond the limits claimed by those who advanced it. It is scientific in religion, as in all else, to submit new theories to practical tests. We are beginning to recognize the fact that the final word in religious thinking is not to be found in the vagaries of daring speculators or in the closet conclusions of scholars, but in the wrought-out message of men who are dealing directly with souls in need. Brown-Sequard's elixir and Koch's lymph were the work of physicians of the very first rank in medical research, but they failed under the test of the ordinary practitioner in the clinic. A doctrine of salvation must be one that actually saves. It does not signify how correct and perfectly fashioned it may seem to some certain "ninety and nine just men who need no repentance" unless it impels them to go in search of the lost one in the wilderness, and proves effectual in bringing him back from his wandering. A doctrine of development must be one that will develop the spiritual life not merely in a select and serene few but in ordinary, untrained, commonplace, busy men. As the general practitioner is the final critic of theories in medicine, so the evangelistic pastor has the last word on theories in religion. Progress in doctrine seems to conform to the theory of evolution; there is a surprising fecundity and variety of production, but final results are secured by the survival of the fittest, and the fittest is that which is best adapted to the environment of a world that is lost in sin.

In this process the churches are gradually drawing together. Many of the old discussions have been dismissed. Only from far and isolated corners do we hear the clash of strife between Calvinist and Arminian, Baptist and Pedobaptist. The combatants are being disarmed of their terrible array of proof texts. Men are studying the Bible not to gather collections of texts joined by some superficial similarity, but to trace the development of great ideas which are involved in the process of redemption and evolve with its unfolding. The Bible is no longer regarded as anything like a code of laws but, rather, as a revelation of law. We have a new

conception of spiritual laws, which views them not as statutory enactments but as the natural laws which govern the interaction of personalities. We are finding that truth, in its last analysis, is a revelation of personality and not a collection of abstract propositions. Influence is not a mysterious efflux from personality, but the direct consequence of the immediate impact of one personality upon another. Any doctrines we may hold must square with this notion of spiritual law. Notions of atonement and forgiveness must be personal and dynamic, rather than artificial and forensic. Doctrines of spiritual life which hold as essential the peculiar experiences of any special type of personality are giving place to notions that recognize the spiritual equality of all temperaments. We are approaching all questions from new angles, and our old points of collision are out of the field of our real thinking. As a consequence, the pulpit messages in all our churches are coming to agree so nearly that an occasional exchange of preachers creates no stir or sense of strangeness in the minds of the congregation.

What of the work of extension? We are coming in this country to a change of method in consequence of the narrowing area for the work of the propagandist. The country is practically evangelized. Few men, if any, are out of the church because of lack of opportunity to enter it intelligently. Men are rejecting Christ not through unbelief but because of their unwillingness to accept Christ's program for life. Two methods of propagandism are open: the indirect method of moral leavening which gradually eliminates the hostility to the Christian standard of living, so bringing men in easier reach of the church, and the more direct method of constant, organized pressure of personal influence which seeks out men in a systematic search to lead them to Christ. It is to be noted that great revivals to-day are marked chiefly by their intense, thorough organization. The winning churches are those whose work is highly systematized and constant. Gains of this kind are of necessity slow and steady, but we do gain. Careful estimates from time to time agree that the churches are steadily increasing in proportion to the population. Two things of special note in current church life may not improperly be dragged in here. The first of these is the great investment of money in religious

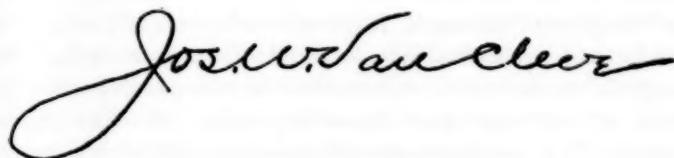
enterprises. Hundreds of new churches of great cost, widely distributed, wisely adapted to a broadening range of churchly activities, millions of dollars invested in colleges, hospitals, orphanages, homes of various sorts, all testify to an intense and vigorous life. They indicate the deep, strong hold which the churches have upon practical men. Of the same import is the other movement, the organized men's movement. Hitherto church organizations have been usually organizations of women. The men's movement is the very latest development. It shows the direction in which the church life is growing. Every considerable congregation is coming to have its club or brotherhood or men's organized Bible class. These separate bodies are forming into wider organizations in accordance with the polity of their several denominations. The masculine element in the churches is coming to greater prominence and a stronger appeal is going from the churches to unsaved men, and the men constitute the larger part of the unchurched population.

In the endeavor to evangelize the heathen peoples the churches have never before confronted conditions so hopeful and inviting. The work constantly outruns our expectations and our liberality. In India, where we dreamed one day of ten thousand Christians, we are making annual additions that crowd the ten-thousand mark and sometimes pass it. China, revolutionizing her educational system, putting the opium traffic in process of extinction, introducing the New Testament into the schools of some of her populous provinces, and purchasing copies of it by the tens of thousands, offers the greatest field for missionary enterprise that has opened in all the centuries. Korea and the Philippines are displaying records of missionary success that border on the miraculous. Think of a Korean city with more than three thousand Christians and a prayer meeting that passes the thousand mark. Think of the tens of thousands of converts gathered in the Philippines since the American occupation. Think of the new lines of attack upon the great Moslem problem, which are being opened with splendid promise for this final contest of religions. Concurrent with these great movements in the foreign field is a great awakening of missionary interest throughout the church at home. The Student

Volunteer movement, which has just closed its great convention of more than five thousand accredited delegates from the choice spirits of our colleges; the Mission Study movement, with its increasing thousands of classes meeting for the study of this great problem; the Laymen's Missionary Movement, with its enlistment of strong, clear-headed, practical business men and its emphatic message that Christian missions afford a most profitable field for the investment of money; the increase of giving for missions—all these testify to the deep and earnest life of the churches as manifest in their growing sense of responsibility to all men for Christ's sake. Everywhere the skies are full of hope.

Finally, what as to the output of character? This is the ultimate test of success or failure. Nothing is gained by inducing a man to accept a theology or to enter a church unless he is thereby lifted to a higher level of moral living. Mere proselytism is the most utter waste of effort yet devised. No other questions are as important as these: Are we raising the standard of personal character and life? Are the people in our churches becoming more honest and truthful and pure? Are we lifting them to higher, finer moral living than has been attained by the masses of our people hitherto? We still lift the people who come to us above their old selves, but it may honestly be doubted whether or not we are bringing them up to any higher standards of private character than our fathers held. One thing is certain, that discipline in the churches is far less rigorous than in former years. We have, however, this distinct advantage, that the moral life of the churches has not declined. Men are living freely and voluntarily on levels that were guarded in the past by careful and rigid discipline. But if the moral life of the churches is not much higher than formerly, it is certainly much broader. The old notion of salvation expressed in the words "a heaven to gain and a hell to shun" is giving way to a larger interpretation. We are coming to see that salvation sets a man to manufacturing heaven on his own account out of the raw material around him, and to wiping out a little of the hell which is all too abundant in this life, whatever we may conclude about the next. Salvation is ceasing to be regarded as a purely personal matter. We are beginning to recognize the significance

of the fact that men are saved, not as isolated individuals, but as individuals in society. Religion is not separated from any of the concerns of this life or from any of our points of contact with others. Whole areas of public and corporate activity which have been turned over to corruption and decay are beginning to be redeemed. A new civic and social conscience has been born. The churches are addressing themselves more openly to the advocacy of civic and social regeneration. Such questions as child labor, the general labor problem, predatory wealth, municipal misgovernment and corruption, the saloon, the gambling evil, and the unspeakable "white slave" traffic are engaging the attention of the churches as never before. Righteousness is pushing out of the strictly passive, personal stage into the aggressive type that sings "The Son of God goes forth to war" and then girds on the sword to "follow in his train." As a consequence, the country has been enjoying the greatest cleaning up of its history, a work that is preparing the way for the further winning of men for the kingdom. The churches are greater than they have ever been in the history of the country. Their influence was never more potent, their adjustment to their problems never more intelligent, their future never more hopeful.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Josephine Cleve". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a large, sweeping initial 'J'.

## ART. VI.—“ARMS AND THE MAN”

BUT for the requirements of hexameter Virgil might have sung of “man and arms”—and in that order. I used to think that he ought to have done so, sacrificing prosody if necessary. “Man before metals” of course; or there would have been no metals discovered, no battles to wage, no issues to quarrel about. Man first—then love and hate and war. Yet not invariably. And even if this immortal singer had been unembarrassed by poetic rules he still might have sung of “arms and the man.” For if man invents, discovers, plants flags on new continents, he has also to grow toward a full use of his new possessions. His own personal development follows that of his new device. For example, the flying machine is no longer the comic dream of versifiers; it is an accomplished fact. Man has actually *fown*. But how long it will be before he can fly when and whither he will, in defiance of weather and without jeopardy of his neck—in short, how long it will take man the aviator to perfect the use of his own daring device, is by no means clear. One recalls the case of that experimenter in high explosives whose first demonstration of the power of his new formula nearly cost him his life. The automobile is here; but the “slaughter of innocents” in our streets bears tragic witness that man has not yet learned how to handle his new triumph. What thoughtful student but realizes that certain scandals and enormities of our day were impossible under an older regime? Socialism is a passionate cry of man-alive against his brother’s inhumanity and ineptitude in the exploitation of huge advantage. What are the ungodly fortunes of a few modern Croesus, what the frank brutalities of an industrial age, what the hard commercializing of life’s finest sentiments and abilities, but confession that our hands have not yet grown in skill and grasp to handle the new tools with which we are so splendidly furnished? To do a man’s full part, in this day of complicated and delicate instruments of work and war, takes an ampler man. “God give us men”—but larger built and finer grained!

Nowhere are the riches of modernity more embarrassing than

in the realm of truth with which we, as ministers, deal. It is sheerest truism to say that we touch immensities, profundities, infinities, beyond the guess of our spiritual sires. The hammers of modern thought have knocked many partitions out of the world we live in, giving us new sense and conception of the bigness of the Father's house. We have flung away some of the old measuring lines, struck rich veins far below the old workings of philosophy, surprised ourselves with the sheer daring of our mental adventure. We think more generously of man, more worthily of God, more harmoniously of the universe. Not always willingly, to be sure; sometimes with a sort of pathetic reluctance have we discarded old categories and learned to think in new terms. The new house into which we have moved finds us lonely sometimes, half homesick for the familiar, if narrow, walls of yesterday. But the old house is demolished and the new is ours. And not only to the Brunos, Bacons and Kants, the Kelvins, Le Comtes and Danas, but also to the "great heretics of yesterday" are we indebted for the splendor of our new surroundings. Glimpses of God at work, dreams of man as God's partner, visions of human destiny passing the ecstasies, and even the impious queries of fifty or even thirty years ago, are the sheer platitudes of the modern pulpit. It would be easy to bankrupt one's store of adjectives: the very wind and whiff of modern thinking is tonic. Proximity to great truths "disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts." We have the feeling of being as far ahead of our sires in theological as in agricultural or governmental equipment. Conceptions whose profundity goes beyond the soundings of Wesley and Melanchthon; truths which for splendid audacity outdare the flights of Fénelon and Francis; ministerial accouterments outclassing the furnishings of Benedict and Zwingli and Augustine, as the modern mill eclipses the spinning wheel, or the Twentieth Century Limited the colonial stagecoach—these are ours! Yet by no means for display or mental self-aggrandizement. Of small avail is the superior tool which rusts out; which the world admires but cannot manage. "Know ye not," asked Ahab once, "that Ramoth is ours, and we be still and take it not?" thus intimating a stinging truth—that a possession may be ours and yet not really possessed by us, that we may be slow in

asserting claim to and use of that which belongs to us by divine devise. Comparisons are both odious and unprofitable, yet this appears, that, whereas the modern farmers harvests an increased crop at decreased labor, and the present-day manufacturer in open market puts his primitive competitor out of business, we of the pulpit, more superbly furnished than ever before, painfully illustrate the law of the diminishing return. I need not adduce figures, facts would remain the same in the face of statistics far more heartening than any the censusmongers have to offer. Remembering always that the finest results of modern gospelizing are most incapable of being tabulated in columns or weighed on commercial scales, that the bigness of our adventure forbids premature forecasts as to its result, there still lingers in many eager minds a stubborn sense of incompetence, as if the Deering Harvester should show fewer bushels per acre than the old hand method; as if a Maxim gun missed the mark oftener than did the blunderbuss or flintlock of our forefathers; as if the Lusitania had little else to commend her beside the height of her funnels and the excellence of her cuisine!

But speaking more particularly, take our modern doctrine of the divine immanence. Not that the thought is new, for it is older than Christianity, and Allen, in his helpful volume, shows how the church has oscillated between the Greek and the Roman spirit, between the doctrines of immanence and transcendence. "In him we live," said the chief apostle. And, as Foster points out, Jesus's doctrine of the Father is rich implication of the best content of the idea of immanence. God is not only "Back of the wheat . . . the seed and shower," but present, working, self-expressive. Not a theatic, staged God, showing himself in tragic roles particularly and making inconsequent irruptions into the audience now and then, but God the strength by which all things consist, the "sparkle of the star and life of every creature"—this is God as we worship and preach him. With a finer reverence than that of Moses we have learned to stand before a common bush unsandaled. But this also appears, that, however well this great truth worked in the ministry of Jesus, it goes disappointingly in ours. Carlyle groaned against an absentee God who "sits in heaven and does nothing";

but He who, according to that august conception, sat "Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, and glory like a garment wears," at least got himself obeyed better than does the modern *All-Father*, who lives everywhere and "does everything." If the Puritan lived in momentary dread of being snared in some act of folly and whisked away without time for tears or prayers; if he rarely expected God to repeat overtures of mercy, and looked to heaven not as the consummation of an age-long purpose, but as a piece of famous luck, a sort of grim surprise, to an absent and capricious Deity, he at least made better work of his precarious calling than do we of the intimate daily calls of an immanent God. Familiarity breeds a sort of *nonchalance*, if not contempt. Perhaps Moses would have kept his shoes *on* if he had seen "Every common bush afire with God." Paul might have been less obedient to the heavenly vision if he had understood modern psychology. Nay, Jesus could scarcely have cried out so bitterly from the cross if he had realized that "God is never so far away as even to be near." We have grasped the better thought—to our hurt. He whose "increasing purpose" runs through all change and decay, whose considerateness of individual sparrows and separate hairs we at length believe, the God of all gifts and inspirer of every fine impulse, is too near for ordinary eyes to realize his royalty. If there is neither "near" nor "far" with him, why talk about seeking him "while he may be found"? If he loves so well let him return his own calls! "If (God) will have me king, why (God) may crown me without my stir." Such is too frequently the modern mood—the spiritual offset and disadvantage of a great doctrinal gain.

But let us follow the suggestion further. The man who stays away from church need scarcely remind us that he has merely taken us at our word. Being assured that "every place is hallowed ground," he cannot be altogether blamed if he prefers a forest cathedral to a stuffy church, not to say "sermons in stones" to ordinary pulpit productions. "The time is coming," said Jesus to the Samaritan woman, "when neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father." It was a glorious, transfiguring thing to say. It flung the doors wide open, hailing Him who is "within no walls confined." The trouble is that multitudes

have forgotten the rest of the quotation, and have accepted the broader truth as occasion for releasement from the conventional practices of worship. What to substitute for the old urgency of times and seasons—how to lead his children to “worship the Father in spirit and in truth” without the compulsion of sacred hours and places—is our increasing problem. Truly does the hymnist sing that “Work shall be prayer if all be wrought intent on pleasing thee”—that is, in the spirit of prayer. What happens, however, is that any kind of work is called prayer—no matter for the spirit of it—and the hard-worked man ranks the piety of his hands as precious as the piety of his soul, and at the next remove only a prayerless task remains!

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity

—perhaps; and for a reason the poet did not intend. If the rounding of a dome and the groining of an aisle—or, for that matter, the skill of a physician or the training of a child—be the only prayer the worshiper puts up, his “sincerity” is indeed a “sad” one. His soul has no oratory; his picture no high lights; his music no valid pitch. Doubtless we need to be reminded to “remember the week day to keep it holy,” and, with John Hay, that certain homely tasks are “better business” for men and angels than swinging censers or “loafing around the throne.” The practical question remains to be asked, however, whether the new doctrine has helped or hurt more; whether the attempt to sanctify an entire week, an entire life, really sanctifies or secularizes the whole.

Again, consider the modern doctrine of the Bible. Doubtless the Bible is a greater book since we relinquished the automatic theory of its production. New light has indeed broken from the familiar pages as a result of new light poured upon them. In particular, the humanizing of the Book renders it more profoundly divine. It is the human note in the Psalms which, as Coleridge said, “finds us”; the sheer human interest which challenges ours; the human life of God which clutches and commands our own. The less Daniel's mystifying “weeks” mean, the more of a brother he is to us. Whether Isaiah was one or two—what matter, so long

as God gets at us through the prophet's word? The Revelator saw more that we are needing to see if we limit his vision to earth. The greater the number of hands conspiring to give us one Book, with one increasing message, one life, and one face, the greater the wonder. But what more? Why, this, that the Bible may be "a bigger book in the estimation of men" and still be a weaker force in their lives; may be increasingly read for literature, ideals, romance, and at the same time be decreasingly followed. Lockhart need not have asked "Which book?" when the dying Sir Walter asked for "The Book." Even to the skeptic and scoffing of that day the Bible had a certain uniqueness. By virtue of a certain aloofness and air of mystery it was truly "Book of books," to whose peculiar message an attentive ear might at length be vouchsafed. But with the reduction of so many biblical features to the lowest terms of the mechanics and psychology; with extension to Socrates and Shakespeare, to Buddha and Browning, of our conception of inspiration; nay, with God speaking not only in books but in flowers and sunsets and cataracts, in all history, so that none is longer profane, through all peoples instead of one "peculiar people"; by awakened consciences and growth of new ideals everywhere—who shall say that the Book of which Matthew Arnold said that "to it we shall return" has not suffered grievous practical hurt?

Then there is the modern idea of sin. Ours is a franker, truer, kinder word for the sinner; franker, in that we admit that we know absolutely nothing concerning the origin of evil; truer, because we have ceased trying to measure sins like cordwood; kinder, for the reason that we recognize the common root of all evil in ourselves. We no longer talk of "inherited guilt," for guilt is no more transferable than merit; nor of "total depravity," lest we slander God. Fancy telling a modern congregation that "God looks upon the soul as Ammon did upon Tamar. While it was a virgin he loved, but now it is deflowered he hates it." Pity Robert South did not carry out his analogy and see where it would land him, for Ammon caused the defilement he later despised. We know now that man has brought down from his brute ancestry a host of appetites whose indulgence for him may be sin. We eagerly

admit that what the Pharisee in us too promptly pronounces evil may, as Browning said, be "silence implying sound"; or may even be good in the making, beauty unripe, virtue adolescent. And having said so much, we realize that, somehow, our sword has turned its edge. Wrong people were better managed by a tyrannical theology than by the sweet reasonableness of our later explanations. Perhaps there were extenuating circumstances in David's case, but Nathan simply pointed his inexorable finger and cried, "Thou art the man." To-day we should have so many mitigating things to say that David might get off without learning in his soul that he was "the man." In brief, it looks as if by trying to relieve the situation for Adam we had reduced the embarrassment of our own; by lifting the emphasis from sin as a governmental affront to the universe we had removed it to a nebulous region in which its perfidious, self-destructive nature is only dimly seen; by talking so much about the sinner's need of sanitation, hygiene, and fresh air we had helped him forget his pathetic and uttermost need of a Saviour and a recreated will.

I should like to show the application to and the illustration of my theme in our modern doctrine of salvation, of the church, of immortality, but will take no more than a single further instance—our doctrine concerning Christ. Never before was Jesus so large in the world's eye as now. Such plays as the "Servant in the House" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," such novels as Irving Bacheller's latest, such fiery, vivid apologetics as Chesterton's—these are immensely significant. Christ has more admirers, more compliments than ever before. But what advantage that the age cry, "Lord, Lord," while it does not the things which he says? What avails that statesmen and labor leaders are prophesying in his name, and in his name casting out demons, unless they sometimes sink to their knees confessing, "My Lord and my God"? It is scarcely unfair to say that Jesus is more admired and less personally obeyed, more flattered and less followed, more talked of and less talked to, than in any previous age. Well enough to rhapsodize with Sidney Lanier,

Jesus, good Paragon,  
Thou Crystal Christ,

but the world needs more than pattern; needs somewhat besides and beyond ethical beauty. It needs power, constraint, compulsion; needs not merely the sense of being *called* but the joy of being *found*. "Why didn't you answer?" asked a mother of her boy. "Because it was so nice to hear you call." Myriads are delighting in the sound of Jesus's voice across the centuries, but decline to leave their nets and follow him. Much is made of the workingman's tardy discovery that Jesus was also a mechanic. What is needed, however, is not an election of the Carpenter of Nazareth to membership in the labor unions, but the election of union men to partnership with Christ in a world's industrial redemption—which is a vastly different matter. Beautiful is that story of the modern Magdalen who, hearing retold the incident of Mary and the spikenard, sat tugging at her stubby, bleached hair, and softly crying, "My hair ain't long enough to wipe his feet." The question, however, is not how we shall treat his *feet*, but his *claims*. His mission was not to make us sorry for his sufferings, but ashamed of the sins which caused them. Far be it from our wish to deplore the world's late discovery how human Jesus is, but what if it miss the full meaning and majesty of his perfect humanness? Foster, in one of his most controverted volumes, draws a tender, luminous portrait of Jesus, as warmly winsome as Renan's, as chaste as Wernle's, and he truly says that the kingdom will come in when men become like that. But he does not hazard an opinion as to the probability of the transformation. Perhaps he realizes that goodness must do more than charm, it must compel; that the whole world may run after Christ, as boys after a band, yet without the slightest intention of enlisting under his banner. "Oh, yes," said Heine, standing before the Venus de Milo, "she is very beautiful, but she has no arms." Christ is still "the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely," but somehow we have shortened his arms. To be loved is not enough for our vagrant, impulsive hearts. Only the everlasting love of the Eternal Christ will avail to hold us back from our sins and up from our despair. His arms must indeed be the arms of the Infinite. "A hand like this hand," cried David to the distempered Saul, "shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!" Yes, a

hand like this hand, yet unlike it; with a higher tenderness and a diviner, because unique, eternal strength.

What to do, then? Obviously, one of three things. We may, in the first place, admit, with the sadness of Clifford or the bitterness of Carlyle, that Christ's "part is played out"; that the world has outgrown the need of a gospel of repentance and faith; that the modern doctrines of the church are at once the property of the world and a confession that the church is itself an anomaly and a useless survival; or (2) we may take refuge with the Romanist in his peculiar pragmatism. We do the Romanist injustice when we call him afraid of the truth. He is not afraid of the truth; he simply knows he cannot use the larger truth for the cramped purposes of the hierarchy. He rejoices in the truth—behind the door of his study; but when he comes out to mediate between his people and his God he suppresses those phases of truth, those implications of eternal order, which seem likely to loosen his priestly hold or be abused by half-grown souls. We could do that; some are doing it already. They have not only put their hands forth to steady the ark, they have carried the ark home with them in order to keep it safe. But (3) there is one remaining attitude for the churchman to take. He may remember that it needs a bigger man to preach the gospel in its bigger terms. To make men *feel* as well as *worship* an immanent God; to hold them to *special* seasons and places *because* all seasons and places are holy; to make the Bible grip them as interpreting all other books and voices of God; to show the self-suicide of sin, a "living as if God were dead"; to declare Him who is "very man" in a sense in which no man before or since was *ever* man—and then insist not only that God is like Jesus but that Jesus is the Eternal Utterance and *Arms* of the Father—will be to prove ourselves "workmen that need not be ashamed" even with new tools.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "J.W. Clark". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping initial 'J' and 'W' followed by 'Clark'.

ART. VII.—THE SEVENTH HERO: A SUGGESTION TO  
SOME NEW CARLYLE

THE definition of the hero has not been a constant term. The name has continued; the conception has changed. Childhood has one ideal of it, ministering to which juvenile literature sweeps the heart of childhood with a wide and fateful influence, while age has yet another conception, differing from this of earlier years as blossoms differ from their fruits. So also the childhood of the race has had its ideal, and, regardless of the unworthiness of much of it, the literary form in which that ideal has been enshrined has not been surpassed by all the race's maturing art, as "Thanatopsis" was never matched by any poem Bryant's age produced. A little while ago the hero was Achilles, a hero crying for a female slave, and staying from the battle in which his countrymen were dying. Homer devotes a sheaf of imperishable verses to his tawdry tears. To-day Achilles, sulking in his modern Greece, would be court-martialed and shot by members of his own regiment. Then the poet of the past sang Ulysses, wandering for twenty years in conquests and discoveries, while Penelope remains at home, the enduring type of a pure woman's constancy, "a picture," writes Bishop Quayle, "sweet enough to hang on the palace walls of all these centuries." In this year of grace Ulysses would be written not on poets' pages but in police records, and his wandering would be called not heroism but vagrancy. Such, however, were the heroes then; and burning towns and enemies overcome by foul means where fair were more difficult, and ravaged women, and destruction, and loot—these were the heroisms in which such heroes played an appropriate part. As we have grown older we have seen how cheap and misnamed these particular ribald worthies were; but the types of which they have become the classic illustrations have stalked through history and literature for centuries. It is because, for all their bluster and sham and childishness, these old buccaneers, about whom the unbalanced gods were mightily concerned, had in them the stuff of which not only the race's childhood, but its maturity as well, constructs its ideal men:

they fought and they went, they gave hard blows and they took long steps; and the world will love forever the men who have the battle spirit and the courage to explore.

The ominous and sometimes dreadful heroes of the worst of our juvenile literature are boyhood's incarnation of these two ideals; and the definitions of the hero which maturity is constantly making and changing are the expressions, under changing environments of thought, of these same permanent ideals. Under the unmanly tears of Achilles and the unfaithful travel-lust of Ulysses these twin spirits of warfare and wandering respectively constrain them, and in spite of all their weakness the world continually admires and, somehow, grows to love them. This is written in the present tense, for humanity has not changed at heart. If one will read the lives of the men who came to Virginia in 1607 as they are portrayed in even the more generous narratives, such as Mrs. Pryor's *The Birth of the Nation*, he will discover, with two or three singular exceptions, a most thoroughgoing company of vagabonds, men who ought to have gotten out of decent society anywhere and who ought to have been gotten out at any cost; but over them they have a certain glamour of romance, and in them a certain something to admire and love, because, for all their unfaltering rascality, they crossed an unfamiliar sea and dared a new adventure. So Carlyle, remarking acutely that history is the shadow cast by great men, has gathered together his six heroes, setting them before us as the enduring types of all our human stress and hope. But while he has swept all ranks and ministries, from gods to men of letters, he shows us in each simply the man who battles and the man who goes; in other words, the man who does. Analyzing, then, to find behind their strokes and strides what makes them go, Carlyle discovers the marks and sets the tests by which to tell a hero. First, says he, "a deep, great, genuine sincerity," which needs no explanation. Then the hero "looks through the shows of things into *things*." This is vision. Again, though Carlyle does not use the word, one can feel him reaching for it, the hero grips whatever god he knows, and this is consecration. Added to these three marks and tests of the hero is another, obvious to all: the hero accomplishes results. He may not see them, and may dis-

believe that they really exist, but they do surely show themselves at last. The hero is empowered. Sincere, visioned, consecrated, empowered—to show us men dimensioned after this fashion Carlyle has rifled the ages. His great men are of many centuries and several lands: Odin among the northern snows and Mohammed from his deserts, and Luther and Cromwell and Dante and Shakespeare and Knox and Napoleon, Johnson and Rousseau. They are a goodly company, but this is worthy of remark: they are not contemporaries. It is because of this dislocation in the kinship of the heroes that these pages are written. Carlyle's lectures are past criticism in some respects, but they are incomplete. There are not six heroes only, but seven; and the seventh is the consummation of the six. The seventh hero is the hero as missionary.

There is a certain class of readers, happily growing fewer, to whom it may come with a sense of shock that the consideration of epic heroisms should run to the modern missionary. There has been much belittling of him in these late days, as there was much scoffing at him in his earlier endeavors. We have heard all manner of cruel and foolish charges laid against him. Now, however, the days have come when back of all such accusations loom the immensities he has wrought in world-wide and individual life. But the missionary picture as it is laid before us with increasing severity of conscience, in its practical, businesslike, even commercial elements, has omitted certain other features which may perhaps recall our neglected recognition and claim anew our allegiance and devotion. The pathos of the missionary has been overdone; the sentimentality has been overwrought. We have long since put by the weeping herald and have swung too far the other way, seeing in him a religious agent, delivering certain religious, educational, ethical returns upon the basis of the investment made. It is time he was tested again, and by the hero's tests, for it is evident if we are to come to a sane appreciation of the missionary as something higher than the commercial agent, something nobler than the tearful martyr who suffers more in anticipation than in reality, the tests to which he is to be put must be the tests of this eternal heroism which lives through all the centuries. The missionary is not heroic because of any romantic or tender sentiments which have

been woven around his exodus. Neither his isolation nor his loneliness nor the sadness of farewell when he embarks can make him a hero. Is he sincere, visioned, consecrated, empowered? We shall discover this where heroism is always discovered, in the strokes he strikes and the steps he takes; in other words, in the work he has attempted and has done. What first, then, of the missionary as divinity? What is the mark of divinity? Carlyle's Odin never had a glimpse of it, though the Odin of the Sagas gives some casual and superficial revelation of it. It is not force, nor any supernatural frenzy nor magnified emotions of well-intentioned men. The mark of divinity is love, even unto death. Its great word is sacrifice; its great activity is search; its great places are Gethsemanes; its great symbols are a cross and a sepulcher. Carlyle has said that the hero as divinity is a product of old ages not to be repeated in the new. A product of old ages, truly! But, having been once produced, it has its repeated incarnations. It is the missionary's highest attribute. He is a searcher for the lost, a sacrifice for the sinful, a savior of the world. One who had caught the missionary vision prayed in early youth that God would send him to the darkest place in all the dark old earth. Gilmour wanders lonely among the Mongols and Sykes, among the Matabele people, waiting through weary years for the first token of an awakened soul. J. G. Paton buries with his own hands his wife and baby on the shores of melancholy Tanna, and there, alone, works out the works of God. Henry Martyn lands in India and cries, "Now let me burn out for God!" and his cry is answered when the pitiless fever kills him on the march. Henry Drummond has told us how he found the Livingstonia mission station. He came into the house of the head missionary.

It was spotlessly clean; English furniture was in the room, a medicine chest, familiar-looking dishes were in the cupboards, books lying about, but there was no missionary in it. I went to the next house—it was the school; the benches were there and the blackboard, but there were no scholars and no teachers. I passed to the next—it was the blacksmith shop; there were the tools and the anvil, but there was no blacksmith. And so on to the next and the next, all in perfect order, and all empty. Then a native approached and led me a few yards into the forest. And there, among the mimosa trees, under a huge granite mountain, were four or five graves. These were the missionaries.

One cannot read that story but he shall hear the Great Missionary and the Great Divinity saying: "I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Said a certain Indian Mohammedan: "I think Jesus Christ must have been a very wonderful man. He must have been something like Mr. Hewlett of Benares." Commerce, science, diplomacy have laid their hands upon the hands and lips and heads of heathen men; they have not changed a single heathen heart save for the worse. They discipline but they cannot disciple; they polish but they do not empower; they enrich but they do not redeem. The missionary, by the contagion of his character, saves his people, becoming to them the visible evidence of that infinite goodness which is the burden of his gospel.

Bringing divinity thus into the levels of the world to which he goes, the missionary becomes the **hero** as prophet. To interpret human affairs in terms of the divine; nay, to show that all affairs are divine affairs, all days holy days, all deeds sacred deeds, all life heavenly life; to show these things and to shape his measure of humanity into the expression of them—this is the prophet's practical task. He has no theory of development to prove, no experiment to make in evolutionary morals. He has a philosophy of the Eternal and demands a regeneration of life. The French governor of Madagascar told the first missionary there that he could never make the blacks Christians, for they were brutes. The author of one of the most inspiring little books written, the *Missionary Interpretation of History*, says: "The missionary waited a bit, and then published his answer. Hundreds of churches and thousands of lay preachers with their devout followers have long since . . . stilled the inhuman word." The East India Company sent a solemn memorial to Parliament declaring that "the sending of Christian missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most extravagant, most expensive and most unwarrantable project that was ever proposed by a lunatic fanatic." Now a modern missionary author, commenting on the memorial, writes suggestively, "To-day the Company is a bad memory, while hundreds of churches dot the Ganges." This transformation has been wrought by the most practical means, for your missionary is

no "lunatic fanatic." Prophets are men of commonplaces. J. Kenneth Mackenzie, a young medical missionary, was summoned to the sick-room of the wife of Li Hung Chang. She was cured of whatever complaint it was which baffled the native physicians, and the statesman erected a hospital, put Dr. Mackenzie in charge, and there the first Chinese medical students were trained. The government soon followed with an organized system of medical instruction on a large scale. Sometimes the change is wrought by homelier methods, for the missionary is a humorist and can employ the comedies of life. Dr. Lindley, a missionary among the Zulus, has described the process. A man barters at the mission station some small article for a calico shirt, which he immediately puts on. He discovers that he cannot enjoy his shirt because his legs are bare. The next day he buys a pair of cheap duck pants. Now he cannot sit on the ground any more, or he will soil the white duck, and, accordingly, he is at the mission station bartering for a three-legged stool. And, says Dr. Lindley, "when that man gets that calico shirt and those duck pants on, and he sits on that stool nine inches high, he is about nine thousand miles above all the heathen around him." This is because, in that simple process, he has traveled the stages of the race. His shirt is the result of an awakened ambition. The trousers are the product of a new modesty. The stool is the evidence of a new economy. The total result is independence, self-respect, and dignity. The man is then ready for the fuller and appropriate transformation of the soul. Sometimes the prophet foretells. Among the atrocities of Old Calabar was the burial of a living child with its dead mother, while when a chief died there was wholesale burial of living men with him. To one of the first missionaries a stern old chief said: "Do you tell me that when I die my sons are going to put me in an empty grave alone, and nobody with me?" The missionary looked at the war canoes decorated with the heads of murdered men, and said, "Yes." The king's reply was short and unequivocal. Said he, "You are a fool." Then his sons came up, according to Dr. Pierson, who has recorded the incident, and asked, "What is the matter?" The king repeated what the missionary had said. Their answer was the answer of dutiful sons. Said they, "He is a fool and a foreigner.

What does he know?" But that chief lived until the custom of burying people alive was completely abolished. Fifty yards from his own house a Christian chapel was built and the preacher in it was one of those same sons.

Of the missionary as poet more can be suggested than said. If Matthew Arnold was right in defining poetry as a criticism of life, the missionary is poet laureate to the universe. One can hardly put on paper even hints of what the missionary has done in this realm without being accused of an attempt at fine writing. But it would be a wonderful bit of literature that would adequately delineate the transformations the missionary has wrought in human life, transformations which can be expressed only in poetry. On the one side you would have the picture of the weird and almost meaningless sounds of savage incantation changed to Christian hymns; on the other you would have the innumerable cries of heathen suffering—by torture, by normal cruelty of heathen life, by the hopelessness of heathen theology—changed to the joy and quiet hope and the music of Christian fortitude and trust. Your missionary sees in the jungle the grotesque contortions of the witches' frenzy—and the dance of death in King Solomon's Mines is no exaggeration—and weaves the passionate rhythm of it into the gentler forms of penitence and praise. He hears by day and night the shouts of savage warriors in their ghastly dances which presage crime and horror—as witness the experiences of the missionaries among the Ngoni—and tames their lips to sing the songs that Christian centuries have hallowed in the better warfares of the cross. In 1856 Mrs. Butler wrote that "India is the land of breaking hearts." We need not have recalled to us those old innumerable horrors—the sacrifice of children, the funeral pyres on which child widows died, the dancing girls in temples, creatures of squalid lust amid the holy places; these were the commonest features of Indian life when Mrs. Butler wrote. India is still the land of breaking hearts. The weeping is not wholly hushed, the little children are not altogether rescued, the womanhood is not wholly saved, but amid the weeping is the sound of Christian voices singing hymns. This is not to be affirmed of India alone. The world around, the missionary has brought a light and music into

life. From China's rice fields, out of coolie lips, above the brakes where busy islanders forget their former savagery in acts and trades of peace, above the kraals of kaffirs where the drums of war were wont so long to clamor, above the shuffle of the camels' feet upon the sands of the deserts, above the whisper of the winds among the cherries of Japan, above the world around, there rises, in many tongues and tones but with a single meaning, the poetry of hope. It is the achievement of the missionary, who, like Dante, has seen hell, and, like Shakespeare, has beheld a world of men, but who, like no one but himself, has looked as well upon the face of God.

Of the missionary as priest much might be written if it were necessary; but here is the missionary as we have always thought of him, though our thought has seldom if ever done him justice. He has here his definite yet an illimitable task. He must open the gates of the mysteries to minds at first unfitted for them, and then irreverent and most likely to be indifferent. Where all things speak of God and no ears are open to hear the message, he must bring home the voice of sea and mountain, rock and field and flower, till each shall testify indubitably of the Infinite behind. So Mackay of Formosa led his Chinese boy up the Quan-yin mountain, and from the summit, looking on shore and sea, sang with him the one hundredth psalm till to the Chinese boy it was a new apocalypse. More imperative is the missionary's obligation to take this world not only into the higher realms of loveliness and culture but into the heart of personal spiritual experience. We have drifted into the comfortable feeling that raw heathenism is over and that we have left only a mild and gentle form of ignorance. It takes a column in the newspapers every once in a while, telling us of cannibalism in some sea island, or child slaughter in the Philippines, to startle us back to the older conviction that the world is still sinful. The missionary sees this at first hand; today's news is ancient history to him. He is forced to watch the sacrifices of grains and foods, captives taken in war, sons and daughters laid on forest altars, and little children lisping up to cruel priests. And somehow, by the passion of a heart aflame, by the eloquence of a mind on fire, by some subtler empowerment he accepts as from a living Spirit, he becomes a universal John, cry-

ing recurrently, "Behold the Lamb of God." There can be few more inspiring visions obedient to the summons of the will than that of the sight which only the eye of God can compass, when one majestic company, girdling the globe, bows low; the sight where, speaking a hundred tongues and clothed in a hundred colors, among the hills of continents and on the shores of islands, in barren deserts and splendid cities, in the shades of inland forests and in the noblest colleges of cultured men, separated by many oceans yet an undivided company of spirit, the hosts of God bow low at a common holy table and the missionary as priest fulfills his highest function, the presentation to the church militant of the broken body and shed blood of its triumphant Lord.

The missionary as man of letters is the most fascinating of the heroes. To see his work is to be impressed with the gigantic. He thinks in continents; he writes in worlds. One of the authors of the Ely volume on Missions and Science states the problem before him thus:

That there was need of their [the missionaries] laying the foundation of a national literature among peoples that had not even an alphabet is plain; but the literature of most of the heathen nations that already had one of their own was so full of falsehood in science, superstition in religion and gross immorality and filthiness, that it only created a necessity for a new literature free from these fatal defects.

To create a literature from alphabet to epic, this is the task of the missionary as man of letters; and well has he done his work. Accurately developed languages are the keys to civilization and scientific advance; their value cannot be overestimated. The statement is not too broad which Professor Mackenzie has made, that "no one body of men has done so much to make the widest and most thorough study of languages possible as the missionaries of the nineteenth century." This is some distance from the widely current conception, not yet among the antiquities, that the missionary is a pious old gentleman, with a high hat and a King James Bible, preaching the doctrine of hell to a handful of naked savages, who think his Prince Albert coat is his natural skin. That is the picture formerly stereotyped as the frontispiece of missionary biography and continued now in comic journals, the most comical

feature of which is their lack of humor. The real picture is of Robert Morrison working sixteen years to gather a library of ten thousand Chinese books, and at last printing a dictionary of fifty thousand Chinese words, and so unlocking the literature of the silent empire to Western study. In 1800 there were fewer than fifty translations of the Bible; in 1900 there were four hundred translations, and nine tenths of the people of the world had the Bible printed in their own language. What this means may be illustrated by the romance of the Greenland missionaries. The natives of Greenland were ignorant of their own language, having no writing and no alphabet. The missionaries reduced the spoken words to writing, developed the grammar, translated the Bible and some other literature, and then taught the natives to read their own language. The work of the Reverend Dr. Hiram Bingham in reducing to writing the speech of the Gilbert Islanders, translating the Bible into it and supervising the printing of it, during which he died, is a romance beside which the deeds of a world of old-time heroes is as the play of little children. "When I think of what he has done during these fifty years in the Gilbert Islands," said Professor Edward C. Moore, of Harvard, "anything that the rest of us do appears too small to mention. I seem struck dumb in his presence." The missionary as man of letters has gone further. Beginning with an alphabet he ends in a university. The Christian college system of India, the Christian and scientific literature in Arabic—these are his work. In 1829 there was not a school for girls and not a woman who could read in all the Turkish empire. Forty years after the missionary schools had been there the Turkish government promulgated school laws and a general scheme of education, and now hardly a town is without its school for girls. Mr. Arthur H. Smith, in China and America To-day, has written:

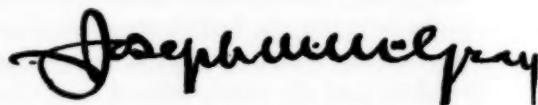
The real principles upon which the new Turkey must be built will be those—and those only—which by American missionaries have been taught in the cities and the obscure mountain villages of European and Asiatic Turkey, and have been burned into the intellectual and moral and the spiritual consciousness of the students of many races in polyglot Robert College, Constantinople. There is indeed to be a new Turkey, when all this weary seed-sowing will be perceived not to have been in vain.

So, not only through his functions as man of letters, but by all the efficiencies with which he is dowered, by all the heroisms he incarnates, the missionary grows before the world, ultimately as its king.

The missionary as king will have no contradiction in his claim in our own lands. Whether or not the Constitution follows the flag, the flag follows the missionary. What influences, perhaps unrecognized at first, did the missionary exert among the Indian tribes, what disciplines did priest and chaplain work among the troops of conquest to stay and soften their otherwise undisciplined advance! What patience, hope, cheer, were carried to lonely pioneers by unremembered circuit riders, encouraging them to battle yet a little longer against the wilderness! The settlement of Oregon will not be soon forgotten, nor the presence of those Flathead Indians whose appeal for help was answered by the presence of the Lees in the Willamette Valley, nor even the unavailing ride of Dr. Whitman across a continent of snow to save that splendid territory to our American estate. Beyond our own possessions and history the story is as true. Shortly after the most cruel of the famines in China in the seventies the British consul at Tientsin, Forrest, testified that more had been done toward the opening of China by the unselfish charity of the missionaries during that famine than by a dozen wars. The martyr history in which is recorded the Christian conquest of Uganda from the time of Stanley's challenge to Christendom is the dramatic picture of the King coming surely to his throne, and he is enthroned there forever. In still as direct yet more political connection, the missionary is involved in the advance of European nations in their colonial tasks. Germany's sphere of influence in Africa has been much in public notice, but, as Mr. Speer has written, the first raising of Germany's flag over African soil was above the heads of Rhenish missionaries in Namaqualand. It is part of the world's history that only the missionaries saved Uganda and Nyassaland to the British crown; while the revolution wrought in Madagascar, not only in personal and social morals but even in national theory and the practice of civilization, matches the marvels of the New Testament. Probably no more thoroughgoing special pleading has ever been written by an

author competent to do otherwise than Professor Ladd's In Korea With Marquis Ito, supported as he is by Dr. Noble, the foremost Methodist Episcopal missionary there. But Dr. Noble's position in official Korea is more significant than his words, and attests, despite his own criticism of the missionaries, that yonder, while viceroys exercise authority and the missionary is numbered by unfriendly critics among the causes of the untempered restlessness, the missionary himself, undefeated, is toiling at the structure of the state, and back of kings' councils he will yet be determining the fashion of principalities and powers.

Here ends the present paper. To glimpse even in a fragment that which many volumes would but inadequately record is to see that here is a hero who has the battle spirit and the courage to explore, who gives hard blows and takes long steps; in short, who does. To see what he has accomplished is to recognize his sincerity, vision, consecration, and empowerment. To realize his task is to confess dependence upon his fidelity. To discount him is to reject the history of the world.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Josephine M. Gray".

## ART VIII.—RACE CONFLICT

FREDERIC HARRISON, the English philosopher, is quoted as saying that the one great shadow which clouds the future of the American republic is the approaching tragedy of the irreconcilable conflict between the Negro and the white man in the development of our society. A similar statement is credited to Mr. James Bryce. In Zion's Herald of last June Dr. H. K. Carroll pictures the situation as revealed in many visits to the South. In some respects he finds the change for the better in the attitude of the white man toward the Negro little short of revolutionary. But in polities, in society, or in any business matter where the Negro asserts his rights against a white man, "the discrimination against the black man is general" throughout the whole South. Yet "statesmen like President Taft have come to see that nothing can be done in the way of legislation." To an unexpert mind it might seem that legislation, in the shape of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, was waiting on the executive. But the country recognizes that the "powers that be" have consented to consider these Amendments temporarily "out of commission." In such case, as Dr. Carroll says, nothing can be done by the federal government to secure to him (the Negro) rights denied him. "It would appear that the Negro must labor and wait, wait and labor, while prejudice slowly dies in the dominant race and makes juster treatment possible." "The remedy must come through the education of the conscience of the South on the subject."

But is this prejudice dying out? Mr. William Archer, the English dramatic critic, in a very thoughtful article in McClure's Magazine for July, 1909, says that notwithstanding remarkable progress in education and in material good on the part of both races, "the feeling between the races is worse rather than better." Professor John Spencer Bassett, of Trinity College, North Carolina, a Southerner, says: "We are just now entering the stage of conflict, and this is because the Negro is beginning to be strong enough to make opposition. . . . *As long as one race contends for the absolute inferiority of the other, the struggle will go on*

*with increasing intensity.*" The same idea is maintained by Thomas Dixon, Jr., perhaps the most notorious exponent of the extreme Southern view. He disapproves of the work of Mr. Booker T. Washington, because it "can only intensify the difficulties" of the race problem. He says this is due to "a few big fundamental facts." These, in brief, are as follows:

No amount of education can make a Negro a white man.

Amalgamation the greatest calamity that could possibly befall this republic.

"The one thing a Southern white man cannot endure is an educated Negro." (See his article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, August 19, 1905.)

As to amalgamation, Professor William Benjamin Smith, of Tulane University, New Orleans, an able Southern apologist, argues that it would be "treason on the part of the Caucasian races to their birthright and their destiny" to tolerate the social equality of the black race, because social equality would surely lead to intermixture. Mr. Archer also sees in the sex question the crux of the problem. He insists that for the two races to live together in mutual tolerance and forbearance, but without mingling, is a sheer impossibility. He sees but two possibilities—marriage between the races might be legalized and the color line obliterated, or, the Negro race might be geographically segregated. The former would be intolerable; the latter is, he thinks, practicable. What the future relations of the two races are to be no one now knows. Some things about the present, however, are reasonably plain. It is not the formal or legal declaration of social equality that leads to miscegenation. Witness the third or more of our ten million Negroes having admixture of white blood. (See article by Mr. Ray Stannard Baker in the April *American Magazine*, 1908, p. 582.) Again, the idea of segregation or deportation is wholly visionary. We cannot deport the Negroes to Africa or anywhere else. No more can we stay their advance in education and civilization. It remains to consider how to remove some hindrances in the way of their progress.

One thing needed is a clear view of the real nature of the race problem. Mr. Quiney Ewing gives such a view in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1909. He shows conclusively that the Negro

is *not* a problem because of his laziness, or ignorance, or brutality, or criminality, or all-round intellectual and moral inferiority to the white man. What, then, is the heart of the race problem?

The foundation of it, true or false, is the white man's conviction that the Negro as a race and as an individual is his inferior, not human in the sense that he is human, not entitled to the exercise of human rights in the sense that he is entitled to them. The problem itself, the essence of it, the heart of it is the white man's determination to make good this conviction, coupled with constant anxiety lest by some means he should fail to make it good. . . . The race problem is the problem how to keep the Negro in focus with the traditional standpoint.

Mr. Ewing covers here in substance the whole case against the Negro as presented by Mr. Dixon, whose assumption of an impassable gulf of progress separating the races is mere rhetorical flourish. Why go back four thousand years to learn whether the Negro contributes to human progress? In the Christian Work and Evangelist for January 8, 15, 22, there is an article by Mr. Andrew Carnegie on "The Negro in America," of which the editors have this to say: "It is a masterly presentation of the subject, and *proves its contention conclusively, that no other race has ever made so great progress in fifty years as has the Negro race.*" But Mr. Dixon really disbelieves his own appeal to history, as he elsewhere allows the Negro's capacity for advancement. He even pleads that the Negro "should have—what he never has had in America—the opportunity for the highest, noblest, and freest development of his full, rounded manhood." *Not in the white man's country*, however, but in Africa! Mr. Dixon's conduct of his case, though brilliant, in a way, is vitiated throughout by his assumptions. His deep-seated prejudice forbids the appreciation of the educated Christian Negro for what he is. He will have him judged by the savage of centuries past. Here are his words:

Education is a good thing, but it never did and never will alter the essential character of any man or race of men . . . Behold the man whom the rags of slavery once concealed—nine millions strong! This creature, with a racial record of four thousand years of incapacity, half child, half animal, the sport of impulse, whim, and conceit, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," a being who, left to his will, roams at night and sleeps in the day, whose native tongue has framed no word of love, whose passions once aroused are as the tiger's . . . when he is edu-

*cated, and ceases to fill his useful sphere as servant and peasant, what are you going to do with him?*

Four millions of such creatures in the South before the war, yet Mr. Dixon presumes to say the Civil War *created* the Negro problem! Rather, let us say, the war *uncovered* the problem! The mightiest of evils growing steadily under slavery, yet all unsuspected until, the fabric of slavery torn away, to the generation later the harm wrought on both races begins to appear.

The fact is, the South is suffering from two race problems, and not one only. The first we may call the real Negro problem. A white man's burden indeed it is so to administer for her diverse peoples as to do no injustice to white or black, while helping one race out of the degradation of centuries. And were it not for the other problem which divides the people, what joy to men and angels to see this American nation setting heart and brain to a task worthy her splendid powers—"such a task as never confronted man in all his recorded history." The other problem we will have to call the white-race problem. Such "problem arises only when the people of one race are minded to adopt and act upon some policy more or less oppressive or repressive in dealing with the people of another race." This has for its objective solely the interests of the white race, for whose sake the interests of the Negro must be sacrificed. This traditional problem concerns itself with holding the Negro down, while the real problem has to do with the perplexities of saving the Negro from his past and lifting him up. While a multitude of recent writers agree in portraying as above the prevailing Southern sentiment, only one, Ray Stannard Baker, in *The American Magazine*, August, 1908, does justice to the new South on Negro education. He sees in the "Ogden Movement" and the "Southern Educational Association" evidences of a distinct change of view coming to power among Southern leaders. These people declare their belief that, "whatever the ultimate solution of this grievous problem may be, education must be an important factor in that solution." On the other hand, there is a growing sympathy in the North with the Southern white man's burden. President Taft and his three predecessors in office have shown such sympathy. Northern sentiment is so far with the

South as to forbid any clash, though State legislation overrides the Constitution. Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, 1904, glories in the fact that his State nullifies the Fifteenth Amendment:

And instead of going to the Congress of the United States and saying there is no distinction made in Mississippi because of color or previous condition of servitude, tell the truth and say this: "We tried for many years to live in Mississippi, and share sovereignty and dominion with the Negro, and we saw our institutions crumbling. . . . We rose in the majesty and highest type of Anglo-Saxon manhood, and took the reins of government out of the hands of the carpetbagger and the Negro, and, so help us God, from now on we will never share any sovereignty or dominion with him again."

Perhaps our acquiescence with present-day Southern "opportunism" may be due more to genuine sympathy with the underlying assumptions than we like to acknowledge. What means the complacent reference, in speeches, editorials, even in sermons and the utterances of church boards, to the "dominant races"? Why the constant, subtle assumption of essential race superiority—the assurance that the final working out of human history is committed to his hands? A Memorial Day sermon in a Boston paper quotes concerning the battle of Manila Bay: "It was the most important historical event since Charles Martel turned back the Moslems, A. D. 732, because the great question of the twentieth century is whether the Anglo-Saxon or the Slav is to impress its civilization on the world." The Anglo-Saxon, grown proud from long continued possession of certain favors of heaven, regards himself as the most notable illustration of the "survival of the fittest." There is, in his opinion, only one race capable of world leadership. "The Anglo-Saxon is the dominant race of the world and is to be." It can do no harm, however, to note certain signs of the times which seem to read us a more wholesome lesson. Under the caption, "The Coming of the Slav," The Literary Digest says:

The tremendous potency and still more tremendous possibilities of the Slavonian element in European nationalities have been recently brought to the world's notice by the revolt of Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the mutterings of Servia and of Montenegro, behind all three of which stands the vast empire of Russia. "The Slavs are beginning to feel their strength and to assert themselves," declares Mr. W. T. Stead in the *Contemporary Review* (London). In his opinion the Slavic race is really one of the most for-

midable factors in European politics. He tells us: "Of all the great races of Europe the Slavs have received the fewest favors from the fates. Providence has been to them a cruel stepmother. They have been cradled in adversity and reared in the midst of misfortunes, which might well have broken their spirit. From century to century they have been the prey of conquerors, European and Asiatic. But all this is changing, and for the Slav the light is rising in the darkness." Mr. Stead prophesies that, after passing through the stern ordeal of affliction, they will assert themselves, will lay aside their tendency to anarchy, "and the future is theirs." He prophesies a vast stretch of free self-governing States from Petersburg to Prague, and from Prague to Adrianople, . . . in which the Slavs, by the sheer force of numbers, will of necessity be in the ascendant.

There is but one voice to-day from those competent to speak of the Chinese. They are an intellectual race, capable of unlimited development, both mental and spiritual. A Congregationalist Year Book calls the Chinaman "the Anglo-Saxon of the East." The Boxer Rebellion revealed the utter devotion to Christ of which they are capable. What heights of ethical character they may later reveal no one can now say. A type of Christianity seems likely to arise among them not only better suited to their needs than any Western type, but also competent to throw new light on the higher ethical problems of mankind. "Christian unity stands a better chance of adequate expression in China than in America," declared a missionary at Northfield last summer. It is not unbelievable that in the present century China may furnish the world some of its greatest religious teachers.

Again consider how God is sending world problems to our shores, trying if we be worthy of our centuries of light and privilege. Where, if not in Christian America, ought the world-old struggle between capitalists and wage-workers to find an end? "More than one ethnologist fears that the darker races are getting together and preparing for a death-grapple with those who have too long oppressed them." But God is sending this race problem to us. And it is ours to show how Christ's teaching solves it. Our Christian zeal and wisdom are called for, not less at The Hague, but more at the centers of conflict in New York and Chicago, in Philadelphia and Saint Louis, in Pittsburg and Boston, in Wall Street and the halls of Congress. Then the problem of crime and pauperism, on the one hand, and the corruption of the rich and

powerful on the other hand, are pressing for solution. The Socialist says, "If the work people were as willing to do illegal and violent things to get wealth as the rich people do, this would be a fearful world to live in." Josiah Strong says, "Evidently, unless we Americanize the foreigners in our cities, immigration will foreignize our civilization." Of necessity we are Americanizing them, and are in turn being foreignized. But are we certain that the American factor makes for the elevation of society? The great question is not whether the Anglo-Saxon or the Slav is to impress his civilization on the world, for no such one-sided work is possible. The great question is whether the Anglo-Saxon and Slav and all races shall coöperate in a brotherhood of man to establish justice in the earth and to promote the general welfare of mankind. President Charles Cuthbert Hall says:

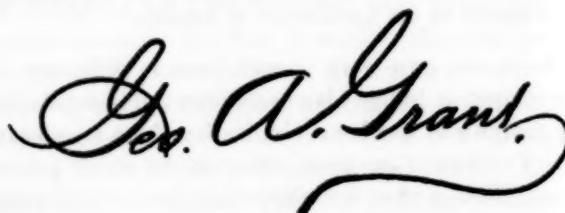
It is a tremendous thought that with the growth of the democratic spirit in the twentieth century, which is the growth of the right valuation of personality—individual personality and national personality—there may be at hand a rediscovery of the mission of Christianity to the world which would mean a return to the cosmopolitanism of Jesus Christ. (Address before the Religious Education Association, 1905.)

Such a program will call a halt to many a scheme dear to the heart of the Anglo-Saxon. The Boston Herald says:

Perhaps the chief characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race is its aggressive, domineering character. Wherever it has gone it has made its mark by its forceful and often brutal energy. When brought in contact—and this has been frequently the case—with a people whom they have looked upon as less developed than themselves, the Anglo-Saxons have invariably overridden whatever political rights the latter might have possessed, and in practically all cases they have justified themselves on the ground that they were doing this for the benefit of those whose wishes and customs they have rudely set aside. A large number of illuminating illustrations of this could be given from the history of England and the history of the Anglo-Saxon in America.

As to our own work abroad there is difference of opinion; many competent judges give us an unenviable reputation. But on many features of our home civilization there is substantial agreement. To which of our great cities can the citizen point with pride and say, "This is what America stands for in civilization! Behold the highest reach of the wealth and culture and citizenship of the

Anglo-Saxon"? Only the other day Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, said, "The great cities of the land are snapping their fingers in the face of the Almighty." What the Anglo-Saxon needs is not a further inflation of his pride and vainglory, but—in the light of his history—he needs an infusion of true humility. Race pride, conceit, arrogance, presumption, are not the badges of man's worth and true dignity; they constitute, rather, a good part of the problem of the world. This is the heart of the race problem in our Southland. This is the cause of that intolerable burden, the "armed camp" called Europe. This it is which is now blocking the way of that next great step in the civilization of humanity, namely, the federation of the nations in a brotherhood of man. Patriotism too often signifies only that despicable sentiment, "My country, right or wrong." How much greater the thought of Christopher Gadsden in the first Continental Congress, as he exclaimed, "Let none of us be any longer in the first place a New England man, a New Yorker, a Virginian, but all of us Americans." It is something to know that the interests of the nation are above those of the State. Likewise, the finest spirits of the age recognize that world interests outrank those of State and nation. In Zion's Herald of August 4 appears the sentiment, "the banner of the cross being the only one that should ever float in our seas above the Stars and Stripes." Only let the nations who say this really mean it, and we have one and the same flag above those of the nations; race interests become subservient to human interests, and the most enlightened politics prevail. No longer will nation jealously strive against nation—Germany against France, Europe against China, America against Europe, and each against all—but we become citizens of one great kingdom and Christ is Lord over all.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Dr. A. Grant.", with a decorative flourish at the end.

## ART. IX.—HOW I FOUND STANLEY

THE recent reading of the Life of Henry M. Stanley brought to mind a shining experience in London in the middle of the summer of 1890, when a happy chance enabled me to hear the famous explorer tell of his meeting Alexander Mackay, the Scotch missionary, of his own faith in God, and his confidence that Jesus Christ would win out in Africa. It was a bright hour in my life, and it happened on this wise.

I was sitting at a small table in a modest restaurant near Ludgate Circus after a visit to Saint Paul's Church. The hour was near one o'clock. An unusual quiet seemed to have settled down upon the otherwise roaring street. While waiting for my order a clergyman took a seat at the same table. He was evidently dressed with more than ordinary care, as if to be prepared for a special reception. Like a thoroughgoing Englishman, he sat silent, and there would have been no conversation had I not begun with a question, which was offered in the nature of a bait, about an old building hard by on which I had noticed a Latin verse, and I asked him why it was so peculiarly appropriate. He bit, and to my surprise, and delight as well, entered into a rather animated conversation. He filled my ideal of an Oxford scholar—possibly stroke-oar—athletic, clean-limbed, high-minded, and affable when once he had yielded his confidence. It was not difficult to imagine him on the Isis, like “Jim Hannington” of Brasenose, “rowing his heart out” rather than be beaten by a rival college. The next ten minutes were a time of refined pleasure. Just before he rose to leave he said in a brightly eager way, “I am about to attend a reception to be given to Mr. Stanley in the rooms of the Church Missionary Society. I wish you might be with me there.”

I assured him that no pleasure could be finer, then asked him what the explorer was to speak about.

“O, he is to tell us of his observations upon the work of Mr. Mackay in the Uganda Country, with whom he stopped, you know, for three weeks as he went down toward Zanzibar.”

"Is the meeting open to the public?" I asked him with eagerness.

"No, I am sorry to say that everyone must have a card of invitation," was his discouraging reply. "The place is near here; just through yonder archway across the street," and with that he bade me good day.

The one real grief after twenty years is that I did not get the name of my friend of a bright quarter of an hour, that later on I might have had opportunity to thank him for what followed.

Shortly after he left me I strolled out and went across the street and through the archway, and found myself in a paved court, or square, opposite to me being a hotel, and to my right a long sign stretching across a half dozen windows: "Church Missionary Society." Yes, there it was, the headquarters of the missionary life of the Church of England, and doubtless somewhere up in those rooms inspiring memories of the great file-leaders of foreign evangelism—Selwyn, Pattison, Hannington, and, above all, David Livingstone. Was it to be that I, who had been brought up on Livingstone, from the day he left Blantyre to the day he was laid reverently in the main aisle of Westminster Abbey, could not even have a peep into the quarters where Stanley was to tell of Livingstone's successor? If so, there was nothing to do but to submit to the inevitable. Just then I saw two fine old English "thoroughbreds," doubtless from the Isis or the Cam, hurrying down from the steps of the hotel and making for the door of the Society headquarters. A lone clerk stood at the desk as I walked into the office of the hotel. In answer to my rather aimless question, "Where is Mr. Stanley to speak to-day?" he spoke quickly: "Just follow those gentlemen yonder; they are on their way up to the room." Now there was hope, a trifle, and I determined to go as far as this would take me. With no small haste I made after the two "thoroughbreds" and walked modestly behind them as they mounted to the second floor of the building. In the long hall they were met by a rotund card-taker, who bowed as they handed him their tickets of admission. Then, looking up, he gave me a stiff glance with the words, "Card, sir!" I saw only retreat in his eye. Above me on the landing and leaning

over the railing were clerks, and they were dropping down the tantalizing words, "He's begun his speech!" Retreat? Not unless there was no way forward. Yet my salt-and-pepper suit was not commanding me to the man holding out his hand for a ticket. That was evident. It would not be out of the way to state my ease, so I said: "I know I have no right to be here to-day, but as I am an American, and claim Mr. Stanley as a fellow citizen, it will be enough if I can merely look through the open door and see him for a bit. I was told to follow the two gentlemen who have just entered."

"Well, now, this is quite unfortunate. We admit only by card to-day, you know," said he. "Perhaps—if you had a card, you know—simply for identification."

Now for it, for good fortune was pushing me on, as the day before I had visited our American ambassador, Mr. Robert Lincoln, and had been presented with several of the engraved embassy cards—"They may be of some use to you," was said. Out came my fountain pen, and while my friend taking cards watched me with considerable interest I wrote my name above that of our distinguished ambassador. The result as I handed it to him was tremendous and immediate: "Eminently satisfactory, sir. Just walk this way," and approaching a dozen men, filling up the door of the room in which Mr. Stanley was addressing a crowd of leaders of the mission work of the Church of England, my friend said with some emphasis, "Gentlemen, please stand aside and let this gentleman in!" And now here am I, who ten minutes ago was sitting at a restaurant table across the street, in the midst of bishops, canons, and other master spirits of the English Church, and there, not forty feet in front of me, is Stanley, his face tanned by the hot sun of the equator, his hair prematurely white, his large eyes full of an intense light, just back from Africa four days, telling of his descent into the equatorial plains after skirting Mount Ruwenzori. In the Ankoli region he first found evidences of the work of the wonderful Scotchman whom he styled "the greatest missionary I ever met, next to Mr. Livingstone." As they drew near to the western side of the great lake named for Queen Victoria they suffered annoyance from the petty thieving

of some unknown hangers-on upon the line of march. Several evenings they had heard the sound of singing near by, and what seemed to be prayers.

After we reached the plateau the Waganda came in. They were a nice, cleanly dressed, sober, and independent people. They had been on our path, and had found on the road one of our haversacks filled with ammunition, powder, and percussion caps. They brought it up to me, and said who they were. They were Samuel and Zachariah, of the Protestant Mission of Uganda. And they laid the bag at my feet, and when I examined it I found it contained ammunition—property which is very valuable there. Well, now I had it by my chair, and while I was in conversation a Mussulman slipped his fingers there and snatched it away, and I never saw it more. That Mussulman belonged to my force, and I was so ashamed of it that I did not mention to the visitors what had become of it.

So he knew that these men from Uganda were not thieves. Mr. Stanley went on to tell of a visit of these two men after dark to his tent and of their recital of the growth of the mission. They made other visits in the days following.

It was most graphic, most beautiful. . . . Now I noticed that as soon as they left my presence they went to their own little huts and took out little books which they had in their pockets in their skirts. And one day I called Samuel to me and asked: "What book is that that you have? I did not know that the Waganda read books." And that was the first time that I knew that they had the gospel in Luganda.

By the way, U-ganda is the country, Wa-ganda is the people, and Lu-ganda is the language.

Mr. Stanley said that nearly everyone in the party had a small pamphlet in Luganda—prayers, and the Gospel of Matthew. During one of their conferences one of them asked him with a deprecating smile, "Are all white men Christians?" That was more than Stanley could venture to say, though he "hoped" they were.

Then he put a point-blank question to me, "Are you a Christian?" Then I asked him, "Do you consider yourself a Christian?" "Of course I do," he replied, "I am one of Mr. Mackay's men. There are about two thousand five hundred of us."

Mr. Stanley said that he had not formed very good impressions of the Waganda in 1875, thinking them shifty and unreliable, but the better impressions he got in 1889 were soon confirmed by Mr.

Mackay. As I cannot take space to give in order all that the great explorer said about the marvelous expansion of the mission, I must be content to recall mere snatches of his wonderful tribute to the work of Mackay. He said he admired the people immensely.

They are cleanly, they are most intelligent, and they are decent . . . They are full of the traditions of their country, and just the material to become good, thorough, earnest, enthusiastic Christians . . . I was much aroused by the story of the persecutions they had endured in the days after the death of the old king, Mtesa, when his maddened successor seized the converts and put them to death, or clubbed them, or sold them into slavery to the Arabs. Such fortitude, such bravery, such courage! It is unexampled in the whole history of Africa. The more I heard the story of Zachariah and Samuel, and others, the more I was carried back to the days of Nero and Caligula. I saw here just the same courage that the early martyrs of Rome exhibited. Really, there were instances of equal faith, of equal devotion, of equal heroism in the cause they had embraced. . . . Gentlemen, if all the churches in the whole Saxon world—your Saint Paul's, your Westminster Abbey, and all other churches—were leveled to the ground, and every trace of the Christian religion were blotted out in all the world save there in Uganda, yonder, where the faithful Scotch missionary has labored to lay deep the foundations of the Christian faith, I am convinced that there is enough intelligence, enough consecration of life, enough spiritual energy to start the whole glorious procession around the world again.

A question put to him by the Waganda converts referred to deeply moved the members of the Missionary Society, who listened with eager faces to the story of Mr. Stanley. Samuel and Zachariah asked, "Do you think our white friends will help us if we only show them we are men?" "I have not the slightest doubt," said he, "that if they believe in what I tell them, they will help you to the best of their ability." And they said, "We will pray to God." One incident so fully revealed the character of Mackay that it should be added before I bring this brief narrative to a close. After Mr. Stanley had finished his address some questions were put to him. One gentleman said: "Mr. Stanley, I notice that in your late book you have a picture of the Emin Pasha Expedition taken under a leafy shelter when you were resting at the foot of the lake. Why is not Mr. Mackay there?"

"I am glad you have asked me that question," replied the explorer, "for the fact will show you how modestly Mr. Mackay

bore himself. We were arranging ourselves for a picture one day, Emin Pasha, Dr. Bonney, Stairs, and Jephson, and a few others of the party, and I said to Mackay, 'Here, Mackay, come in here with us.' 'No, thank you, Mr. Stanley,' he said, 'I do not belong to the Emin Pasha Expedition, and I should not wish to have my picture where it did not belong.' So you do not see him with us—to my great regret."

Alexander Mackay died on the 8th of February, 1890, four months after the departure of the Europeans among whom he would not be pictured for fear of conveying an erroneous impression. Such was the might of a single-eye purpose that it lifted him from the promise of material success in Europe—the honor scholar in Edinburgh schools; it set him down in darkest Africa, for fourteen years to face all sorts of perils, finally to die of fever. But what a reward, and what a triumph! He rests now at the intersection of two roads, which run the one to the north and the other to the east at the southern end of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the white marble cross over his grave bears his name and tells of his work in three languages—English, Arabic, and Suahili. A new name has been found for the old road which early explorers called "Hell's Highway," for is not its name forever more to be that of the Cross?

Since Mackay gave to the old King Mtesa "The Book" for which he asked so eagerly in 1876, a wonderful change has come over the whole Uganda Protectorate, not so much in things material as in things spiritual. The people, the most elevated and civilized of African natives, are doing marvelous things for progress. They have over twenty-eight thousand pupils in schools under the instruction of nearly five hundred teachers. They publish literature of a high character. They have erected nearly nineteen hundred Christian church buildings and a noble cathedral at their capital, Mengo, capable of holding four thousand worshipers. The native Protestant church is self-supporting, and is busy with its foreign missionary work among near-by pagan tribes. So the statement of Stanley on that day in 1890 is being verified. What a contrast between its record and that of the Congo State! Uganda is now capable of reënforcing the ranks of any

body of educators in equatorial Africa, and of bringing to God and to civilization the people lying in the thick darkness that rims around the remarkable people who to-day owe so much to Stanley and Mackay. The day after Stanley received news of the death of Livingstone he wrote in his diary: "May I be selected to succeed him in opening up Africa to the light of Christianity. . . . May Livingstone's God be with me, as he was with Livingstone in all his loneliness. May God direct me as he wills. I can only vow to be obedient, and not to slacken." From 1873 to 1890 he certainly had not slackened. And now, at the close of this most thrilling address to the heads and friends of the Church Missionary Society, the presiding official turned to some canon and asked him to lead in prayer. The room was crowded, and it was difficult to kneel down. Not even the chairman did more than bend his head in his hand. But Stanley, the greatest man in the room, turned around and got upon his knees and buried his head in the old hair-cloth sofa and prayed with a roomful of men much moved by what they had heard of the "grace of God" made known to far-off Africans through the fearless zeal and abundant intelligence of Mackay.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "R. S. Steadman". The signature is fluid and somewhat stylized, with the initials "R. S." at the beginning and "Steadman" following.

**ART. X.—WHERE THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD FAILS**

To gain anything like an adequate conception of God is exceedingly difficult. The most that the finite mind can do is to think of the Infinite in symbols or forms with which it is familiar. We abstract from our experience the best of which we have knowledge, ascribe that to God, and say God is all that—and more. The highest form of existence known to us is that of a person. Hence we say God is a Person, having all the noble powers possessed by any human person—and more. To make it clear that human limitations do not enter into our thought of God we might declare, with Paulsen, that God is suprapersonal, meaning by that to express our belief that the divine Being is immeasurably beyond any form of personality of which we are aware. It seems better, however, with Lotze, to think of all human beings as imperfect forms of personality, and to hold that God alone represents the perfect idea. So when we call God a King, a Judge, a Shepherd, or a Father, we do not think of him as a temporal king, weak or arbitrary, or as an earthly judge, shortsighted and liable to error, or as a human shepherd, fearful and helpless, or as a worldly father, cruel and hardhearted; but, rising above these limitations, we portray him as the perfect King, the infallible Judge, the almighty Shepherd, the faultless Father. These terms are ascribed to God frequently in the Scriptures. The endearing term, "Father," sanctioned by Jesus in the parable of the prodigal son, and given conspicuous position in the Lord's Prayer, is the one generally employed in theological, homiletical, and devotional literature. On the whole, it is well adapted to convey our conception of Deity. The Fatherhood of God, however, fails to adequately represent the divine Being in all the varied experiences of human thought and life. Hence, for anyone to rest in this conception as though it were full and final is a grave mistake. Most persons will readily admit as much, but at the same time they are quick with the query, Is it possible to think or say anything more constraining and comprehensive than this about God? What phrase can be suggested which will help us to any nobler idea of the Infinite than

the one taught by Jesus? In reply, all such questioners may be invited to look again at the family institution. Henry Drummond has well said: "Not for centuries, but for millenniums has the family survived. Time has not tarnished it; no later art has improved upon it; nor has genius discovered anything more lovely, nor religion anything more divine." Assuredly, if religion has produced nothing more divine, here within the family circle must be found another term, if there is any, which will give us a grander conception of Deity. Jesus himself has anticipated our quest in the use of those heart-moving words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" The maternal, not the paternal, nature is here ascribed to the divine One. In this Jesus was in turn anticipated by the inspired writers of Old Testament times. In the book of Isaiah one may read as follows: "Can a woman forget her sucking child? . . . Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee"; "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." The Psalmist also, in these assuring words, declares his faith in the motherliness of God: "For my father and my mother have forsaken me, but the Lord will take me up." And in the scriptural account of the creation Dr. M. S. Terry discovers a hint of the maternal instinct in the Infinite. The inspired record reads thus: "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." The suggestion is that the male, the father, does not fully express the image of God; the female, the mother, is needed to exhibit adequately the divine image. Why not, therefore, ascribe to the Almighty all the best qualities of mother as well as all the best qualities of father? Have we not suffered by such omission? These questions furnish a clue to what we believe is a neglected emphasis in Protestantism. The freedom-loving spirit of Protestantism accords an increasingly large place to woman in the social, industrial, professional, and political life of the world. She has taken her place beside man in almost every department of human activity. In this country the occupations in which she toils are said to number a thousand.

Nevertheless, those social reformers who would make her even as the man are greatly in error. Tennyson has truly said,

Woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse; could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain: whose dearest bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference.

Then, assuming the form of prophecy, the poetic strain continues:

Yet in the long years like must they grow;  
The man be more of woman, she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thaws that throw the world;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,  
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind.

This likeness, then, will never amount to identity, since woman is physiologically, psychologically, and religiously different from man. So Tennyson adds,

Defect in each, and always thought in thought,  
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,  
The single pure and perfect animal,  
The two-celled heart, beating, with one full stroke,  
Life.

Just as it takes the two-celled heart to beat the full stroke of human life, so it takes the twofold conception of fatherhood and motherhood to make our idea of God sufficiently complete for practical religious needs. Drummond, in his discussion of "the evolution of a father" and "the evolution of a mother," makes it clear that the father's gift to the world is righteousness and the mother's gift love. With the thought of fatherhood we may satisfactorily conceive the righteousness of God, but we fail to properly comprehend the wonderful love of the divine being.

Roman Catholics escape this difficulty by turning the Trinity practically into a quaternity. Mary, the mother of Jesus, becomes a kind of a fourth person in the Godhead, and she personifies in ideal form all the pure, tender, and compassionate qualities of motherhood. A glance at church history may help us to understand this lamentable divergence from New Testament teaching. When Christianity conquered the Roman world, the danger was that pagan elements would enter into the worship of the church.

Should special occasion arise, it would not be difficult for people who had been accustomed to the worship of female deities to add a feminine form to the three Persons of the Trinity. This occasion was furnished by the doctrinal strife known as the Nestorian controversy. The bone of contention was the use of a word, Θεοτόκος, "Mother of God." Nestorius, bishop of Constantinople, a representative of the Antiochan school which placed emphasis upon the human factor in Christ's life, objected to the term as likely to convey a wrong impression concerning the parentage of Deity. He held that not God, but the temple of God, was born of Mary, and his words when properly construed hardly warranted the charge of heresy against him, namely, that he believed Christ not merely to have two natures, the human and divine, but in reality to be two distinct persons. Yet Cyril, bishop of Alexandria, who unduly emphasized the divine nature of Christ, seized upon the objection to the term Θεοτόκος as an occasion to denounce Nestorius as a heretic, with the result that the Council of Ephesus, in A. D. 431, acting in haste before the arrival of the Eastern bishops, who were more friendly to the accused, anathematized Nestorius. The condemned bishop never regained standing in the church. Although the differences among the church authorities were adjusted by the acceptance later of the compromise proposal of Theodoret, in which the two distinct natures of Christ were asserted as over against the extreme view of Cyril, and the expression, "Mother of God," was vindicated as over against the objection of Nestorius. From that time, A. D. 431, the use of the term "Mother of God" was a sign and shibboleth of the orthodox belief. In art much was made of the Madonna and the Child, altars and churches were dedicated to Mary, and veneration passed into worship. In time paintings appeared with the *nimbus* given to Mary as well as to Christ and the angels; later the Virgin was represented as the queen of heaven, in the center of the apse, a position previously accorded only to Christ; and at last, in the twelfth century, she was enthroned with Christ as his equal (as the mosaic in the church of Saint Maria in Trastevère bears witness). In the thought of the church all the best qualities of motherhood were portrayed as characteristic of Mary, and all weaknesses

and shortcomings were left out of the picture. Legends were now accepted concerning the birth and death of Mary to which previously credence had not been given, and Mary thus became the immaculate one, the perfect queen of heaven, the mother of mercy, upon whom repentant sinners must call. To her popular belief ascribed "a sinless conception, a sinless birth, resurrection, and ascension to heaven, and a participation of all power in heaven and earth." Gabriel Biel, a Roman Catholic writer, said that "our heavenly Father gave half of his kingdom to the most blessed Virgin, queen of heaven. . . . So that our heavenly Father, who possessed justice and mercy, retained the former, and conceded to the Virgin Mary the exercise of the latter." To many, therefore, Mary became the one source and the only ground of hope. Discriminating Roman Catholics might distinguish between *hyperdulia*, the worship paid to Mary, and the *latraria*, the worship paid to God, but with a multitude Mariolatry became idolatry, and they thought of Mary as "the ladder to paradise, the gate of heaven, the most true mediatrix between God and man." God might be the King of Justice, but Mary was the Queen of Mercy; God might be the Father of souls, but Mary is also their Mother. An accepted Roman Catholic interpreter furnishes the following: "Since the very tigers," says our most loving Mother Mary, "cannot forget their young, how can I forget to love you, my children?"

Such is the outcome of separating justice and mercy, which are both attributes of the Eternal and Infinite Being. Discard Mariolatry you may and must; but in doing so do not fail to remember that all that is best in that magic word "mother" belongs to God. There is a maternal instinct in the Infinite, and the sweetest words in the language, "mother, home, and heaven," apply alike to Deity. God is heaven, and heaven is home, and he who dwells there will "mother" us all. This view not only presents an inspiring hope for the future, but it also has a value, apologetic, homiletic, and devotional, here and now. Ascribe to God mother's spirit of self-sacrifice and you make it doubly difficult for the unbeliever to say that he cannot accept as credible the story of sacrifice at Calvary. In Fitchett's *Beliefs of Unbelief* (p. 127) the reader discovers a forceful putting of the case: "Let us imagine

that in the palm of a mother's hand lay the infinite wealth of God; that to the tenderness of a human mother's heart were linked the wisdom and the omnipotence of God. What son would then doubt the possibility of there coming into his life a redemption as rich in grace, as dazzling in scale, as that depicted in the Gospels? . . . A mother's love linked to omnipotence would make everything possible." Again, the unfailing tenderness of mother helps us to understand the long-suffering love of God. She believes in her wayward son when the righteous indignation of father has barred the door against the erring child. That boy is her child, and she cannot give him up. Let the preacher preach from the text, "Can a mother forget her sucking child? . . . Yea, these may forget, yet will I not forget thee," and no sinning soul can fail to feel

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are so felt as up in Heaven;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.

Nor need this note of compassion in song or sermon tend to ease the conscience and so defeat moral ends. Doubtless, the worship of Mary has had that result in Roman Catholic lands. But is this not due, partly at least, to the fact that the wakefulness and watchfulness of mother is overlooked? Let the Protestant preacher develop the seed thought of such a text as Isa. 31. 5, where Jehovah is likened to a mother bird hovering over Jerusalem, and let it be shown that God, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, is ever expecting, ever watching, to see only the best, just as a human mother in the audience anticipates the best delivery of that graduating speech from her son upon the stage, and what hearer can feel that he may be at ease as long as he continues to disappoint God by wrong doing? "All the world's a stage," and all the persons who play upon it are under the continual surveillance of a love which is satisfied with nothing short of one's best. Observe, also, that the unique power of mother to comfort helps us to comprehend the comfort wherewith we are comforted of God. The little child when hurt turns instinctively to mother. Father's strong arm may furnish protection in time of danger, but to bind up a wound and to soothe the feelings the tender touch of mother's hand is needed.

So where the thought of the divine Father pitying us fails to reach our grief-stricken lives, the other thought, of God comforting with all the tenderness of a mother, may bring solace and satisfaction. With great beauty and fullness of detail has the editor of the REVIEW presented this phase of the subject in his volume, *The Ripening Experience of Life*. Truly does he say: "If God wanted to lay hold on the most tender and potent thing in the world with which to convey to mankind an idea of infinite comforting, he found it in a mother's love; and we will miss the meaning of the tenderest promise in the Old Testament if we do not learn from it, by studying a mother's comforting, what thoughts of God are warranted in us by his own words."

Perhaps the question will now arise whether we are ready to change the introductory words of the Lord's Prayer and to propose a revision of the parable of the prodigal son. By no means. What is written is written and is worthy of acceptance by all. But equally great is the folly of neglecting other important things which are unalterably written. No one need emphasize the fatherhood less, but why not emphasize the motherhood more? Just as man and woman are joined together and become one flesh, so do these conceptions of fatherhood and motherhood unite in any adequate thought of the Divine Parent. What, therefore, God hath joined together in his Word and in his nature, let not man put asunder.

*Foster C. Anderson*

## AET. XI.—THE PREACHER OF THE EVANGEL

No one can begin to estimate the power of the spoken word. Beside it the written message, as it appears in public press and current literature, is colorless and tame. In every age the prophet has made use of it to beat down impiety, to teach righteousness, to give freedom to the oppressed, and to lay the foundations of the kingdom of God. The first great moral force after martyrdom which aroused the old Roman world from its torpor and sensuality was the power of the Christian pulpit, and to its influence in succeeding generations history bears unanimous testimony. Just now, it may be, one does not hear the tones of the distinctively religious prophet pacing along the old Appian Way of eloquence and thrumming upon the deepest strings of the human heart. His brothers, the political prophet and the social enthusiast, have stolen much of his message, but many of these are in the true succession, for Christianity in its splendid vitality has burst through all ecclesiastical bounds, and if the church can only keep pace with the Spirit of Christ, there is no convincing evidence that the power of the Christian pulpit will ever be eclipsed. There are several reasons for the diminished emphasis which we moderns put upon the distinctly pulpit ministrations of the Protestant clergyman. At bottom it is due to the fact that we have shifted the basis of authority in religion. Protestantism transferred the emphasis from an infallible church to an infallible Book, and with a belief in verbal inspiration and scriptural inerrancy men could be silenced, comforted, enlightened, rebuked by a single phrase chosen almost at random from the rich and varied story of the Bible. We have come to see, however, that the Bible is a comprehensive body of literature extending over many centuries and marking many stages of progress, and that its authority is not based upon its literal accuracy, but upon the Spirit of God within its revelation which speaks to the Spirit of God within the heart of man. It strikes its roots deep into the reason and conscience of humanity. It stands on its own authority as the unique and unapproachable Word of God to man, for, beyond all controversy,

the Bible has a voice of compelling majesty, and its truth is verified in the universal experience of the race. As a result of this shifting of emphasis from the letter to the spirit it is quite a matter of course that the outward, visible authority of the preacher should be diminished. He is no longer the isolated and infallible teacher whose *ipse dixit* is to be obeyed. He is a man among men. The old-fashioned high pulpit, lifting itself grandly above the heads of the congregation, entered by a paneled door in the chancel and reached by the *scala sancta*, which the feet of the profane trembled to violate, and thus providing for the minister a splendid isolation, is no longer typical of our conception of his authority. It is the unanswerable truth of his evangel bathed in the passion and fire of his own godly life which gains for him a hearing, if he has one. Those who listen are of a sudden hushed into reverence and inclined to submission not by the *ipse dixit* of a fallible preacher, robed in gown and bands, but because the mouth of the Lord hath spoken through a true man and a true message. Hence the very just and wholesome obliteration of that false line of cleavage which distinguishes the minister in the pulpit from the minister in the market place, or the minister in the committee, or wherever else his activities may occupy him. It is not, then, because he is a minister in any official or ecclesiastical sense, but because he is a godly man, who has lived his way into the heart of Christ's Spirit and felt his way into the heart of Christ's love, and thought his way into the heart of Christ's evangel, that his pulpit becomes a place of authority and power. It follows that the minister in the pulpit must be above all things absolutely real and genuine without disguise or pretense. Many faults and failings may be forgiven, but one thing is unpardonable—a pulpit performance in which the minister seems to be chiefly impressed with the official dignity and formal functions of his office. Take, for instance, his manner in the pulpit. If it is stilted, lofty, and unnatural, encouraging in the minds of his people the false and antiquated idea that he is somehow a different sort of being from themselves; if his public prayer is a formal address to the throne of grace, without spontaneity or sympathy; if his voice assumes a pious tone, unnatural modulation; if his message is full of stilted

phrase and feigned sentiment, disguising the real man, then he is quite out of place in the modern ministry of the church; and his people, if they have any sense of humor, will desire nothing quite so much as to see his empty bubble of professional authority pricked and dissipated. From the amount of attention which Jesus gave to the condemnation of ecclesiastical hypocrisy it would seem crystal clear that the first requisite of the Christian ministry is genuine, undisguised, unprofessional manhood. The spirit of the prayer, the sermon, the exhortation must be nothing less than the manifested spirit of the man. Whatever of the divine life, humility, reverence, faith, love of truth, indignation against evil, compassion for men may be in the minister, the same will become the very atmosphere of his pulpit.

Next to sincerity let me name *humanity*. There is a fundamental identity of nature which binds together all races, all ages, all conditions. The language of this universal experience when once it breaks loose from the bonds of conventional phraseology, is a language that needs no lexicon. Priam begging the body of Hector; Achilles the Wrathful, Ulysses the much enduring, are no strangers to us. We meet them on the streets to-day. The grief that killed Eli kills men now.

There is neither soon nor late  
In that chamber over the gate,  
Nor any long ago  
To that cry of human woe,  
"O, Absalom, my son."

"Three thousand years have passed since a slave mother would not let her little child be killed, and nearly four thousand since Jacob toiled seven years twice over and thought them but a day for the love he bore his Rachel." And these incidents are still common to the race. Never so keenly as now have we felt this sense of human solidarity in the essential unity of experience, binding together pauper and millionaire, child and sage, criminal and saint. The minister must be bathed in the blood of

This great Humanity which beats  
Its life along our stormy streets.

No amount of intellectual and literary skill in the pulpit can make up for lack of sympathy with actual men and women who toil and

suffer, doubt and struggle. In *The Preacher and His Models*, Dr. Stalker has drawn no fanciful picture when he says:

There is an unearthly style of preaching without the blood of life in it: the people with their burdens in the pews—the burden of home, the burden of business, the burden of the problems of the day—while in the pulpit the minister is elaborating some nice point which has taken his fancy in the course of his studies, but has no interest whatever for them. Only now and then a stray sentence may pull up their wandering attention. Perhaps he is saying, "Now some of you will reply"—and then follows an objection to what he has been stating which no one but a wooden man would ever think of making. But he proceeds to demolish it, while the hearer, knowing it to be no concern of his, retires into his own interior.

The pulpit which is merely a place for such academic and scholarly discussion has failed of its function, which is primarily a sympathetic relation of truth to life. "While the sermon must have heaven for its father, it must have earth for its mother," some one remarks. It is J. G. Holland who reminds us in *Bitter Sweet* that there are three classes of people in the world: the master minds, who dwell with their heads among the stars, and then a second company, whose function it is to receive the truth from master minds and to crumble it up to feed the third class—the great mass of hungry, weary, yearning men and women. To fulfill the office of this second company, even at the sacrifice of one's position in the aristocracy of scholarship, is to discharge the true obligation of the Christian pulpit. This humanity of the preacher will bring him into sympathetic touch with the awakened social conscience and the throbbing pulse of every movement of reconstruction and reform. He will free himself from George Eliot's charge of undue "other-worldliness," and will emphasize the interdependence of all life, the obligation of strength to weakness, the necessity of sacrifice and social service. It is not enough, however, for the man in the pulpit to have a true heart and a human interest. Another thing is absolutely essential. The minister must have a *message* which he can deliver with intellectual conviction and emotional intensity. No matter what his eloquence and charm, if he has nothing to say which is worth while, no message that meets the needs of the hearers, they will forsake him as soon as they find it out. He may part with certain faiths, he may hold others loosely, he may interpret others in his own way, and

still have a word of God to deliver. But this process of elimination and negation cannot go on indefinitely. There is a point beyond which the preacher's word ceases to be with authority.

The expansion of knowledge which has taken place within the last century has given birth to critical methods of study which have been applied to the history and literature of religion as well as to all other departments of knowledge and of life. The higher criticism, for instance, has made a careful historic and literary study of every book in the Bible to determine, if possible, its date, authorship, contents, and reliability. The results of this method of study have been most beneficent. It seems impossible for anyone any longer to question the legitimacy and ultimate desirability of such a careful examination of the sources of religious truth. It has shown us much that was false and trivial, unimportant and incidental, but it has also emphasized more clearly that which is essential and fundamental. Many of these conclusions are not yet established and some of them have been announced with such dogmatic certainty that one is led to question the reliability of the critic; but, on the whole, the results have been so generally accepted that there is no longer any need of apology or defense. It is time, however, to emphasize the danger which follows in the wake of a critical and negative mood. I have been reading the *Journal* of Professor Amiel, that quiet and meditative teacher in the University of Geneva, whose microscopic analysis of his own beliefs and moods and motives led to sterility of genius, a lack of enthusiasm for the normal interests of life, an inability to believe with any purpose or to act with any result, which made of his promising career a tragic failure. The pitiful thing about it is that he himself was conscious of his abuse of the critical faculty. Hear this out of his own bitter experience:

How malign, infectious, and unwholesome is the eternal smile of that indifferent criticism, that attitude of ironical contemplation which corrodes and demolishes everything; that mocking, pitiless temper which holds itself aloof from every personal duty and every vulnerable affection and cares only to understand without committing itself to action. Criticism becomes a habit, a fashion, a system means the destruction of moral energy, of faith, and of all spiritual rules, for life is an affirmation. To live we must believe something with all our mind and soul and strength.

The church is in danger of abusing the critical faculty. It is well that criticism has demolished the scaffolding of religion which we have too long identified with the structure itself, but humanity cannot feed upon negations. It must have something positive on which to nourish its life. It is time, therefore, that we were at the building again. If the church is to continue to move the world, it must have a message which it believes with all its mind and soul and strength. It must devote itself to the construction of such a faith. Our creeds and systems and institutions may change, but human needs do not alter. Men still know what it is to sin and to carry about in their lives the scars of broken law. They still know what it is to sorrow. They still feel the pain of failure and ruined hopes. They still grow old and die, and they are still hungry for the positive faith that will save them from their sins, comfort them in their sorrows, illuminate them in their darkness, and nourish them when the strain of life has left them weak and faint. The church must give them this message for which they hunger. Let the critics and scholars continue to fight over the debatable ground until they have reached conclusions, but there are certain fundamental and eternal truths which the church has in its keeping and which humanity cannot outgrow. Let it continue to emphasize the reality of sin and reconciliation to life and pain and sorrow through the sacrificial love of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. Let it set forth the principles in the social teaching of Jesus, the duty of service, the love for man as man without regard to race, color, or condition, the spirit of comradeship and mutual regard which alone can solve our problems in human relationship. Let it continue to urge men to live their lives not in the light of the immediate present but in the light of that great hope which breaks across the years. The Fatherhood of God, the Saviourhood of Jesus Christ, the brotherhood of man; the world has not yet outgrown this evangel.

*Lucius H. Burgee*

**ART. XII.—THE PREACHER'S PULPIT PRAYERS**

PULPIT prayers are worth careful study. People stare about or mentally wander afar during the period they occupy. The prayer ought to grip the attention. All hearts should be lifted into the presence of God. He is near, though we fail to recognize it. The sermon falls flat unless the preceding devotions emphasize that fact. Strength is needed for the sermon, but not all. The opening services will command the best, both to unify the audience and start the brain and loose the spirit of the preacher. It is a dangerous expedient to invite a visitor to offer the opening petition. This is the pastor's province. He knows the flock and their ills and joys. The visitor who expects recognition may pronounce the benediction. This is better than to put a stranger's voice into the initial moments. If all the devotional moments are used to pick up the various scattered minds in the audience, the sermon will start with a hearing. An opening quietness must be secured. Our fathers and mothers were generally trained to offer silent prayer as they entered the sanctuary. Some knelt by the pew. Others bowed the head. These customs might profitably be revived. A few churches begin the hour with the singing of the doxology. This makes a unity at the start, but the noise enables some to cover conversation. Minds can also more easily wander. It is more effective to stand in absolute silence for two or three minutes. Request every one to stop wherever they are at the moment, so that there will be no moving. It is announced that this silent time is to be spent by each one mentally reminding himself of the real presence of God. The unusual quiet stops minds and brings near the purpose of the place and hour. Late ones miss it. Tardy ones find themselves standing in the aisles. Noisy ones must cease. Most people will employ the time in prayer, thus rarifying the atmosphere for the whole following period. Close the quiet moments with a few sentences which thank God for his presence and the blessings possible for open hearts. Dull-spirited people, under the spell of this vivid reminder, will be aroused because they do not feel the Guest's touch, or catch the

aroma which exudes from his garments. The following prayer may be suggestive: "Lord Jesus, we come as thy disciples. We are gathered in thy name. Thou hast promised to be in our midst. Thou art here. We thank thee. May we accept the bread proffered by thy fingers and go away refreshed. Send us out enlightened. May this joyful vision of thy face live with us all week, for thy Father's glory. Amen." The collection offers place for spiritual culture through a prayer. Money matters bother most churches. Stinginess has a strong grip. It is difficult to shake off. We have disgraced religion by calling church-money raising "begging." We must lift it away from this stigma. Dollars must be given to Christ, not to the preacher, missionary society, or church building. Gold and silver are so much concentrated service. If given to be seen by men, it will not be noticed by God. The costly ointment may still be poured on his feet if money gifts express our love. He who commended the widow's mite counts every collection worthy his notice. We may make the offertory a bit of heart-worship. The gifted soloist is likely to distract attention. If the organist does not know the master-touch, absolute quiet during the passing of the plates will do no harm. The right spirit must be introduced at the start. Many ministers offer the prayer when the collection is returned. It creates a giving attitude to pray over the empty plates, while the collectors hold them, just before starting out. It will affect the giving. Here is a prayer that may help to illustrate its aim: "Our Father, we thank thee for the gift of thy Son, Jesus. We thank thee for his love and for the transforming work he has wrought in the world and on our hearts. We thank thee for the church and the fellowship of saints. We thank thee for the work committed to our hands. Help us to do our full part. Teach us how to serve. May we show our love in the offerings we now bring. Read in our hearts the deep and sacrificing affection this money expresses, because it is the best we can do. Thou who didst sit over against the treasury, sit here and watch our giving and smile upon us with thy commendation, and use us for the constant upbuilding of the kingdom, in Jesus's name. Amen."

The main prayer makes the largest demands upon us. The

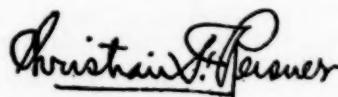
posture is not unimportant. So many of the audience now sit bolt upright. This is less true in the South than in some sections of the North, East, and West. It is too bad that the old-fashioned kneeling custom has so generally disappeared. It would pay to put in kneeling stools as exist in some Pennsylvania Methodist churches. It is a beautiful thing to see a whole audience kneeling in reverent quietness. It would be better to have all stand, if it aids the effort to catch the thought and attention of all. No whispering or noise can be allowed. If the organ motor squeaks have it fixed on Monday. If human noise of any sort is discovered, pause in the midst of the prayer until it stops. A clear and penetrating though not a shouting voice will aid the devotional attitude of the company. They should hear the words but not be wearied or harrowed by the voice. The more music in the utterance, the better the effect. The sepulchral sounds and whispers are a hindrance. The tender, natural conversation which grows out of the familiarity of a son and father should characterize it. The first words require thought. It is not necessary to repeat all the titles given to God. It is well to recall the power and dignity of Deity, but that may be exaggerated. People already put him too far away. High-sounding terms cover up the Father and make him unreal. He is interested in our condition. The Elder Brother came to take away strangeness. We are no longer foreigners but fellow citizens. We are sons, and may come as such. A learned professor visited Emmanuel Church, Boston, broken down with nervous prostration. He said to Dr. Worcester, "If you can convince me that God is my Father, I will go out of here a well man." Our prayer must reveal this intimacy. It should be natural and easy and full of heart. Confidence will characterize it. Words are not thrown into space, but they are addressed to an ear of sympathy. The words are not as important as the spirit. Purinton said, "Words are the only things God never hears in a prayer." Yet the vocabulary strengthens and directs the right heart attitude. We must recognize the personality and nearness of Jehovah if the petition has any strength in it. "Lord God of Hosts, Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe and Conserver of all forces, look on these poor, finite weaklings gathered in thy

presence" may be well in some companies; it will not touch most audiences into worshipfulness. Jesus taught us to start prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven." That thought is rich. "Our Father, we, thy dependent children, called to become like Christ, wait in thy presence," has a fine-keyed familiarity that leads to freedom.

Prayer is not begging. It is not an itemized list of required things. God is more willing to give than we are to receive. He knows our needs. When we are ready he will fill us. All our devotions aim but to put us where he can bless. Hence the purpose of prayer is to fit us so that the Father can give us, his children, the things we need. Thanksgiving will occupy a large place. It will form an atmosphere-clearing gratitude. We will then behold past blessings hitherto unrecognized, innate talents covered or forgotten, friendly faces hidden by the blur of our despair, and open doors promising increased usefulness. Count common conditions—health, home, and happiness periods. Itemize several. Recall Christian-country conveniences. Special propitious local happenings may be named. Do not forget recent church blessings or opportunities now opening. Remember the heart-feeding things, such as friends, cheer-bringers, and dear ones. An amazing list will grow until the voice gets glad and the faith becomes firm. Then use promises by claiming coming events. Christ has assured us that he will be in the "midst." Rejoice in audible words that he is there. Praise him for sure help in the service and new undertakings soon to be or already entered in his name. This is our right. It is evidence of an invincible faith. Confession will naturally follow the wonder which grows in the glory of all his goodness. Sins are not then so easily excused. Ugliness clothes them. Neglected grace explains them. All are admitted. That gains pardon and forearms for the future. False self-confidence is lost. Failures stand out in right relations and a spurring desire comes to correct them. We ask for aid with a teachful heart. Mistakes are admitted, not backed up by worse ones. We sit as a much-moved child in the presence of melting love, eager to enter the large life-openings before us.

Then may come the exact petitions. We are ready for them. His will is our delight. All we ask is desired only that we may make a better disciple with less stains and failures. Some such details as the following will follow: "Live in our homes, Good Father. May our dear ones see evidence of thine indwelling in our words and ways. Enable us to train the little ones so that they will gladly and honorably wear thy name. Make us good friends to folk. Scatter cheer through us as the spring-coming bird does by its song. So sunshine us that virtue may get food wherever we go. Win sinners to hope and cleanness through the beauty of thy face shining out of us. Saturate our church with thy presence. Drive out all chilling customs or hurtful methods. May the stranger, because of our brotherliness, recognize this sanctuary as the Father's house. Scatter any selfish cliques. Save us from spending ourselves on the unneedful. Arouse our whole membership to service. Give food to everyone. Gladden the lonely, aged ones. Deliver those in middle years from ruttish habits. Direct the warming enthusiasm of youth. Help us to be arms to the children to bless them in thy name. All these things we ask for all the churches who love and exalt the Christ of God."

Then will naturally follow the petitions for world-betterment. Public officials will be remembered, not abused. Missions will come to the eye. Locally known workers will be named. Special movements will be marked out. Many particular matters will come up which hearty interest will insert here. The close will briefly recall again God's presence in the room and breathe an expectation of his guidance in the whole content of the coming moments. A fitting close may be: "All our petitions, O Father, are for the glory of God and the good of man. Amen."



A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Christian F. Reamer". The signature is written over a horizontal line.

**EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS****NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS**

A BIT from Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*: "There is no Religion," reiterates the Professor. Fool! I tell thee there is. . . . But thou as yet standest in no temple; joonest in no psalm-worship; feelest well that, where there is no ministering priest, the people perish? Be of comfort! Thou art not alone, if thou have faith. Spake we not of a communion of saints, unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brotherlike embracing thee, so thou be worthy? Their heroic sufferings rise up melodiously together to heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred Miserere; their heroic actions also, as a boundless everlasting psalm of triumph. Neither say that thou hast now no symbol of the godlike. Is not God's universe a symbol of the godlike; is not immensity a temple; is not man's history, and men's history, a perpetual evangel? Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the morning stars sing together!"

**A REVIVAL OF RELIGION<sup>1</sup>**

CAREFUL students of social tendencies report a reaction against the prevailing laxity in conduct and opinion. This is sometimes characterized as a moral renaissance. It goes deeper: it is nothing less than a revival of religion. Yet it does not appear to be the result of any of the ordinary evangelistic efforts or agencies. It is springing up in unwonted places, and is finding utterance by unprofessional and unfamiliar voices.

Anyone who has ears to hear must catch now and then in the common speech of men a note of unusual seriousness. The facts which have been coming to light during the last few years respecting the terrible infidelity and abuses of power in high places have touched the heart of the common man with a sense of solicitude. In days like these the airy optimism which can see no perils in the path of the nation is an impertinence. Sensible men are not ashamed to confess their fears, and in their study of existing conditions the truth

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from the *Century Magazine* for April, by permission of the *Century Company*.

is brought home to them that the remedy which is needed is a deepening of the life of the people—something organic and elemental which shall change the common currents of thought and feeling and renovate the springs of character.

No doubt some correction in the common moralities is needed. To our complex and cryptic financial system we must learn to apply the principles of ethics; the eighth commandment needs a large new annotation. Human invention was never so prolific as it is to-day, and its resources have been taxed in devising new ways of stealing. They must be searched out and legibly labeled: that is the business of the law-makers. But when all this shall have been done, the deepest need of the people will still be unsupplied. That is the awakening in their consciousness of the sense of the great loyalties on which life is built. Moral rules are not enough; what is needed most is moral motive power—the love of righteousness, the impulse to integrity, the enthusiasm of virtue. And this, as even the common man is beginning to feel, is kindled only by religion—by fellowship and communion with that “Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness.”

Thus, even those who have been supposed to be farthest from the common creed are clearly recognizing that a merely secular morality is not enough; that there must be something sacred and supreme in it, else it will have little meaning for us and little power over us. Dr. Felix Adler, in his book on *The Religion of Duty*, in which he powerfully argues that duty must include a religious element, says: “The moral law is not a convenience nor a convention; it is not imposed in order that we may achieve happiness for ourselves or others. The moral law comes out of infinite depths and heights. There is a voice that speaks in us out of the ultimate reality of things. It is not subject to us, but we are subject to it and we must bend our pride.”

Dr. Stanton Coit, of London, another leader of the same school, declares: “The whole of the moral law is by no means contained under the conception of love to one’s neighbor. . . . If Christ meant Righteousness, when he spoke of ‘the Lord thy God,’ if he meant Righteousness worshiped as the sovereign reality of life, we must assent to his declaration that the first and great commandment is ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind.’”

All this means that religion is, after all, the principal thing; that a mere readjustment of ethical formularies is not enough; that a deeper note than this must be struck if we hope to restore the lost

harmony to the human soul and the social order. There must be something to worship, something that kindles our purest love and marshals our highest loyalties. Nothing less than this will meet the social need of the time, which is a call for a radical change in ruling ideas, for a mighty reconstruction of ideals, for new conceptions of the meaning and value of life.

The call is heard, as we have already said, in many unexpected quarters. A daily newspaper published in Wall Street declares that there is nothing the country needs just now so much as a revival of old-fashioned religion. A daily paper published in the interior has taken every morning for a week the subjects of its leading editorial from the phrases of Paul's praise of love as the greatest thing in the world. The last Christmas number of a Western daily journal had a brilliant editorial three columns long upon "The Holy Spirit," written by one of the strong journalists of America, and full of the passion of a genuine religious faith. These are signs of the times. Men are thinking seriously and feeling deeply on these great themes of the inner life. Even those who have not philosophized much about it have the impression that help must come from this quarter in resisting the encroachments of the dominant materialism, and in bringing the people back to the ways of sanity and integrity.

One phase of this revival of religion is significant. Its main concern is less for individual than for social well-being. The two cannot well be separated, and doubtless those who are earnestly promoting it have a consciousness of their own personal need of deliverance from the engrossing mammonism. But the emphasis rests on the common danger, and the salvation sought is primarily a social salvation. The notion seems to be gaining that the moral health of the individual cannot well be preserved in a fetid social atmosphere. Heretofore there has been much protest against any close contact of religion with business or with politics. Now it seems to be assumed that nothing but religion can renovate brutalized business and corrupt politics. It is a great enlargement of the popular conception of religion, and ought to gain for it some new consideration.

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#### ADDRESS AT A HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT

THE public schools of this country are our proudest educational possession. They are more important than colleges, schools of science, academies of art, and conservatories of music, as staples are

more essential than luxuries, as bread is more important than meringues and Charlottes Russe. We would not thank Europe to give us all the great universities that load her learned soil, and take away from us, in exchange, our common schools.

In education, public or private, national or individual, what is elemental and fundamental is of prime importance; in building a house or an education only a shaky and flimsy superstructure can be reared on insufficient foundation. A process of instruction which permits young men to be reading Tacitus and Diodorus Siculus, *Æschines* and Cicero, Greek by the chapter and Latin by the volume when they are unable to write English sentences or even words without blundering, is sadly imperfect; and when a Doctor of Divinity is deficient in the elementary knowledge of syntax and orthography, something else besides his divinity needs doctoring.

With us in America universal education is a public necessity, and therefore a public duty. For us to doubt the possibility of universal education is to discredit the principles of our Constitution, to surrender our faith in successful democracy, and to renounce the blood-bought traditions of our fathers. We must leave it to the aristocracies to contend that the liberal education of all the people is impracticable, while we make all haste to silence their cavil with practical demonstration, emulating in our efforts the enthusiasm of the Frenchman who said, "Sire, if it is impossible, it shall be done."

In a country where every man is a participant in government there is need of intelligence, and, as the safety of the State is absolutely involved, it is the State's affair to provide for education in order that the republic may suffer no detriment from the ignorance of its citizens. It is the prerogative of the State to compel education. Does some man say, "Hold! This is a land of liberty; there must be no compulsion"? We answer: Every government has an unquestionable right to make all laws and take all measures necessary for its own security and the operation of its fundamental theories; and education is a necessity for democracy. The kind and amount of education which the State has a right to require for every child is determined by the duties which the citizen will be obliged to discharge and the privileges he should be fitted to improve. The cost of education it is just and expedient to throw on property, raising it by taxation; for it is property which is thereby defended, and which in the end reaps and visibly represents the resultant benefits. What is thus laid out will be paid back tenfold. Beyond this power of the

State to compel the individual, our welfare requires and our Constitution allows a national superintendence in the matter of education. It is made the duty of Congress to guarantee a republican form of government to all the States, and in this duty is implied assistance to each State in providing the conditions essential to the maintenance of such a form of government. Intelligence is the first of those conditions; and it may be the prerogative of the central government to induce or compel every State to a thorough system of general education. A valid argument can be made for the strong interference of government, with legal coercion, to thrust every child into the schools and keep it there for a goodly number of the proper years of its life. Great degrees of prosperity are deferred for our country until, in every State, the rudiments of knowledge shall be put within the reach of all and made as public as the dust of the highway, which impartially blows in at the open doors of poverty and sifts in at the curtained windows of wealth, settles alike on the glossy broadcloth of the gentleman and on the sweat-stained shirt of the laborer.

If American education is to be anything in which we may consistently take pride, it must be characterized by publicity, freeness, and universal prevalence; without these features we can have but limited room for congratulation. It is needful that the educational system comport and suit with our other institutions, civil and religious. Now two conspicuous and ruling facts preoccupy the territory of the New World—Christianity and democracy; between them there is eternal and natural harmony. They have one central shaping principle in common; their idea and end is, each in its own realm, to make for all an open way from the lowest condition to the highest. Christianity aims to take the most degenerate human being and lift him to the heaven of heavens; takes him from his spiritual beggary and restores him to the purple royalty of his birthright; makes the "chief of sinners" the chief of apostles; and so exalts to honor a fallen woman, breaking her alabaster box on the feet of Him who had broken her stony heart, that, to the end of time and the ends of the earth, all ages and peoples must be told the story of her devotion. Similarly, democracy, which is only the gospel of Jesus Christ applied to government, having the same informing spirit as Christianity, with the New Testament as its inspiration and text-book, aims to imprison no man in the place or condition where he was born, but to guarantee him all opportunities, great as well as small. Democracy has actually constituted here that Utopia which Ruskin contem-

ously described, in words we proudly accept, as a "state of general scramble, where everybody has a chance to come to the top." Precisely the thing in which we glory is, that ours is that wonderful land where, in civil affairs, there is a path from the gutter up to the greatest guerdon ever given to grand endeavor and noble deserving; where Lincoln goes from a flatboat to the helm of the ship of state, Grant from a tannery to the highest rank and office, and Henry Wilson from a shoemaker's lap-stone to the United States Senate and afterward to its gavel and presiding chair.

There is an inclined plane of possible ascent from the lowest to the highest places. The privileges of life are not broken into unconnected tiers and flats—landings with no flights of stairs between; but in the great, many-storied house of society in which we dwell there are broad stairways from the deepest subcellars all the way up to the broad, breezy prospect of the housetop. Ruskin once wrote: "That organization of society is the best which gives to a man the least encouragement to thoughts of any great future advance in social life." To those in the lower levels this is a gospel of despair. Thank heaven, there is one country in which those who are born at the bottom of society, crowded by one another and by the mass above them, hear a voice saying, "Come up higher. There is room at the top"; where all men are at liberty to put their capital, whatever it may be, at interest in the bank of public possibility and increase. Hateful and abhorrent as the word "Commune" has at times been made, there is an ideal of communism for which we might well nail our colors to the mast, content to survive or perish with its fate—a communism guaranteeing to every human being all the wealth, of any sort, which on a fair and open field of unembarrassed chances he can honestly win. For such a communism we could claim divine sanction, since it is a distribution by the law of proportion according to the differing powers and advantages which God himself has assigned to each separate individual. Seeing, then, that these two imperial and peculiar facts in our national life—Christianity and democracy—stand out as headlands from which we must lay our course, it is obvious that the system of American education must needs be adjusted and harmonized, in spirit and in form, with them. Whatever may have been in other times or other lands, it is not for us, children of the Christian faith and devotees of the Declaration of Independence, to shut in intellectual privileges behind high fences made insurmountable and forbidding with upper fringe of serried spikes, or by stone

walls with unkind summit-ridge of broken glass, with heavy gates locked and tended by some Cerberus of a custode, but to surround them only with such light inclosure as will protect and preserve without prohibiting—fence enough to defend against marauding cattle and the brainless brute, but not to keep out any being who has a mind eager and hungry for the fruit of the tree of knowledge; for the glory of this day and land is not in fences, but in facilities; not in separation, but in share and sympathy; not in things which are the exclusive privilege of the few, but in those which are the broad profit and benign blessing of the many. It was feudalism which shut up advantages and power in castles on the heights, as the old gods were said to guard their glory on the summit of Olympus; it was the Dark Ages when learning and knowledge were secluded within convent walls and the men of thought all lived and died in cloister shades.

All roads used to lead to Rome, to the golden milestone at the foot of the Capitoline Hill; and when our educational provisions are complete, every country turnpike or byroad that passes the door of a common schoolhouse in the remotest frontier will be for all who choose an open highway, leading straight on, past the academy and the high school and the grammar school, to the college and the university and the highest educational advantages of the land. God's will as expressed in nature and the gospel is plainly that all great benefits shall be on the highroad. "Only that good profits which we can taste with all doors open." Nature makes her most precious gifts public ones—the air, the light, the rain. She exhibits the sunrises and sunsets in the open blue-walled galleries of the sky, with no charge for admission; and men follow her divine example in hanging the most transcendent pictures—the Transfiguration, the Last Judgment, the Communion of Saint Jerome—on the public walls of the Vatican, the Uffizzi, and the Louvre, where every footman can see them. It is cheering to note, wherever it appears, the tendency of the times to bring the privileges and endowments of the few into the possession of the many. It is music sweet as the songs of freedom to hear the bonds of exclusiveness snapping asunder. Cloistered conveniences must come out and comfort the crowd. No lad even, in the midst of a hungry multitude, may keep his five loaves and two fishes to himself, but must suffer them to be distributed, with miraculous multiplying, to the needy five thousand, by the hands of that munificence which is only God in disguise. We watch every tide of blessing that sets from above downward, from within outward, and

are glad and grateful about it, for its waves are teeming with hope and help and touched with a holy millennial light. All men have right to feel aggrieved at the reserve which gloats over its good things in proud and selfish privacy, builds a high fence around its garden lest the wayfarer should look upon the flowers, and dams up the brooks upon its premises lest they should flow across the public road and lave the feet of the tired traveler and soothe his thirst.

We can remember reading with a heart-leap, many years ago, that Turner's "Slave Ship," the masterpiece of that great artist, who was born in a hair-dresser's home in Covent Garden and buried with Sir Joshua Reynolds in the crypt of Saint Paul's, had been landed on our own shores, but we read with chagrin and jealousy in the following lines that it was not to be put on exhibition, being the private property of a wealthy American. What could it profit us to know that, somewhere between the two oceans, the finest water ever painted on canvas was hanging on the inaccessible parlor walls of some gold-bound nabob? John Ruskin deserved never to be forgiven by his fellow men for his determination to shut up his works in one costly edition, so expensive as to be beyond the reach of ordinary means. When we heard of that we said, "Ah, well, dear Mr. Ruskin, we can yet buy Homer and Dante and Shakespeare for a song—and the Bible is the cheapest of books."

That people is its own worst enemy which makes books and knowledge, education or art dear, or lays a tax upon them; it would do better to scatter, gratis, pages of the best literature, broadcast, "thick as autumn leaves that strew the vales in Vallombrosa." We would like to lay on every blacksmith's anvil a library from the primer to the lexicon and cyclopedia, from the multiplication table to the calculus, that he might be Elihu Burritt if he have the brains and the desire. What a eulogy was it on the Bay State when a Westerner could say, jocosely, in the United States Senate, that in Massachusetts they thought a man must be a graduate of Harvard College to be fit for the office of town constable. Stripped of its exaggeration, what was it but saying that Massachusetts believes every citizen is the better for an education? And what an honor was it to Connecticut, that Judge Daggett, Kent Law professor in Yale, could say that in a long life of judicial service he had never, save in three instances, found witness on the stand or criminal in the dock who, being unable to read and write, had been born in Connecticut. There should be in our borders no serfdom of body or mind, no clanking chains for sinews

or souls, no compulsion of low foreheads or cringing forms. And we pray for the time when a powerful system of universal education shall accomplish the redemption and development of American intellect; when the lowest mental destitution shall hear the voice and call of the fairest promise that beckons from the heights of learning; when the divinest culture shall turn to the thievish degradation which hangs writhing on the cross of its own ignorance, and say, "Thou canst presently be with me in my paradise of wisdom"; when the desolate and haggard waifs of the pavement, the Arabs of the street, all the children of every race, shall be handed on by a constraining education into years of usefulness and peace and power, and the naked walls of every empty mind become garnished with the furniture of knowledge and adorned with the tapestries of wisdom. By making the land one great school we will prevent it from being merely a workshop and forge, market and exchange.

To the scholars of this school a few words of counsel and cheer, which may not, perhaps, be so unfitted to any time of life as to need pardon of older ears for being uttered in their hearing. Three things may be said:

1. **BE WORKERS.** Think not of what you are to get, but of what you are to do. Find what you are fittest for, and do that one thing mightily. There is plenty of work to be found, and some of it so urgent that men ought to be breathless over it till it is done. In work there is profit. It ought to be a law that if anybody will not work he shall not eat, that the idlers might be starved into industry. A life of wholesome labor, filled with the daily activity which is fresh at dawn and weary at night, scatters uncounted blessings on its way; around its close is the radiance of a beneficent peace, and it earns an incorruptible felicity. In work is safety; the idler's paradise is one of the suburbs of the City of Destruction. In work is dignity; it were nobler to be a coal-heaver, washing the grime from one's face with sweat, than a gloved gentleman idling his way through the world, not living but only loafing; better break stones on the highway than be a brainless fop, a mere walking advertisement of the merchant tailors. It were more beautiful and meritorious for a woman to spend her days over the washtub, her arms in suds to the elbows, than be a frivolous butterfly passing life in foolish play and pride. The house-maid who is washing front windows yonder with bucket and broom is at worthier business than the elegant lady who does nothing more useful than to stand admiringly turning herself about before her

mirror, like a fowl upon the spit, or sit simpering at parlor windows to be admired. The mere seeker of pleasure does but cumber God's diligent creation. The drone is a criminal, and, if men were bees, would be hunted from the hive. So vapid is the sluggard's life, and so pernicious his example, that the dull gray alligator sleepily basking on the oozy shore of a Southern bayou is a less noxious and more useful animal, since his hide at least when he dies may make a pair of boots—which might be put to the excellent service of kicking loafers out of civilized communities. Be useful! Nothing is so magnificent as ministering, nothing so grand as service. You owe yourself to your race and to your Saviour; do not sink into the sin of Ananias—a mortal one—keeping back part of the price. Do all you can to make a sad world brighter, a bad world better; and to this end, since being is greater and more influential than doing—

2. BE NOBLE AND TRUE. Be noble in *thought*; for as we think so are we. Ideas make us. The thoughts on which we inwardly feed will give color and quality to our lives. It was said of the Venus of Apelles that her flesh seemed as if she had been fed on roses; Cleopatra dissolved pearls in her wine to beautify her complexion; it is fabled that Hercules was fed on the marrow of wild beasts. It is as true of the mind as of the body, that if put in training for athletic contests, attention must be given to its diet. The soul must have its fitting food, as the silkworm its mulberry leaves, or it cannot spin about itself the rich cocoon of character. One who does not think cannot be virtuous.

Be noble in *deed*; for deeds are the blows which make a mark, acts are the coins struck from the die—let your life be a mint issuing only pure gold and silver. It is not enough to think; blossoms must make fruit.

Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;  
So shalt thou make life, death, and the vast forever  
One grand, sweet song.

Be noble in *manners*;

For manners are not idle, but the fruit  
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.

Manners, like morals, come only by care and culture. We remember seeing by the dusky twilight of a Sabbath evening, in the rich gloom of an old church in Naples, the marble figure of a woman instructing a child, with this legend graven beneath the statues, "Educatio et disciplina mores faciunt."

Be noble *in word*; for words are puissant things. Speech is a great lever for good or ill. Language is the substance of thought, the image of life, the revealer of secrets, and by its purity and perfectness is measured the culture of the individual or the civilization of the race. Purity of language is one of the moralities, its desecration is profanity. It is worth the while of those who speak the language of Milton and Macaulay to speak it well. Let us not expatriate our minds and renounce our nativity by esteeming other languages better than our own. It is easy to take on foreign airs and prate of the liquid music of the Italian, the flowing facility of the French and the rugged strength of the German; but it is wiser and more seemly to master first our own mother tongue, and be content if we may only speak and write it purely in the best land under heaven, beneath the finest flag that floats.

It will be a great and gladsome gain if you can add to the power of pure speaking the higher accomplishment of sweet singing. A new charm arrives when the human voice, from weaving a plain web, warbles into embroideries of sound. Like prose thrilling into poetry, like plain-clad queens putting on their royal attire of satins and jewels, like Cinderella dressed for the prince's party, are "noble words" when fitted with "perfect music." Happy they who sing! It is a gift which, if they rightly use, will be a solace and a safeguard; they may sing away despondency and the devil, as Browning's Balaustion, with the Alkestis of Euripides, sang herself and her ship's company into safety in the harbor of Syracuse, and as Orpheus with his music brought the Argonauts safely past the flowery isle and on to Colchis and the golden fleece.

We spoke also of being *true*.

To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Keep peace with conscience, court its approval, for when you have lost this you have nothing left that is worth keeping; without it the applause of men will be a sound empty of significance, and to "hear the nations praising" you will be unsubstantial and illusory as the roll of drums in the triumph of a dream.

3. BE STUDENTS always, even when you cease to be scholars, and master thoroughly that which you learn, for not what you acquire but what you assimilate will be of use. What you learn should be timber builded into your life, not lumber stored in your mind. If you weave

knowledge with the fiber of your soul and knit it fast into the structure of your very life, it shall be as strong wings with which you may fly; but if you hold it to you by mere external adhesion, fastened merely by the perishable wax of memory, then in your attempts to mount in the open air and sunlight of practical life you will meet the fate of Icarus, falling "with shattered pinions through the sun's serene dominions."

An education is never finished. You have just begun, but if you have two keys—a knowledge of mathematics and of the English language—all studies are accessible to you. Before you are ampler realms and fairer fields than you have ever dreamed, Elysian Fields green with the watering of Pierian springs, where you may pluck the unforbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, fruit which, if I were asked to name, I should call, in Longfellow's phrase, "the golden pomegranates of Eden"—pomegranates we may say meaningly, because in knowledge there are many gifts and blessings, as in a pomegranate, if what a poet says is true, you have food, drink, odor, color, all at once, for it delights the eye with its veined beauty, pleases the smell with its aroma, allays thirst with its juice, and satisfies hunger with its pulp.

Knowledge is power. Plutarch relates that, when the Athenians, under Nikias and Demosthenes, marching against Syracuse, were defeated and taken prisoners, all the generals were put in prison and all the soldiers were branded in the forehead and condemned to dig and starve in the quarries of Epipolae. None were spared. No rich man was advantaged by his riches, no strong man by his strength, no handsome man by his beauty; none were spared except a certain few who could recite the poetry of Euripides the tragic poet. Any who could repeat a chorus or a prologue, the passion of a play or a few golden lines, was spared. If he lay bleeding on the battlefield they stanched his wounds and gave him drink and food; if he were a slave in the house or in the quarry and they heard him quote Euripides, they rose up in reverence, bowed to him as a master, bade him go free.

Knowledge, in their case, was liberty. In every case it is to be sought for like a treasure and kept like a crown.

**THE ARENA****THE VEILED PROPHET**

A RECENT incident between Ex-President Fairbanks of America and the Pope of Rome, Italy, reminds me of an old story, a story told by Feramorz to Lalla Rookh. In this story a youth kisses his loved sweetheart good-by and goes to war. When next he meets her 't is in a place of seductive temptation to accomplish his fall. Here she tells how they had reported him dead, and she had become the bride of one whose face she had not seen, of whom she says:

"Hist! I've seen to-night  
 What angels know not of—so foul a sight,  
 So horrible—O never may'st thou see  
 What there lies hid from all but hell and me!"

The story tells how, early in the fight in which the "Veiled Prophet" was to be defeated, he

Breathed a short curse of blood  
 O'er his lost throne—then passed the Jihon's flood,  
 And, gathering all whose madness of belief  
 Still saw a Saviour in their downfall'n chief,

prepares for defeat. In his flight he takes Zelica—

O, not for love—the deepest Damned must be  
 Touch'd with Heaven's glory ere such fiends as he  
 Can feel one glimpse of Love's divinity!  
 But no, she is his victim.

. . . to behold  
 As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd  
 Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll  
 Of damning sins, sealed with a burning soul—  
 This is his triumph; this the joy accursed  
 That ranks him among demons all but first!

As he looks at the advance of the enfranchising host he thus voices the hate his silver veil but hides:

"O for a sweep of that dark angel's wing  
 Who brushed the thousands of the Assyrian king  
 To darkness in a moment, that I might  
 People hell's chambers with you host to-night!"

As the inevitable approaches, and he is in his own city besieged by javelins that fly

Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the dark sky,  
 And red-hot globes that, opening as they mount,  
 Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha fount,  
 Showers of consuming fire o'er all below,

he gathers about himself the few faithful followers that remain and seeks to inspire them by an address in which he asks:

"Have you forgot the eye of glory hid  
 Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid  
 Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither  
 Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither?  
 Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now  
 All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow!  
 To-night

\* \* \* \* \*

I will myself uncurtain in your sight  
 The wonders of this brow's ineffable light,  
 Then lead you forth and with a wink disperse  
 Yon myriads, howling, through the universe!"

At the feast of death, to which he bids them,

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,  
 The stony look of horror and despair,  
 Which some of these expiring victims cast  
 Upon their soul's tormentor to the last—  
 Upon that mocking Fiend, whose Veil now raised  
 Showed them, as in death's agony they gazed,  
 Not the long-promised light, the brow whose beaming  
 Was to come forth all-conquering, all-redeeming,  
 But features horribler than hell e'er traced  
 On its own brood; no Demon of the Waste,  
 No churchyard Ghoul caught lingering in the light  
 Of the blest sun, e'er blasted human sight  
 With lineaments so foul, so fierce, as those  
 The Impostor now in grinning mockery shows:  
 "There, ye wise Saints, behold your light, your Star—  
 Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.  
 Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill  
 Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?  
 Swear that the burning death ye feel within  
 Is but the trance with which Heaven's joys begin;  
 That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgraced  
 Even monstrous man, is—after God's own tastes;  
 And that—But see!—ere I have halfway said  
 My greetings through the uncourteous souls are fled.

\* \* \* \* \*

For me—I too must die—but not like these  
 Vile rankling things to fester in the breeze;  
 To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown  
 With all death's grimness added to its own,  
 And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes  
 Of slaves, exclaiming, 'There his Godship lies!'  
 No—cursed race!—since first my soul drew breath  
 They've been my dupes, and *shall* be ev'n in death.

\* \* \* \* \*

So shall they build me altars in their zeal  
 Where knaves shall minister and fools shall kneel;

Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell  
 Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell  
 The sail be spreads for Heaven with blasts from hell!  
 So shall my banner through long ages be  
 The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;

\* \* \* \*

Now, mark how readily a wretch like me  
 In one bold plunge commences Deity!"

So ends the story of "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan"; a story always worth the reading.

We are indebted to two Americans for a momentary vision of the face of the Veiled Prophet of the Tiber. Archbishop Ireland—first not for precedence' sake, but to emphasize the better—with all the dexterity of trying to set one sect against the other lifts the veil from this ancient face. Ancient indeed it is; it is the face of "Hildebrand" himself. Ecclesiastical arrogance and papal pretense are as prominent as ever. Some things never change, though they are not eternal; swept on by the years they remain what they always have been. One thinks of the other "Veiled Prophet," of whom it was said:

As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might  
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,  
 Turns, even in drowning, on the wretched flocks  
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,  
 And to the last, devouring on his way,  
 Bloodyies the stream he hath not power to stay.

Long after Popeship has been buried, by the outgrown thoughts of men, deeper than any Babylonian city was ever covered, some enterprising archaeologist will "find" this incident imbedded in the strata of the twentieth century, and will thereby prove to the enlightened race that in the year of Grace nineteen hundred and ten papal claims were as arrogant as they had ever been. While the archbishop holds up the glittering veil look at this face, America! and remember that it smiles on nothing unless it is in accord with the blasting dream of Gregory VII. To make the See of Rome supreme within the church, and the church lord over the state, is still the set purpose of this ancient face. Look at it! Look at it as long as the archbishop will hold up the veil; then, turning, look at your liberties

as if God had given

Naught else worth looking at on this side heaven.

All the faces of all the world you may see, open and free, on the streets of any large city in America. No face like this in all the world. No wonder that in Rome they hasten to drop the "veil." Remember the "veil" does not change the features.

We are indebted also to another American—Mr. Fairbanks; God increase his kind! A man who does not have to be told he is human. At the call of his free fellows he steps into power; performs his task like a

man, making no claims to divine superiority; steps back—no! steps on into private life and goes to perform the act of his career in refusing to stand in the snow at Canossa, and performs a braver feat than did Henry IV in taking Rome and besieging Gregory in the castle of Saint Angelo.

Look at this face. There is nothing that needs covering here. No "veil" hides his purpose! He will speak where he will speak—will be a man. He is an American, and if as such the Veiled Prophet of the Tiber will not receive him he will not be received! Look at this open face and rejoice that Zuleika's charms were lost on the Joseph of the American people. God made the face to be seen, not covered. The freedom of the open is the spirit of America; against this spirit the Veiled Prophet of the Tiber speaks. Which will America follow?

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#### THE PRE-RAPHAELITES

AFTER the centuries of formalism and convention following the Renaissance there came to art a movement full of originality, simplicity, and unaffected truth. Heading this impulse were four young painters—Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt, and Woolner—men who, first since Raphael, were experiencing the delights of freedom from hampering fears of propriety; who first were beholding beauty untrammeled by rules; and who first were realizing, with Ruskin, that "the butterfly is independent of art." They were the founders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The work of the Pre-Raphaelites embodies one of the greatest revolutions in modern art. The former school taught technique; the Pre-Raphaelites taught spirit. Followers of long-established theory were prone to subordinate a work to its creator; the Pre-Raphaelites lost themselves in their labor. The tyrant, Authority, declared: "Within these bounds dwelleth beauty; all without is unworthy of art." The Pre-Raphaelites said to one another, "Go to nature trustingly, rejecting nothing and selecting nothing." The critics would have made the butterfly soar in sweeping curves—lighting only among the orchids. The Pre-Raphaelites permitted it the freedom of its flitting fancy, and were delighted when it set the clover-heads to nodding. Pre-Raphaelite art is marked, particularly, by an unfailing fidelity to truth and a diligent attention to detail. Mark the hand of Rossetti, in the "Blessed Damozel," where as much care has been exercised in scattering the wind-swept leaves beneath the trees as in lighting the stars in the maiden's hair. Each blade of grass is growing, and each wayward tress is vibrant with life. Note Burne-Jones in "The Angels of Creation," where every bit of drapery on the slender forms and every feather in the great wings has a reality of existence and a beauty of expression in and for itself. Yet none of these effects is produced with mechanical exactness, but rather with fidelity to the mind's impression, translated though it be. Rossetti and his colleagues did not study anatomy, geology, nor botany, to secure perfection of form; at times, consequently, their drawing was defective.

They did study things as they saw them, however, and thus were able to breathe into all their painting the spirit of truth and purity. They loved beauty with sincere affection, loved it in the dusty weeds at the roadside quite as much as in the well-groomed lawn of an Italian garden—and their butterfly was found fluttering in the golden-rod of the meadow no less than among the roses on the trellis.

The object of the Pre-Raphaelite, however, was not to secure exactness in the treatment of detail, but to attain purity, reverence, and chastity in expression. Unlike the realist and the impressionist, he portrayed ideals, and they were ideals of thought rather than ideals of form. His figures were often drawn with exaggeration, yet they possessed a radiant power and effect in their soulfulness. His women, perchance, had long necks, extravagantly slender hands, and lips of unnatural fullness; yet they manifested a sincere spiritual beauty such as the apostles of classicism could never produce. The Pre-Raphaelite painted what he saw—all of it, and not more—but he saw with the eyes of a poet. He had no tricks, no illusions, no crafty devices, with which to reënforce his art. His was a style of childlike simplicity—the critics called it "puerility." He did not hunt the butterfly of beauty with a net and a tin box, to dissect it with pins under a microscope, but sought it living, full of vagrant whims, and "happy in the sunshine." His art was a living art, mysterious and divine. Thus the Pre-Raphaelites broke forth from the bonds of tradition and began a new era in the history of painting. Modern art is more sane, perhaps—more convincing, certainly—and, no doubt, truer to life and thought. Yet without their efforts it had never been so. It was their independence which gave freedom to the realist and daring to the impressionist. Even the reactionary soul of Whistler could not have striven alone against the authority of old traditions. The Pre-Raphaelites were necessary to teach a school of hidebound critics that the highest art is the expression of beauty, whether of ideals or of form, and that "the butterfly is independent of art," though art must forever attempt its capture.

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#### RELATION OF BISHOPS TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

IN Brother Miller's contention for the bishops as members of the General Conference, the case now is certainly not one of opinion but of law. What saith the law? In 1808 the law defining the composition of the General Conference was changed, making the General Conference a delegated body, chosen by the members of the Annual Conferences. This new law distinctly and specifically declares as follows: "The General Conference shall be composed of one member for every five members of each Annual Conference." If the bishops are not members of Annual Conferences, they are not eligible to membership in the General Conference. Under the law as it now is, the only way to get the bishops into the General Conferences is to first get them into the Annual Conference.

Membership in the General Conference is now specifically limited, as regards ministers, to members of Annual Conferences. Hence the Annual Conference may not go outside of its own members for General Conference delegates. This may be a misfortune to some. But if outsiders wish to get into the General Conference, they will first have to get into the Annual Conference. This is the only door.

J. C. ARBUCKLE.

Columbus, Ohio.

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#### MEMBERSHIP OF A BISHOP

An additional suggestion to Dr. R. T. Miller's learned article on "The Bishop a Member of the General Conference—A Study." The evidence of a layman's membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church is in the "Church Records" of the local church with which he is connected. The proof of a minister's membership is in the minutes of an Annual Conference. That a bishop is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church is shown in the minutes of the General Conference. For his Christian and Methodist character the layman is amenable, wherever he may be, to the local church with which his name is recorded. The minister is amenable to the Annual Conference for his Christian, Methodist, and ministerial character. The bishop is amenable ultimately, for his Christian, Methodist, ministerial, and episcopal character to the General Conference. The layman has a right to vote and hold office in the local church with which his membership is recorded and to which he is responsible. The minister has the same rights in the Annual Conference. Certainly analogy strongly teaches that a bishop has membership, with all its privileges, in the General Conference, in whose minutes his membership in the church is recorded, and to which he is amenable. That a man can be a member of the church in general, yet not a member of any local church, nor of any of the Conferences of the denomination, is certainly an anomaly that ought to be authoritatively denied or corrected.

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**THE ITINERANTS' CLUB****THE PREACHER AND SOCIAL SCIENCE**

ONE of the most interesting developments of modern life is the increased attention that is being paid to the great social movements of the time. To all appearance the individual is rapidly disappearing in the mass, and much of the work for human betterment is being carried on not through individuals but through organized forces. It is assumed that men must now be considered in their organized social relations if one would lift them into the best physical and ethical life. It is not, however, of the individual side of Christian activity that we are treating at this time. The conception of the writer is that the individual must ever be prominent because he is the controlling factor in the movements of the masses in proportion as he may be qualified in character and ability for the task. We will not claim that social science is being overpressed. In the past it has not been pressed sufficiently. It is certainly necessary to meet compact social forces which are hurtful by compact social forces which are helpful. Organized philanthropy has advanced very rapidly within recent years. Some are claiming that organized charities enable them to escape the embarrassment of individual inquiry and individual service for the help of the unfortunate. This aspect of their advantages is shown in the following extract from a report of the president of a hospital society in which he pointed out the advantages which the hospital would gain by joining the incorporated Federation of Charities. He said:

There are a number of people who do not yet understand the practical benefits resulting from federation. It is a scientific and up-to-date method of doing collectively what has been done heretofore by individual effort. In other words, it is collective strength against individual strength. It prevents needless duplication and avoids injudicious charity. We are all tired of being exploited and pestered by the numerous and constantly increasing number of smaller charities which eke out a precarious existence. The constant appeals to purchase tickets, for donations to fairs and the numerous other devices in order to extract money are getting to be very burdensome, and the annoyance keeps pace with the increase of population. The federation will do away with all these individual and burdensome opportunities for aid. Another phase of the federation which needs explanation is that the federation will not interfere with the management of the affiliated institutions. The autonomy of each remains as at present. No institution will lose its identity.

We cannot believe that organized workers would urge this as a proper argument. It would be a great danger to the social welfare if any system of organized Christian work should weaken individual efforts for human welfare.

It is further assumed that the chief work of reform is the betterment of conditions, and that when the environments of the people are made better, the many evils under which they groan will disappear. The general discussion of these questions, however, involves the underlying thought

that the difficulties and woes of men are largely temporal, that they have to do with food and drink and raiment, and that by placing within their reach galleries of art, lectures on scientific subjects, the care of health, they have restored man to that condition of happiness for which he was destined. This, if not stated in form, is implied in the fact that few other means are suggested as to the mode of taking the degraded masses and lifting them up into good citizens as husbands and wives and fathers and mothers. With all movements for human welfare the minister of Christ is in hearty sympathy. There can be no true pastor's heart that does not beat in harmony with every effort to surround all men and women and children with the physical comforts and with every opportunity for their best development. There is one fact, however, which the preacher cannot ignore if true to his mission: it is the fact of sin. A large part of the physical burdens under which people groan is not due primarily to their surroundings but to their propensities toward that which is wrong. Their environment did not create their propensities; it helps them on, increases them. But the remedy for all the world's ills, the fundamental one, is some method to reach a world of sin. Sin is disobedience to God. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." When man ceases to fear God, and does not recognize himself as a breaker of his law and a sinner against his Fatherhood, the way is open for all sorts of evil excesses. The rescue of men and women from sinful courses is accomplished by the power of the Holy Spirit. We sometimes sing "But power divine can do the deed," and this is the heart throb of our Christian thinking. Absolute reliance on human agencies, however good they may be and however effective they may be for a time, cannot effect a permanent cure. The work they accomplish is external. Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts and wrong actions; out of the heart must proceed the noble thoughts and Godlike actions. The appeal, therefore, of the minister of Christ must be to the heart; it must be accompanied by the teachings of the gospel. No teachings for sociological purposes have ever equaled those of the Master, and no sociological law is so potent as this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Christian pastor of to-day, then, should first get a clear knowledge of sociological conditions. The facts are being ascertained by the various agencies which are engaged in social betterment; they are being tabulated and are open for the inspection of all. The minister should not be ignorant of these things; he should know the world in which he lives and the people among whom he works. This should especially be the case with the young minister. He ought to know, not necessarily by personal contact, but by acquaintance with the literature and from all sources at his disposal, the conditions of men and women among whom he works. It does not follow that only those who have lived in the social conditions from which they desire to rescue people are necessarily the best workers to rescue the perishing. Some of the most devoted have been those men and women who have never associated with the degradations which they are trying to overcome, but they have become acquainted with them, and

have willingly placed themselves by their side and given them the helping hand. The Christian Church should do its part in social amelioration; it should not leave it to non-Christian organizations or to ethical societies. These, however, are not to be condemned. The church has no need to envy those outside her pale who want to make men better. The desire to benefit humanity did not originate with them: it came from the Christ, whom we serve, whose influence is now permeating our society and is the unconscious power behind all these beneficent social movements. The Church of Christ or her ministers cannot be displeased with those who under other names and other forms, and even forgetting the obligation that they have to Christ, do the work which Christ and his church want to be done. A cordial harmony, then, with all that would do good is one of the great needs of this age.

The minister who would render the best social service must never forget that the highest achievement for the social life is to be wrought out through leading the lost to Christ and bringing them to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. This is so fundamental that we must present a protest against the church's omission of her great message that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and must maintain that the only real salvation of our race as well as of individuals is to come through the teaching and inspiration of the Master of us all. There must be no evasion of this duty. This does not mean the carrying into social work the peculiarities of individual sects, but the carrying into all social movements the spirit of the gospel, telling the world the story of redemption, assuring all who hear that there is One able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners"; "the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Forgetfulness of this is wrong alike to the souls committed to the church and to the state as well, for a successful state and a high civic life are only possible through men and women consecrated to the highest ideals and noblest service through faith in Jesus Christ. He taught that he who would be chiefest among men must be the servant of all. This great social movement in its relation to Christianity requires the wisest thought and the most prudent action. The preacher should be the foremost in social betterment; there is no wrong which he should not try to redress, there is no vice which he should not attempt to remove, there is no sorrow which he should not try to heal, there is no tear which the Church of Christ should not haste to wipe away. This is the mission of the preacher in his relation to our social life, and a mission which he cannot avoid without injury to the highest interests of the human race.

Social science, however, has not yet advanced to a position when it is able to give laws to the ethical and social life of the world. It is only beginning its mission and should be held to its proper limitations. It proposes to rest for its conclusions upon deductions growing out of the facts as they appear to the investigators. These facts are so varied and complicated, and often misinterpreted, that they have not yet become, and may never become, authoritative. There are certain questions

on which social science cannot speak with authority, certainly not when they are opposed to the clear teachings of the Holy Scriptures. There are some sins in social life which are not even debatable in Christian circles. To discuss them is in a measure to encourage them. All the questions of home life, and the laws governing it, though they may be the questions of sociological investigation, are not subject to the ever-varying deductions of social science. On these fundamental questions the preacher must appeal to the authority of Christ, and that authority is final. The kingdom of God will not be brought about by securing for men pure water, good air, comfortable houses. They are helpful but not fully adequate to the task. These in their fullness are the results of the kingdom of God, which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." "The kingdom of God is within you." When this kingdom is established in the hearts of men through faith in Jesus Christ and the purification of the Holy Spirit, it will produce these environments of men, bringing in a condition of comfort and happiness which all lovers of man's welfare are aiming to produce. The preacher as a social reformer must begin at the right point. His efforts for the betterment of humanity must proceed in the order in which they appear in the Sacred Scriptures. Paul's method is a true pattern for him to follow. Jesus was himself the greatest social reformer humanity has known, and his message to the weary world, to those who bear its burdens and feel its sorrows, was and is, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." John Wesley followed the method of Christ; he was not only a great evangelist, rescuing men from sin and leading them to holiness, but he was a great social reformer and wrought for the physical well-being of humanity in a way which has influenced the church ever since. He began his mission by preaching "the washing of regeneration and the renewal of the Holy Ghost." The Holy Club of Oxford may well serve as a model for the preacher of this new and progressive age.

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#### AN IMPORTANT VIEW OF THE IDEAL MINISTER

RARELY does the public press pay special attention editorially to the passing away from their life work of ministers of the gospel, unless in some form they have attracted special attention. The every-day pastor and preacher fulfilling his work, and of which no record is made except that which is in the book of life, does not receive special consideration by the press, because his life is not related to the great public movements which stir large communities. It is well sometimes for the church to note what kind of a minister impresses those who are in the habit of looking upon him from the broad standpoint of the world's activities and not from the ecclesiastical side from which they are accustomed to be viewed in religious periodicals. A minister who can at once secure the high appreciation of his own people and of his associates in the ministry, and at the same time win the approbation of the leaders of thought amid the jostle of everyday life, may be recognized as an ideal minister. Such an instance occurred some time ago in the city of New York. After Rev. Dr. William

R. Richards, the pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, had entered into rest, one of the New York papers in an editorial used the following language, headed "A Living Example," which we quote in full because of its illustration of the point we have in view:

The death of the pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, yesterday, ended a life of much sweetness and beauty and a public career of more than ordinary usefulness to the community. There are probably other ministers in this city who are better known to the general public, but it may be doubted if there is one who has labored more earnestly or more efficiently to do the real work of the pastor of a numerous, needful, and exacting congregation. The church which was his is one of the historic churches of New York, and it is one which has not declined with age but, rather, has continued to increase in numbers and influence, in the variety and scope of its activities, and therefore in the demands which it makes upon its pastor's time and strength. How well Dr. Richards served it, as spiritual exhorter and guide, as intellectual instructor, as administrator of practical affairs and in the tender and intimate personal relationships of sympathy and consolation, cannot be told but must be deeply realized by those who had the privilege of association with him.

The example of his life affords what should be a convincing answer to those who are quaveringly inquiring how the churches are to be filled and how the people are to be interested in them. Here was a preacher who sought no adventitious aids to attract attention, yet who never lacked a great and deeply interested congregation. Here was a pastor who never indulged in exploits outside the limits of pastoral duty, yet who never was distressed by desertions from his parish. Here was a religious teacher who sought no new fantasies of faith and who discarded none of the vital and robust doctrines of his belief, and yet who never had occasion to lament the decline of faith or the failure of Christianity to lay hold upon the hearts and lives of men and women. His was a living example of the way in which to make the churches prosperous and Christianity a triumphant force in the world; and it will remain a living and potent example in his death as it was in his life.

This minister of whom such good words are said is mentioned in this editorial as having qualifications which may well be considered by the ministry everywhere. It is said that he did not use "adventitious aids to attract attention," but relied upon the gospel of Christ and the ordinary methods of work which have been recognized as appropriate for the Christian minister. He was not a specialist evidently with regard to either topics or theories; he did not employ sensational topics to secure the attention of the people, and yet it is said he "never lacked great and deeply interested congregations." It is indicated also that he maintained the robust doctrines of the faith; he was at once the exponent of the teachings of the church and of the historic Christian faith, and it is said of him that he "had never occasion to lament the decline of faith." It is further stated in connection with his life that so methodical was he in the preparation for his work that although he died in the early hours of Thursday morning his sermon for the Sabbath morning had already been completed, written out in full, and was read to the congregation at the Sabbath morning service following his death. Such a man may well be called the ideal preacher. He was a well-rounded, balanced minister, with piety, scholarship, and preaching power.

**ARCHEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH****ABRAHAM**

MANY of the advanced critics have relegated Abraham, along with other patriarchs, to the realm of myth and legend, and even those less destructive, who admit some sort of a historical basis for the existence of the "Father of the Faithful," regard it as nebulous and unsubstantial, or greatly idealized. Cheyne may be regarded as a fair exponent of the more radical views among the English-speaking critics. He tells us that the editors of the Hexateuch regarded Abraham "not so much as a historical personage as an ideal type of character," and though the story as related in Genesis has a religious value for all, "the historical or quasi-historical is for *students only*." This supposed hero of the Hebrews—for his real existence "is as doubtful as that of other heroes"—cannot originally have been grouped with Jacob or Israel. Professor Cheyne in a further discussion of Abraham's relation to Sarah, Hagar, and Lot, says, "though an assertion of relationship may be literally correct," it may, after all, mean nothing more than a political connection. Abraham's marriage to Sarah may be regarded simply as a symbol of the political fusion of a southern Israelitish tribe and the non-Israelitish clans south of Hebron. So, too, the story of Abraham and Hagar may symbolize the political alliance between Egypt and Palestine. The story of the separation of Lot from Abraham is intended as a foreshadowing of the breach between Israel, Moab, and Ammon. It would be easy to cite other writers of this school who palm off such theories as sane, sober criticism; but let the above suffice to show the absolute fancifulness and subjectivity of such a method.

The meaning of the name "Abram," or "Abraham," has ever been a real puzzle to Semitic scholars; this is especially true of the second component part. Driver, commenting on Gen. 17. 5, where the name is changed from Abram to Abraham, says: "'Abraham' has no meaning in Hebrew, nor is any meaning apparent from the cognate languages. The name is explained here simply by assonance." Cheyne, too, regards the etymological effort of the writer of Gen. 17. 5, as a mere word-play. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that there is no agreement among critics as to the meaning of the name, some, like Edward Meyer, have gone so far as to say that it cannot be the name of a man, but rather of a local tribal deity. The argument seems to be this: "Abram" may mean "sublime father"; that being the case, who would ever think of calling his son by such an appellation? The answer, of course, is, No one; therefore the name "Abraham," or "Abram," must be that of a deity and not of a human being; *ergo*, the story of Abram is a myth. Unfortunately for Meyer and those of his way of thinking, there have been Assyriologists who have maintained that the identical name has been found in the Babylonian inscriptions, and that as early as the Hammurabi dynasty, the contemporary of

**Abram of the Hebrew Scriptures.** Let no one misunderstand; it is not claimed that there are cuneiform inscriptions with the name of the Abram of Genesis. There was an A-be-ra-mu in the time of Abil-Sin, the second predecessor of Hammurabi. This man was the father of Sha-amurri, "the man of the Amorite god." Hommel, as early as 1894, called attention to a tablet which Meissner had published, and which is now deposited in the Royal Museum at Berlin, on which the name A-be-ra-mu occurs. Though Sayce, Pinches, and others accepted this discovery of Hommel as a fact, later examinations showed that the real transliteration should be A-bi-e-ra-ach. No doubt this correction led Cheyne to characterize Hommel's effort to establish the historical character of the Abraham narrative as a critical failure. Quite recently, however, Professor Unguad, of Jena, whose work we noticed in a recent article in this department, came out with incontrovertible proof that a man named Abram, or Abraham, is named in at least five contract tablets of the Hammurabi period. He first called attention to these tablets in the *Beiträge zur Archäologie*, Vol. VI, Part 1. While doing some work in the museum at Berlin last summer, it was our privilege to discuss these tablets with Professor Unguad the very week he wrote his article, "Archaeology's Vindication of Father Abraham," which appeared in the Sunday School Times, January 22, 1910. In this article we are told that the tablets under discussion, now in Berlin, were discovered with many others at Dilbat, an ancient city, about fifteen miles south of Babylon, a place quite prominent in Babylonian history from 2230 to 500 B. C. These tablets belong to the Hammurabi period (2230-1930). Dilbat was a military post, and one of the officers stationed here bore the name Abram, or Abraham. It is a well-known fact that proper names in all ages and lands have a variety of orthography and pronunciation as well. This very day the writer of this article has heard his own name pronounced in three different ways, and that by men of his own city who have known him for years. No wonder, therefore, that the name identified by Professor Unguad as Abram is written in three different ways: A-ba-am-ra-am, A-bu-am-ra-ma, and A-ba-ra-ma. He calls attention to the fact accepted by Assyriologists that the character "m" as well as a short vowel in certain positions are negligible quantities in pronunciation; thus the form "Abaram," or "Abram," may be legitimately derived from the above. This being true, here, in Babylonian tablets of the Hammurabi period, is the exact counterpart of the name given in Genesis to the "Father of the Faithful."

As already stated, the etymology of the name is not quite clear; nor, indeed, is there a complete agreement as to whether the word is of Babylonian origin. Dr. Unguad is cautious, but modestly suggests that the name is Babylonian, with the possible meaning, "He loves the Father."

We shall close this article with the insertion of one of these contract tablets as translated by Professor Unguad. It is in regard to the hiring of an ox for plowing, and runs as follows:

An ox for plowing (?) belonging to Ibni-sin, son of Sinimurrani, has been hired from Ibni-sin on the command of Qishti-Nabium, son of Etirum, by Abaram, son of ~~—~~-Ishtar, for one month. As hire for one month he shall pay a shekel of silver,

of which Qishti-Nabium already has received half a shekel of silver out of the hand of Abaram.

Before Idin-Urash, son of Idin-Laganeal.

Before Arvilya, son of Shamash-irimanni.

Before Belija, the scribe.

The twentieth day of the month Elul, year in which King Ammiditana built the Ammiditana fortress.

In conclusion it should be added that names corresponding to "Isaac," "Jacob," and "Joseph" are also found in these tablets. In form these are somewhat different from the ordinary Babylonian names, but correspond exactly to the West Semitic personal names. When we remember that "a troop of Amorites formerly living in Palestine and Syria invaded Babylonia a short time before the Hammurabi dynasty, the presence of such names is not difficult to explain."

#### THE AMURRU

THE lands or countries of the Western Semites, especially Palestine and Syria and the territory bordering upon the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, were designated by the general term Amurru. This is supposed to be the exact form for the nation known as Amorites in the Old Testament. The exact boundaries of the territory occupied by this people cannot be given, but from the biblical account, which is without doubt as reliable as and more complete than any other, it is clear that they were found in every part of Palestine. It seems that the several nations or, rather, tribes settled in Canaan at the time of the invasion under Joshua were branches of this great Amorite trunk, which occupied not only Palestine but extended far north and east beyond Lebanon to Aram. Amos employs the term "Amorite" in this same general way (2. 9). Modern scholars of all schools agree that Amorite includes the term Canaanite, the former applying specifically to those dwelling in the hills and the latter to those living in the lowlands. The term "Amurru" meets us often in the Babylonian and Egyptian inscriptions. It occurs several times in the Tel el-Amarna tablets; here, however, perhaps in a limited sense. From these facts it has been justly inferred that the Amurri were people of no little importance and culture in the millennium preceding the Exodus, and that judging from the inscriptions, their influence was felt from the Euphrates to the Nile. Indeed, it is more than probable that both Egypt and Babylon profited by contact with the Amurri, or the people of Amurru, because they were givers rather than borrowers in the development of religious and political culture. During the past decade the theory has prevailed very extensively that Israel derived almost everything in the way of religious culture from Babylonia. When the Wellhausen theory began to show signs of decay and disintegration, there loomed into view a new set of critics, the Pan-Babylonians, or the Astral-mythological school, with theories wilder, if possible, than anything in Old Testament criticism. It is without doubt destined to be short-lived, much shorter than Wellhausenism, which it has helped to overthrow.

That our readers may have some idea of the teachings of this new school, we can do no better than give a sample or two from the works of Professor Winckler, of Berlin, and Professor Jensen, of Marburg, who may be regarded as the leaders. The former makes all Hebrew cult dependent upon Babylon. The patriarchs, or the "leaders of Israel, such as Joshua, Gideon, Saul, David, and others, are sun or lunar mythological personages." Abraham and Lot must be reduced to the same category as Castor and Pollux of Roman mythology. To establish his astral theory, Winckler is a perfect master in reducing persons, places, and numbers to a mythical basis. The three hundred and eighteen men, for example, who were Abram's allies (Gen. 14. 14) are the three hundred and eighteen days of the year when the moon is visible. Kirjath-Arba, that is, "city of four," is so named because *Arba* is the name of a moon-god with his four phases. Beersheba ("seven wells") represents the seven days in each phase of the moon. Isaac resides at Beersheba, therefore he, too, must be a sun-god. So Jacob with his four wives is likewise a moon-god, and his wives are different phases of the moon; and as to his twelve sons, why, they are simply the twelve months of the year, and Leah's seven sons are plainly the seven days of the week.

Jensen has gone much farther, for, according to the Marburg *savant*, every important biblical character, from Abraham down to John the Baptist and Christ, has his origin in Babylonian sun-myths. He assumes that the proper names in the Hebrew Scriptures are to a very large extent mere adaptations from the Gilgamesh epic. Thus Christ of the New Testament is only another name for Marduk. "So that all which refer to the life of Christ—his passion, his death, his descent [into Sheol], his resurrection, and ascension—are to be explained as having their origin in Babylonian mythology." The above citations are from a very interesting volume, entitled *Amurru*, by Professor A. T. Clay, of the University of Pennsylvania, recently elected to the chair of archaeology and Babylonian literature at Yale University. Professor Clay belongs to that group of scholars who, like ourselves, believe that the origin of Hebrew literature must be sought at a much earlier period than most biblical critics are willing to grant. Nay, more, he maintains in his book with great learning and cogent reasoning that Israel owes comparatively little to Babylonia for its religious beliefs and traditions, but, rather, that Babylonia is indebted for much of its culture and civilization to the Amurri, or Western Semites. He discards a commonly accepted view that the Babylonians derived their best and early ideas from Arabia, and then at a later date passed them on to the people of Syria and Palestine. He enters a protest, and reverses the order, saying that "the movement of the Semites was eastward from Amru and Aram," that is, from the lands of the West to the Euphrates. In other words, he maintains that Amurru possessed a higher and an earlier civilization than Babylonia. These Westerners were givers and not borrowers. It is needless to remind our readers that his theory harmonizes perfectly with the biblical story of Gen. 11. 2f., where we read: "And it came to pass, as they journeyed east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there. And

they said one to another, Come let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar." As could be expected, the Amorites, or Western Semites, carried with them, on their eastward march, not only their commercial and industrial spirit but their religious creed and institutions as well. Thus the stories of Creation, the Flood, the antediluvian patriarchs, etc., were taken from the West to the East. This being so, the origin of Israel's culture must not be sought on Babylonian soil. We all know how eloquently the critics have expatiated on the great antiquity of everything Babylonian. To take but one illustration: It was but recently that they traced astronomy, or, rather, astrology, back to the early Babylonian period; now, however, Assyriologists of the highest rank, like Kugler and Jastrow, instead of placing it early, make astrology a product of the Greek period, or between the fourth and second century B. C.

The monuments of Phœnicia and Palestine, so far examined, know but little of early Babylonian influence "in the early period of Israelitish history, nor yet in the pre-Israelitish." Nowack, reviewing the excavations of Schumacher and Steuernagel at Tel-el-Mutesselim (1908), has emphasized this point. He says: "It is a disturbing but irrefutable fact that until down to the fifth stratus—i. e., to the beginning of the eighth century—important Assyrian influences do not assert themselves." . . . "It is most significant that in Megiddo not a single idol (*Gottesbild*) from the Assyrian-Babylonian Pantheon has been found," nor, indeed, anything to indicate the dependence of the Amorites upon Babylon for either culture or religion. On the other hand, the recent excavations in Palestine bear abundant testimony to Egyptian influence upon its early history, and this as early as the third millennium B. C. It is usually conceded that Semitic civilization is quite as old as that of Egypt. Indeed, some claim that Egypt derived its best culture from Babylonia. But, if the Sumerians exerted any influence upon Egyptian civilization, it was, most likely, indirectly, through the Western Semites or the Amurri. As high an authority as Professor W. M. Müller maintains that the Western Semites influenced Egypt in the very beginnings of its civilization. Arguments and facts like these have convinced Professor Clay that "an ancient Semitic people with a not inconsiderable civilization lived in Amurru prior to the time of Abraham." No one will deny that the Babylonians did make successful invasion into Amurru and subdued its people at different times in the early ages. It is, however, to be remembered that the Amurri in turn invaded Babylonia and founded colonies in the Euphrates valley long before the time of Moses. A great power like Babylonia could not have come in contact with any people without impressing some influence; but as far as Israel is concerned, this influence has been greatly overestimated. Indeed, it is now positively known that "many things that are actually Aramean have been regarded as Babylonian." The New York Sun calls this volume of Professor Clay "A refreshing disturber of the current views of ancient history," a "book which will compel historians to recognize the originality of Israel instead of reducing it to a mere purveyor of borrowed notions."

## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

## CONCERNING THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF GERMAN PROTESTANTISM

THE theological and ecclesiastical movements in any country are, in the nature of the case, more fully—though in part less clearly—mirrored in its periodical literature than in the weighty books of its scholars. A "standard work" is quite as likely to mark the culmination of an epoch as to make an epoch. At all events, the process of a movement must, in great part, be traced in the contemporary periodical literature. If we have reason to take a very special interest in the religious thought and life of Germany—for she has long been the theological preceptress of the Protestant world—we have reason to devote no insignificant share of our attention to her periodical literature in that field. For the present we shall confine our observations to the national Protestant churches. The other Protestant denominations—the so-called "sects"—have, of course, their organs, each one doubtless serving its end with a greater or less degree of efficiency. The organ, for example, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, *Der Evangelist*, is a very creditable sheet. But the ferment, the broadly significant movements are for the most part within the national churches; and so their periodical literature is incomparably more interesting and important, since it must grapple with more difficult problems.

At the first glance we are struck by the extraordinary number of biblical and theological magazines and reviews that address themselves exclusively to scholars. Not that German Protestants are without interest in the popularization of theology! In recent years a strong tendency in that direction has been manifest among them, expressing itself in popular lectures, in series of *Volksbücher*, and in discussions in periodicals designed for the educated laity as well as for the clergy. Yet the impressive and significant fact stands unchanged, that Germany possesses a theological public numerous enough and interested enough to maintain so many and so weighty periodicals devoted to scientific theology. Several of these are purely reviews of the literature of theology. There stands in the first place the *Theologischer Jahresbericht*, that monument of self-sacrificing industry, an annual survey of theological literature in all its departments. There are also some biweekly and monthly reviews, the best of these being the *Theologische Literaturzeitung*, edited by Harnack and Schürer. Its standpoint is liberal. Its conservative counterpart is the *Theologisches Literaturblatt*. Two of the most interesting and helpful publications in this field are *Die Theologische Rundschau* (monthly, now in its thirteenth year) and *Die Theologie der Gegenwart* (quarterly, now in its fourth year). The former, edited by Bousset and Heitmüller, represents a liberal standpoint, while the latter, edited by R. H. Grützmacher and five other specialists, is "positive," but modern. A peculiarity of these two journals is that they review books not singly, but in groups and

connectedly, according to departments. (The *Rundschau*, however, does occasionally make a single important book the subject of a special article.) The *Theologie der Gegenwart* is in reality an annual survey, each department receiving but a single treatment for the whole year. But there are theological journals in which book reviews form a very subordinate feature, or are even wanting altogether. No one of these occupies a more important place than the *Theologische Studien und Kritiken* (quarterly, founded in 1828). Its theological standpoint has been generally regarded as "mediating"; but in reality it seems to come nearer than any other to realizing the ideal of a nonpartisan theological repository. On the other hand, the excellent *Neue Kirchliche Zeitschrift* (monthly) frankly represents modern orthodox Lutheranism according to the Erlangen type. Several excellent periodicals of a more or less general scope must pass unnoticed. One of this class, however—a comparatively new enterprise—must be mentioned as a typical sign of the times. It is *Religion und Geistesakultur* (monthly), edited by Th. Steinmann, Docent in the Moravian Seminary at Gnadenfeld. It is a very interesting and vigorous, but also decidedly liberal, journal. Steinmann's liberalism, manifested in this and in all his work, creates a distressing problem for the mild but conservative Moravian brotherhood. This is, however, not the first outcropping of liberalism in that quarter. Schleiermacher withdrew from the Moravian communion because he found it not broad enough for him. Again, in its time, the Ritschlian theology found an entrance among the students at Gnadenfeld, and thereby some of these were led finally into the national church. The present situation, however, is different from any former ones, for now liberalism calmly yet boldly seeks to maintain its ground within the communion. Since Steinmann has a considerable following, the situation is commonly regarded as "a crisis in the Moravian brotherhood." Most of his collaborators on the journal (it should be remarked) are liberal theologians of the national churches.

The several departments of theology and of church life have, generally, their special representative journals. There is a well-known *Zeitschrift* for Old Testament science, another for the New Testament and Patristic literature, a third for church history. The broad field of practical theology has several scientific journals. There are one for liturgics and ecclesiastical art, another for religious education, and, of course, several of a broader scope. These, for the most part, represent some well-defined theological standpoint, and some of them (as, for example, *Evangelische Freiheit*, edited by Baumgarten, of Kiel) frankly stand forth as the organs of reform movements in church praxis. The reform movements at the present time chiefly relate to catechetics, confirmation, religious instruction in the schools, discipline of pastors for doctrinal aberrations, the relation of the church to the state, and other like matters. A journal that deserves very unusual praise is the *Allgemeine Missionszeitschrift*, now in its thirty-seventh year, edited from the beginning by Dr. Gustav Warneck, latterly with the assistance of Dr. Julius Richter and Dr. R. Grundemann. There are few who would deny to Warneck the distinction of being the highest of all authorities in the domain of the history and

theory of missions, and his *Zeitschrift* is a model of breadth and sound judgment. The universal respect in which it is held may be inferred from the fact that the Prussian High Ecclesiastical Council has authorized each parish in the kingdom (at the discretion of its local council) to procure the *Zeitschrift* at the charges of the parish and incorporate it in the parish archives.

There are several periodicals of importance that specially represent the field of systematic theology. Two of these cultivate Christian apologetics, the third "principial and systematic theology" generally. The apologetic journals (both monthly) are *Glauben und Wissen*, edited by Dennert (founder of the Kepler Alliance) and R. H. Grützmacher, and *Der Geisteskampf der Gegenwart* (formerly *Der Beweis des Glaubens*), edited by Pfennigsdorf. The standpoint of both is conservative and both render a good service. The third of this group, however, is both more interesting and more weighty. It is the well-known *Zeitschrift für Theologie und Kirche* (bimonthly), edited now by Herrmann and Rade, formerly by Gottschick (died, 1907). The general standpoint is Ritschian, though some of the contributors are conservative and some represent the "history-of-religions school." At all events, it will be generally agreed that here we have one of the strongest of all contemporary theological journals.

Omitting any special notice of the many religious family papers (some of which have an extensive circulation) and of all local or provincial journals, we come to consider a very interesting and important class of papers: the weekly journals which address themselves to the educated public, and are the organs of ecclesiastical and theological parties. It is not easy for us to understand the strength of party feeling in the German churches. Yet we may fairly imagine the situation if we keep in mind that German Protestants have pressing upon them the problem of finding a *modus vivendi* of the representatives of the most conflicting tendencies within the limits of one ecclesiastical body. The party spirit may not be stronger than it was a generation ago, but certainly party organization has developed to a remarkable degree; and every group has its organ. For example, the "middle party" in Prussia (known as the *Evangelische Vereinigung*) has the *Preussische Kirchenzeitung*; the group known as the "friends of the Positive Union" have an organ called *Die Positive Union*; and so in like manner the other parties. The most interesting of the journals of this class are by common consent *Die Christliche Welt* and *Die Reformation*. The well-known *Allgemeine Lutherische Kirchenzeitung* also deserves mention. *Die Reformation* (edited by E. Bunke, Berlin) represents the conservatives in a fairly inclusive way, although the "modern-positive" group is more in evidence than the biblical group. Theologically *Die Reformation* is certainly not ultra-conservative, but rather frankly progressive. Nevertheless, it carries on pretty vigorous polemics against modern liberalism. But undoubtedly—apart from all questions of theological standpoint and tendency—the palm must be awarded to the *Christliche Welt* (edited by Professor Rade, Marburg). Its theological standpoint is Ritschian.

**GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES**

SOME of our readers may enjoy a sprightly and sparkling critique published anonymously on Professor William James's Hibbert Lectures which were issued in a volume under the title, *A Pluralistic Universe*. Here follows the critique without quotation marks.

Almost every great philosopher has been annoyed by his devil. Of this history has assured us. Each according to his temperament has come to grips with his household demon. If Satan once in satanic exuberance threw a stone at the head of Saint Dominick, did not Luther fling an inkstand at the dark-skinned gentleman, thereby wasting his temper, good ink, and all to no decorative purpose, though the spot on the wall is still shown to pilgrims? The particular form of devil that entered the *atelier* of Cuvier was of the familiar bovine type. When the naturalist asked him what he wanted, "I've come to swallow you," was the amiable reply. "O, no, you haven't. You wear horns and hoofs. You are graminivorous, not carnivorous." The evil one departed, foiled by a scientific fact. Now students of demonology know that Satan *Mekatrig* may appear disguised as a maleficent idea. The latter part of his life Ernest Renan despised a devil he described as "the mania of certitude." He dearly loved a concept that couldn't conceive. Nature abhors an absolute, and for Renan the world process was *fieri*, a becoming, a perpetual recreation. Professor William James has his own devil, a haunting devil, which he has neither named nor summoned, but that sits by his bedside or with him at his study desk. This bright special devil is Monism, and to exorcise it, to banish it without bell or candle but with book, he has published his Hibbert lectures, delivered at Manchester College, on the present situation of philosophy. The book bears the pleasing title *A Pluralistic Universe*. It is the record of his recent adventures among the masterpieces of metaphysics; and what an iconoclastic cruise it has been for him!

When pragmatism was discussed last year in these columns, we criticised the doctrine—or attitude, or whatever jelly-like form it may assume—thus: "The nature of judgments, most important of propositions, is not dealt with by Professor James. Yet the consequences of judgment are seen in conduct. Pragmatism is not a theory of truth but a theory of what it is expedient to believe." "Precisely so," Mr. James could have retorted; "If it is expedient for you not to believe in pragmatism as a working system, then don't attempt to do so." This advice would have been a perfectly enunciated expression of pragmatism. We confess we do not find him any the less pragmatist in his new volume, as some critics have asserted. He is more protean than ever; but then the essence of pragmatism is to be protean. When you attempt to recall the color of the mind of William James you are forced to think of a chameleon. Running fire, he slips through your fingers, benignly scorching them. The entire temper of *A Pluralistic Universe* is critically warlike. He invades the enemy's

country. Armed with the club of pluralism he attacks the bastions of monism, rationalism, and intellectualism. For the seasoned theologian, says a Roman Catholic theologian, the spectacle must be exhilarating. That old ice church, the stronghold of rationalism, has long been an objective for ecclesiastical hot shot. To see a philosopher of the James eminence shooting the latest fangled scientific projectiles at a common enemy must provoke the query, *Quo vadis?* What next? *Wohin?* That Mr. James employs for hostile purposes the concepts of rationalism Mr. Paul Elmer More has remarked; but the philosopher had forestalled this objection in his note to Lecture 6. Speaking of Bergson, he asks: "Does the author not reason by concepts exclusively in his very attempt to show that they can give no insight?" He answers: "What he reaches by their means is thus only a new practical attitude." *Chi non istima, vici stimato!* we could add.

Let us broach the Jacobean arguments, with one intercalation. The enormous power of visualizing a fact, thanks to the author's intellect and literary style, makes of *A Pluralistic World* ambrosia for the happy many. Without doubt, beginning with Schopenhauer and down to Nietzsche and James, there has been an attempt to batter the musty walls of metaphysical verbiage. Such clarity of speech, such simple ways of putting subtle ideas as Mr. James's are rare among German or English thinkers. The French have enjoyed the monopoly in this respect. Indeed, so deft is the verbal virtuosity of James that his very clearness is often deluding and might become for a man of less sincerity a temptation to indulge in sophistry; but this we feel assured is not so. Whatever essential weaknesses there are in the ideas presented by our philosopher, they are at least presented with the ringing tones of conviction. Or can a man be sincere and a sophist at the same time?

The form of idealistic thinking that postulates an absolute came into English philosophy by way of Germany. "The Rhine has flowed into the Thames," said Professor Henry Jones; "the stream of Germanic idealism has been diffused over the academical world of Great Britain. The disaster is universal." Ferrier, J. H. Stirling, and J. H. Green are to be thanked for this. James thus defines the difference between empiricism and rationalism: "Reduced to their most pregnant difference, empiricism means the habit of explaining wholes by parts, and rationalism means the habit of explaining parts by wholes. Rationalism thus preserves affinities with monism, since wholeness goes with union, while empiricism inclines to pluralistic views. No philosophy can ever be anything but a summary sketch, a picture of the world in abridgment, a foreshortened birds-eye view of the perspective of events; and the first thing to notice is this, that the only material we have at our disposal for making a picture of the whole world is supplied by the various portions of that world of which we have already had experience. We can invent no new forms of conception applicable to the whole exclusively and not suggested originally by the parts. . . . Let me repeat once more that a man's vision is the great fact about him (without vision the people perish). Who cares for Carlyle's reasons, or Schopenhauer's or Spencer's? A philosophy is the ex-

pression of a man's intimate character, and all definitions of the universe are but the deliberately adopted reactions of human characters upon it." James deliberately renounces the metaphysical apparatus and casts logic to the dogs. He must of necessity approve of Jowett's "Logic is neither an art nor a science, but a dodge," quoted by Leslie Stephen; but when logic goes out at the door doesn't faith come in by the window?

With the dualistic theism of Christianity he does not concern himself. "Theological machinery" is not within the scope of these lectures. To demolish the monistic form of pantheism, that pantheism developed by Spinoza, which envisages God as One, as the Absolute, is the delight of our thinker. In reality we are all pragmatists, all pluralists without knowing it until now. On the stage of this theater of ideas the Cambridge master manipulates the concept puppets, the "*All-form*" and the "*Each-form*," and the duel is in this dramatist's hands very exciting. It is not merely a battle of conjunctions, of the *quā* and *quatenus*, the "as" and the "as such," but a wholesome massacre of "ideas," Platonic and their congener. It is a cheerful spectacle to witness an intellectual descendant of Kant, that grand old nihilist of Königsberg, blow skyward with his pluralistic dynamite the lofty structure which once housed the "*Ding an sich*," and those fat, toddling Categorical Imperatives. Professor James is the one philosophic showman who gives you the worth of your money.

He does not believe in an objective Truth with a capital—there are also the "lower case" truths to be taken into consideration. While he hints not at having heard Ibsen's statement that all truths sicken and die about every twenty years, it is not difficult to conjure our chief pragmatist as chuckling over the notion. Pyrrho was philosophically begat by Anaxarchus, and Pyrrho in turn begat pyrrhonism, which begat the modern brood of intellectual deniers, Kant and Hegel at their head. In so far as relates to monism, Professor James is as profound a doubter as Pyrrho. He would gladly extirpate the roots of this system, which builds from above downward. In a suggestive study, *L'Absolu*, by L. Dugas of Paris, the absolute is studied as a pathologic variation of sentiment. "*L'absolutisme, sous toutes ses formes, implique contradiction; il vise un but et un atteint un autre*," asserts the French thinker. We commend this study to Professor James. It may buttress later arguments.

"The pluralistic world," he continues, "is thus more like a federal republic than like an empire or a kingdom." Monism, on the other hand, believes in the block universe, in a timeless, changeless condition; "all things interpenetrate and telescope together in the great total conflux." Philosophy, which is a kind of phoenix in its power of emerging from its own ashes, always reflects the Time Spirit. Formerly absolute and monarchical, it is now democratic, even socialistic. Pluralism appeals to Socialists. Only a few weeks ago J. H. Rosny the elder, the novelist and social philosopher, wrote a book called *Le Pluralisme*, the first chapter of which, "Continuity and Change," appeared in *La Revue du Mois* (April 10). Pluralism and pragmatism have been in the air since Ernest Mach and Richard Avenarius published their important treatises. Francis Herbert Bradley of Oxford, with his Appearance and Reality, is the man

upon whom James trains his heaviest artillery. Josiah Royce is handled in A Pluralistic Universe more gently than in Pragmatism. We still hear of the "tough-minded" and the "tender-minded," and while transcendentalism (O, souvenir of Massachusetts!) is pronounced "thin," pluralism is described as "thick." As much as he dares Professor James avoids the conceptual jargon of the schools. His analogies, which are legion, are formed from the clay of every-day imagery. The immanence of god in the universe (lower-case god) he admits, but pronounces that god finite, not an All-form. Monism is "steep and brittle"—this for the benefit of Oxford. He has named his empiricism Radical Empiricism to distinguish it from the antique atomistic form. After that wonderful book *The Varieties of Religious Experience* we are not surprised to hear Mr. James discussing the phenomenon of psychic research—"I myself firmly believe that most of these phenomena are rooted in reality."

The truth is that titles such as Monism, Idealism and Pragmatism belong to the category of Lewis Carroll's portmanteau words, words into which can be packed many meanings. Mr. More has acutely pointed out that "in denouncing Platonism as the type and source of rationalistic metaphysics he [James] had in mind not the Greek Plato but a Plato viewed through Teutonic spectacles." This is well put. The world of thought is not yet through with Plato, Mr. James included. The terrain of mental vision would be terribly narrowed without the Greek.

Two interesting chapters are devoted one to Fechner and his animism, the other to Henri Bergson, that young French philosopher who has attacked the very ramparts of intellectualism. Read the paragraphs in which are set forth the impotence of intellectualistic logic to define a universe where change is continuous and what really exists is not things made, but things in the making: Renan and his *fléri* again newly instrumented by a brilliant Berlioz of philosophy; also Heraclitus with his fire and flux. While Professor James deprecates the tendency among the younger men to deprecate the originality of our latter-day philosophies, there is no gainsaying the fact that the massive wheel of the World Idea revolves and the systems of yesterday become the systems of to-morrow. Perhaps this is the real Eternal Recurrence of Nietzsche—that Nietzsche who has been the greatest dissolvent in German philosophic values since Kant.

Let us be grateful to Professor James for his large, lucid, friendly book; for his brave endeavor to establish the continuity of experience. He has worked to humanize rationalism, to thaw the frozen concept absolute. If he had cared to he might have described monism as an orchestra with a violin solo performer, making its many members subordinate to the All-form; while the pluralistic orchestra, each and every musician playing in harmony, would typify the Each-form. Yet despite his sympathy with "pan-psychism" and certain manifestations of "superhuman consciousness," no new Barbey d'Aurevilly will ever dare to advise William James—as the old French one did Baudelaire—either to blow out his brains or sink at the foot of the Cross and worship. Faith being the Fourth Dimension of the human intellect, the Cambridge professor dismisses it; yet mysticism rages mightily down Boston way.

**BOOK NOTICES****RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE**

*The Fundamentals.* A Testimony. Vol. I. 16mo, pp. 128. Chicago: Testimony Publishing Company. Mailed free of charge to all pastors furnishing their address to the Testimony Publishing Company.

NOTWITHSTANDING that many of our readers will probably receive this book by mail, we wish to notice it. Two laymen are bearing the expense, believing that a new emphasizing of the fundamentals of the Christian faith is needed. We have not space to review the chapters by Professor James Orr, of Glasgow, Dr. B. B. Warfield, of Princeton, Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, Dr. R. A. Torrey, Dr. A. T. Pierson, and Canon Dyson Hague, of Canada, but we cannot refrain from spreading on our pages the personal testimony of Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins, Baltimore. To those who have believed that faith in the Bible and the God of the Bible does not harmonize with the modern scientific spirit the following testimony from a distinguished physician and surgeon should be of great value. The Editor of Appleton's Magazine says of Dr. Kelly:

"Dr. Howard Kelly, of Baltimore, holds a position almost unique in his profession. With academic, professional, and honorary degrees from the Universities of Pennsylvania, Washington and Lee, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, his rank as a scholar is clearly recognized. For some twenty years professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Johns Hopkins University, his place as a worker and teacher in the applied science of his profession has been beyond question the highest in America and Europe. At least a dozen learned societies in England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Germany, Austria, France, and the United States have welcomed him to membership as a master in his specialty in surgery. Finally, his published works have caused him to be reckoned the most eminent of all authorities in his own field." Dr. Kelly says:

"I have, within the past twenty years of my life, come out of uncertainty and doubt into a faith which is an absolute dominating conviction of the truth and about which I have not a shadow of doubt. I have been intimately associated with eminent scientific workers; have heard them discuss the profoundest questions; have myself engaged in scientific work, and so know the value of such opinions. I was once profoundly disturbed in the traditional faith in which I have been brought up—that of a Protestant Episcopalian—by inroads which were made upon the book of Genesis by the higher critics. I could not then gainsay them, not knowing Hebrew nor archaeology well, and to me, as to many, to pull out one great prop was to make the whole foundation uncertain. So I floundered on for some years, trying, as some of my higher critical friends are trying today, to continue to use the Bible as the Word of God and at the same time holding it of composite authorship, a curious and disastrous piece of

mental gymnastics—a bridge over the chasm separating an older Bible-loving generation from a newer Bible-emancipated race. I saw in the book a great light and glow of heat, yet shivered out in the cold. One day it occurred to me to see what the book had to say about itself. As a short, but perhaps not the best method, I took a concordance and looked out 'Word,' when I found that the Bible claimed from one end to the other to be the authoritative Word of God to man. I then tried the natural plan of taking it as my text-book of religion, as I would use a text-book in any science, testing it by submitting to its conditions. I found that Christ himself invites men (John 7. 17) to do this.

"I now believe the Bible to be the inspired Word of God, inspired in a sense utterly different from that of any merely human book.

"I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, without human father, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary. That all men without exception are by nature sinners, alienated from God, and when thus utterly lost in sin the Son of God himself came down to earth, and by shedding his blood upon the cross paid the infinite penalty of the guilt of the whole world. I believe he who thus receives Jesus Christ as his Saviour is born again spiritually as definitely as in his first birth, and, so born spiritually, has new privileges, appetites, and affections; that he is one body with Christ the Head and will live with him forever. I believe no man can save himself by good works, or what is commonly known as a 'moral life,' such works being but the necessary fruits and evidence of the faith within.

"Satan I believe to be the cause of man's fall and sin, and his rebellion against God as rightful governor. Satan is the prince of all the kingdoms of this world, yet will in the end be cast into the pit and made harmless. Christ will come again in glory to earth to reign even as he went away from the earth, and I look for his return day by day.

"I believe the Bible to be God's Word, because, as I use it day by day as spiritual food, I discover in my own life as well as in the lives of those who likewise use it a transformation, correcting evil tendencies, purifying affections, giving pure desires, and teaching that concerning the righteousness of God which those who do not so use it can know nothing of. It is as really food for the spirit as bread is for the body.

"Perhaps one of my strongest reasons for believing the Bible is that it reveals to me, as no other book in the world could do, that which appeals to me as a physician, a diagnosis of my spiritual condition. It shows me clearly what I am by nature—one lost in sin and alienated from the life that is in God. I find in it a consistent and wonderful revelation, from Genesis to Revelation, of the character of God, a God far removed from any of my natural imaginings.

"It also reveals a tenderness and nearness of God in Christ which satisfies the heart's longings, and shows me that the infinite God, Creator of the world, took our very nature upon him that he might in infinite love be one with his people to redeem them. I believe in it because it reveals a religion adapted to all classes and races, and it is intellectual suicide knowing it not to believe it.

"What it means to me is as intimate and difficult a question to answer as to be required to give reasons for love of father and mother, wife and children. But this reasonable faith gives me a different relation to family and friends; greater tenderness to these and deeper interest in all men. It takes away the fear of death and creates a bond with those gone before. It shows me God as a Father who perfectly understands, who can give control of appetites and affections, and rouse one to fight with self instead of being self-contented.

"And if faith so reveals God to me, I go without question wherever he may lead me. I can put his assertions and commands above every seeming probability in life, dismissing cherished convictions and looking upon the wisdom and ratiocinations of men as folly if opposed to him. I place no limits to faith when once vested in God, the sum of all wisdom and knowledge, and can trust him though I should have to stand alone before the world in declaring him to be true."

Because of this personal testimony by Dr. Kelly, we wish this pamphlet might be read by every physician. For human homes to have Christian men as their physicians is of more critical importance to the safety of those homes than is generally understood. We also transcribe part of Dr. Warfield's chapter on the deity of Christ. It is as follows:

"A man recognizes on sight the face of his friend, or his own handwriting. Ask him how he knows this face to be that of his friend, or this handwriting to be his own, and he is dumb, or, seeking to reply, babbles nonsense. Yet his recognition rests on solid grounds, though he lacks analytical skill to isolate and state these solid grounds. We believe in God and freedom and immortality on good grounds, though we may not be able satisfactorily to analyze these grounds. No true conviction exists without adequate rational grounding in evidence. So, if we are solidly assured of the deity of Christ, it will be on adequate grounds, appealing to the reason. But it may well be on grounds not analyzed, perhaps not analyzable, by us, so as to exhibit themselves in the forms of formal logic.

"We do not need to wait to analyze the grounds of our convictions before they operate to produce convictions, any more than we need to wait to analyze our food before it nourishes us; and we can soundly believe on evidence much mixed with error, just as we can thrive on food far from pure. The alchemy of the mind, as of the digestive tract, knows how to separate out from the mass what it requires for its support; and as we may live without any knowledge of chemistry, so we may possess earnest convictions, solidly founded in right reason, without the slightest knowledge of logic. The Christian's conviction of the deity of his Lord does not depend for its soundness on the Christian's ability convincingly to state the grounds of his conviction. The evidence he offers for it may be wholly inadequate, while the evidence on which it rests may be absolutely compelling.

"The very abundance and persuasiveness of the evidence of the deity of Christ greatly increases the difficulty of adequately stating it. This is true even of the scriptural evidence, as precise and definite as much of it is. For it is a true remark of Dr. Dale's that the particular texts in which

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it is definitely asserted are far from the whole, or even the most impressive, proofs which the Scriptures supply of our Lord's deity. He compares these texts to the salt-crystals which appear on the sand of the sea-beach after the tide has receded. 'These are not,' he remarks, 'the strongest, though they may be the most apparent, proofs that the sea is salt; the salt is present in solution in every bucket of sea water.' The deity of Christ is in solution in every page of the New Testament. Every word that is spoken of him, every word which he is reported to have spoken of himself, is spoken on the assumption that he is God. And that is the reason why the 'criticism' which addresses itself to eliminating the testimony of the New Testament to the deity of our Lord has set itself a hopeless task. The New Testament itself would have to be eliminated. Nor can we get behind this testimony. Because the deity of Christ is the presupposition of every word of the New Testament, it is impossible to select words out of the New Testament from which to construct earlier documents in which the deity of Christ shall not be assumed. The assured conviction of the deity of Christ is coeval with Christianity itself.

"Let us observe in an example or two how thoroughly saturated the gospel narrative is with the assumption of the deity of Christ, so that it crops out in the most unexpected ways and places.

"In three passages of Matthew, reporting words of Jesus, he is represented as speaking familiarly and in the most natural manner in the world, of 'his angels' (13. 41; 16. 27; 24. 31). In all three he designates himself as the 'Son of man'; and in all three there are additional suggestions of his majesty. 'The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that cause stumbling and those that do iniquity, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire.'

"Who is this Son of man who has angels, by whose instrumentality the final judgment is executed at his command? 'The Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then shall he reward every man according to his deeds.' Who is this Son of man surrounded by his angels, in whose hands are the issues of life? The Son of man 'shall send forth his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.' Who is this Son of man at whose behest his angels winnow men? A scrutiny of the passages will show that it is not a peculiar body of angels which is meant by the Son of man's angels, but just the angels as body, who are his to serve him as he commands. In a word, Jesus Christ is above angels (Mark 13. 32)—as is argued at explicit length at the beginning of the Epistle to the Hebrews. 'To which of the angels said he at any time, Sit on my right hand,' etc. (Heb. 1. 13)."

*The Christian Pastor in the New Age.* By ALBERT JOSIAH LYMAN. 12mo, pp. 174. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

A FRESH taste of the quality of Dr. Lyman, whose flavor is rare and racy. His article in our March number which tried to show "The Spiritual Beauty of the Doctrine of Evolution" exhibited without trying the spiritual beauty of A. J. Lyman. As to his fitness and preparedness to

write effectively upon the topic of the book now before us, anybody who cared to take the trouble could get competent and conscientious testimony by inquiring of Dr. Lyman's people in the South Congregational Church, Brooklyn, which for thirty-six years has joyously owned and realized in him a pastor of surpassing acceptability and complete efficiency. Dr. Lyman need only pour out upon these pages the fullness of his own pastoral spirit to make the volume glow and tingle with fine enthusiasm, incandescent enough to kindle something similar in us. The *élan*, the *erve*, the chivalry of that pastoral spirit which marks the true minister of Christ so suffuse and vivify this book as to make it contagious to every susceptible ministerial soul. Listen to this sentence, taken haphazard just where we happen to open the book: "The pastor realizes, to the core, that his pastorate is an offense and a farce before God and his own soul unless it be the reflex of an uncommon striving after all that is high and fine in personal character. He enters thus upon the *Via Sanctissima* of his life." Similarly bracing, inspiriting, and summoning are these five uplifting, challenging, and exhilarating chapters, which were given as lectures on the George Shepard Foundation at Bangor Theological Seminary. Nothing is emphasized more than the absolute indispensability of high personal character in the minister. All that we praise and advocate in and for others we ministers are bound to be and to do up to our utmost possibility. What a happy phrase is this of Dr. Lyman's, "the beauty of a consecrated and winnowed manhood"! This book is corrective of the unfortunate misapprehension which makes some men regard pastoral work as the prosy half of a minister's duty. Dr. Lyman is aware that these lectures deal with what seems to some the more perfunctory and humdrum phase of our professional work, as contrasted with the preaching phase of it. But he insists, with splendid ardor flaming up out of faithful, joyful, and triumphant pastoral years, that there can be no ideal or excellent ministerial efficiency unless preaching and pastoral service interplay; unless each of these two poles of the ministerial battery is alive with the power shot over from the other pole; and the vital fire in both poles is one. Also he insists and makes it plain that the necessity for the interplay of these two poles is more urgent now than ever, because the conditions in our modern age require, as no other age ever has, the blending of preacher and pastor in the figure of the one spiritual teacher and leader, making one potent and prevailing personality. Were we required at this moment to name the most valuable chapter in this book, we might select that on "The Pastoral Spirit," because the other chapters are in large degree an amplification of that one; and because the minister who really has the true passionate and enthusiastic pastoral spirit, is sure to discover or devise and to adopt and master methods of work suitable to his peculiar field and manageable by himself with his individual constitution, temperament, and training. With reference to the pastoral calling Dr. Lyman makes three affirmations: 1. The pastor is a human comrade and counselor. 2. He is a spiritual sponsor and guide. 3. He is a social mediator in a distracted age, amid the confused and warring factions of our time. The solemn responsibility and surpassing

sanctity of our calling are impressed by our Master's words concerning us, "As thou didst send me into the world, even so I sent them into the world." Messiahs we in our finite measure, as Christ in his infinite. Our Lord's words are our warrant for understanding the ministerial office to be not only fraternal but also priestly and in some real sense authoritative. Paul understood himself to be a spokesman for the unseen Eternal, an ambassador of Jesus Christ. "As though God were entreating by us," cries this intense, per fervid apostle. Concerning the anointing and empowering from above, these are some of Dr. Lyman's words: "Something does indeed flow down from Christ into the minister's heart—a distinct divine help, though availing itself of the normal channels of his nature, appearing as a deepening of motive, a vivifying of consciousness, a facilitating of growth, an unlocking of latent power; in a word, the realization of an impelling force which fills the normal faculties and channels of his being with a fuller volume of power, to help the minister in all his service, pulpit and pastoral." Having emphasized the fact that the Christian pastor must be the comrade of all the souls committed to his care or within his reach in such close and confidence-inspiring association as will lead them to make him their spiritual confidant, confessor, and adviser, Dr. Lyman shows how imperatively the conditions of this present age require the minister to be a social mediator. Seeing in what a whirling and rocking time we live, amid the dissolution of various traditions, amid intellectual, social, and industrial upheavals and dislocations and realignments, full of possibilities, wavering perilously yet hopefully between the disastrous and the glorious; feeling the acute and recurring shocks between opposing classes; and especially hearing the ominous sound of the sweeping surge of a socialistic propaganda, half mad, half prophetic; seeing all these and other kindred elements seething and boiling in this modern age, Dr. Lyman cries out: "O for a battalion of ministers who shall go forth now in Christ's name, so nobly comrades as to be also true mediators among men! I see the holy and beautiful lips of the Galilean moving again as of old, saying, 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' the intellectual and spiritual mediators of the new age. Christian pastors are called of the time and of God to be such. Nobody else can be such so well. The minister must be a mediator now or fail. He must explain men to themselves and to one another. He must explain man to man, class to class. He must be the link of fellowship between what else would fall asunder. He must humanly mediate between men, in order that he may articulate and reincarnate the spirit of his Master's mediation between man and God." Dr. Lyman specifies five main features of the pastoral spirit in action: 1. The chivalry of Christian honor for men, as men. 2. The tenderness of Christian sympathy with men. 3. The genius of rescue. 4. The passion for spiritual sponsorship. 5. The cheer of the invulnerable Christian hope. The last two chapters treat of "The Pastor as Parish Organizer and Leader," and "The Pastor as Preacher and Public Religious Teacher." To the soul capable of feeling it, this manly book is alive, quivering, electric, inciting enough to make him a better minister. Now let us enliven and vary this notice with some of Dr. Lyman's quotations.

He quotes from Adam Bede Mrs. Poyster's saying about the difference between the two parsons of Hayslope: "Mr. Irwine was like a good meal o' victuals—you were the better for him without thinking on it; and Mr. Ryde was like a dose o' physic—he gripped you and he worried you, and after all, he left you much the same." "Mr. Ryde," says Dr. Lyman, "represents the fault-finding, condemnatory attitude toward humanity; and it is false and bad. . . . No sense, however poignant, of human misery, error, and unlovableness, or even of the black depths of that iniquity in which humanity plunged can neutralize the true pastor's underlying reverence for the human creature. . . . A Christian minister ought to be able even to walk down the white clanking corridor of the State's prison, bearing to the wrecked and wretched congregation assembled there to meet him, an honor for 'the man within the man.' " Speaking of comradeship our Bangor lecturer says that it does not imply and cannot tolerate such boisterous bonhomie as is satirized by Cowper:

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumping on your back  
His sense of your great merit,  
Is such a friend that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed  
To pardon or to bear it.

Galton once wrote of the "gently complaining and fatigued spirit in which evangelical divines are apt to spend their days," which recalls Dr. Charles M. Stuart's recent remark about a certain young minister having been much petted and coddled by old women of both sexes. Here is a bit of Dr. Lyman's experience: "I once preached a sermon on the parables. After church, at dinner, my kind host turned to his little daughter, who had attended church with her father, and said: 'Well, Sadie, can you tell now what a parable is?' 'Yes, sir,' said the little Sadie, promptly, and without a suspicion of incivility. 'What is it, my dear?' 'It is this, papa: a parable is a heavenly truth without any earthly meaning.' She didn't understand the burst that followed. I did, and burnt that sermon. Gentlemen, make your pastorate, however high and heavenly, have *earthly meaning*." Take another morsel of practical advice from this Doctor of Divinity who was educated for the medical profession: "It seems worth while to say in passing—cultivate special friendship with high-toned medical men. Their way of looking at life is apt to be saner than yours. Your profession and theirs meet in the care and cure of the same complex human personality. The age-old instinct which has so closely affiliated the two professional offices is just and profound—but not to the point of confusing the two arenas, as some of our mushy modern cults undoubtedly do. Never usurp the physician's place; but always respect the physician's point of view. Correct your own by it. There is no better corrective for your own doctrinaire tendency. All good theology can walk arm in arm with good physics. Do not take such a 'header' into the 'Emmanuel Movement' or any other, that you cannot stand out in honorable, manly, humble friendship with medical men. They know more about curing people than you

or I know, or ever will know." For loveliness take the following from Dr. Lyman (he is speaking of the companionship of Christ's disciples with their Master): "If there were time, one would love to try to sketch that wonderful Syrian idyl, how 'friendship grew from more to more'—to re-adapt Tennyson's delicate phrase—as that little band of men trudged to and fro in Palestine, along the curving, crowded shore of Gennesaret, across the flower-strewn plain of Esdraelon, over the rugged uplands of Judæa, for those three swift, gentle years, sailing in a boat together, camping together at night, and resting side by side at noonday in some green outlooking glade of the hills. The tone was that of a steadily deepening human fellowship with Jesus. They heard the Galilean intonation. They saw the evenly parted flowing hair. They gazed into his face. They became familiar with the mild, strong brow, the ineffable lit look, the comrade-compelling eyes. They became one with him, with the body and soul of him; so that it had become natural at last for Saint John to lay his older head upon the bosom of the young Master. But this familiarity did not breed satiety, least of all disrespect. The better they came to know him, the more they came to love him; then love whitened into reverence, and reverence hushed itself in a kind of wondering homage and blessed trust, until the mental soil had become mellowed and sifted and prepared for the thrilling enlargement of faith and consecration which followed the resurrection, in which they took up their Master's mediatorial commission in his name."

*Pastoral Work.* By Rev. R. C. JOYNT, M.A. 16mo, pp. 128. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, 40 cents.

THIS is another of the Anglican Church Handbooks, several of which we have already noticed. We will confess that we did not come to this Anglican book very hopefully, having a fear of finding it prim, stiff, perfunctory, mechanical, a bit dilettant. Fairness requires us to confess that it is not so. Perhaps we ought to repent of our fears. The spirit of the book is sweet, devout, fine, noble. We have read it with almost unalloyed pleasure. Beginning with the "Pastor at Prayer," we have this:

"When one that holds communion with the skies  
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,  
And once more minglest with us meander things,  
It is as though an angel shook his wings;  
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
And tells us whence those treasures are supplied.

"Let us settle it in our minds once for all that prayer is the *only* power which moves God's hand, so far as he has revealed his ways to us. All saints who have moved their fellows in the things of God have been men or women of prayer. It is only as the meadows and gardens spread themselves out beneath the sky that they are filled with life and fruit. It is only as the wheels and straps of the factory are linked with the power-house that they can move at all. Are we bemoaning a comparatively fruitless ministry? Look, O, let us look at what happens in our times of prayer. Is the spiritual tone of our flock, of our communicants,

of our fellow workers low? Let us look again in the same place. Have a fixed time for meeting God in prayer. The morning is by far the best time for this. The house is still. Callers do not interrupt. The daily paper has not arrived. The post is not yet.

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
What parched grounds revive as with a shower!  
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;  
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth, a sunny outline brave and clear.  
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!"

The exhortation to naturalness is always needed by every generation of preachers: "Some one has said that all church worship should be set to music in 'B natural,' while most of it as a matter of fact is in 'B flat.' This is severe and often but too sadly true. Anyhow, it is extraordinary how listless and unreal we can be in this tremendous business of speaking as God's ambassadors to men. An actor would be hissed from the stage by an indignant gallery, and an advocate wait long for a second brief, if the too frequent ways of the pulpit were to be the way of the footlights or the gown. It would be well worth while for the preacher to pay an occasional visit to one of our higher courts of justice. Let him go there and study the ways of the successful advocate. He will see in him much that will rebuke the messenger of heaven. He has mastered his case in all its bearings; he has made the interests of his client his own interests; and he pleads and reasons with arguments all marshaled with masterly skill, riddling with ridicule or scorn the case presented by the other side, or melting with pathos the heart of the jurors. He has one object constantly before him, and to the attainment of this the whole man and all his powers are bent; and, for the time, anyhow, he seems to care for naught else in the whole world. He seeks to '*persuade men*' Compare with all this our ways in pulpit or class. And yet, if we do but believe it, immortal interests of magnitude so vast that no terms in human speech can express them are in our hands. We have come straight out of the presence of the King, who has just given us, *ex hypothesi*, an audience for the purpose, to deliver not a theological essay, but to proclaim a message from him, or to translate into terms of easy comprehension some great article of his will which he would have us explain to his subjects. Where, O where, is the light of heaven on our faces which such an audience and such a task should spread there? Where is the reasoning, the pleading, the warning, the pressing demands for a verdict there and then? 'What word shall I bring again to him that sent me?' This powerlessness and ineffectiveness in the pulpit are explained by one simple but terrible word—*unreality*. This is the cause of the 'Sunday voice,' the listlessness, the absence of pleading and tenderness, the disorderly arrangement of the sermon, and, by consequence, the weariness or the impatience or emptiness of the pew." Systematic visitation of the right quality is emphasized as indispensable for any influential ministry: "The

minister must give himself heart and soul to this branch of the duties of his calling. How else than by this means can he seek the sheep that have gone or are going astray? How else can he acquire that nearness to his people's lives and that knowledge of their needs which will make his public ministry really useful to them? By what other means will he be able

By day and night strict guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish the lambs and feed the sheep?

This can be possible only by close, personal, intimate contact with the people in their homes. Proficiency in scholarship, easy fluency in pulpit speech, dialectical skill in argument, good fellowship in social life, reverent conduct of the worship of the sanctuary, severity of self-discipline, mastery of the truths of the eternal Scriptures and power with God in prayer are great things; and we must covet them earnestly, and seek to acquire them, and let a holy discontent possess us if they are not ours. But they are neither separately or collectively an adequate substitute for the first condition of a true pastorate, the visiting of the flock. Herein is found more than anywhere else the likeness to the Good Shepherd. It is the story of his going 'away on the mountains wild and bare,' of his climbing the hills 'far off from the gates of gold,' that breaks the heart of stone and furnishes the model for the soul-seeker to copy. He *went about doing good.* And Saint Paul recalls the features of his own settled ministry at Ephesus by reminding the elders of that church that he taught them from *house to house*, that he ceased not to warn *every* one of them day and night, and that he had gone in and out *among them*. Moreover, it is the unanimous testimony of experience that it is the man whom men have learned to know by their own fireside, whether in cottage or mansion, to whose pulpit message they will most willingly listen, and to whom in the cloudy and dark day of sickness and loneliness they will most readily turn." On the matter of tactful and helpful visitation of the sick some useful hints are given: "If on a second visit to the sick we are told that the sufferer is too ill or too tired to see us, it is more than probable that we blundered somehow. This, surely, is not always so; but it often is. We have been either too loud or too rough or too long, or we have been awkward and self-conscious in manner, with the result that he was tired rather than refreshed, and now he asks in a weary way to be excused. Well, let us learn by our failures and try to do better. Cases of serious illness we will try to visit frequently, even daily or oftener. Our visits to them will be short—just a pressure of the hand, a brief message from God *well* chosen, and brief, pointed prayer that does not wander round the whole orbit of spiritual experience, but deals tenderly and plainly with the sufferer's physical and spiritual need. Though it be short, our visit must never suggest bustle or haste, or leave an agitated atmosphere behind. Chronic or prolonged illness we must seek to deal with in quite a different way. But there must be *method*. We will call at regular intervals, and seek, too, to be systematic in the order of our teaching in such cases. Here we can sit a little longer by the bedside. We can enter into

the general interests of the patient. If he is poor, we are probably the chief medium between him and the outer world, and we must try to carry a breezy freshness into the dull room. A bunch of flowers or the loan of a book will nearly always be welcome. A long illness gives the pastor his chance of proving in a multitude of small ways that he is a real friend, a man of flesh and blood as well as spirit; and holy intimacies which will last into eternity will be formed. He is his Master's representative, and his visits, free from the stiffness of officialism, and fragrant with really loving interest, will often be the outstanding event in a sufferer's dreary day. But he must never let himself forget that he is before all else a 'steward of the mysteries of God,' and that 'it is required in stewards that a man be found *faithful*.' It is the things that are Jesus Christ's that he has come to bring." For the practice of gentle wisdom and tender consideration there is no such school or sphere as the sick-room or the house of mourning. One extreme instance, known to us, stands in our mind as the type of tactless visitation. The sufferer had been ill a long time. The visitor took a chair by the bedside, leaned over the invalid, critically scrutinized the bloodless and emaciated face, and then said, abruptly, "Well, ain't it amazing, Eliza, how you do hang on?" When this Anglican book comes to discuss relations with Nonconformists, it shows considerable good sense: "There is no strong sign given by the non-episcopal bodies that they have any great wish, not to speak of deep heart yearning, to come back, under any conditions which demand sacrifice, to the old fold. The segments of the circle which were broken off, or broke away of their own accord, have in process of time become full-orbed themselves, and now sweep along in an orbit of their own. The analogy of the heavenly bodies and their processes of formation is suggestive. The constellations would appear to have been formed in some cases by nebulous aggregation first of all; that is, the gradual cohesion of enormous masses of undefined material gathered to centers as the result of very rapid rotation. Some of these aggregates in their earliest efforts would collide with others; while yet others, being only held together by weak bonds, would break up into sections of varying dimensions; these in their turn (and, again, as the result of revolution in more or less well defined courses) being formed into stars of the minor magnitudes. But with what sublime results and effects have these stupendous movements been followed under the governing eye of Him who bringeth out their hosts by number! What a spectacle of splendor, majesty, order, and beauty the spacious firmament on high presents when no earth-born clouds arise to hide or becloud the vision! Greater and smaller magnitudes; greater and lesser distances; varieties of constitution and chemical ingredient; differences even of color there are; but, as we look, we say in adoring wonder that they declare the glory of God, and that all his works praise him, and proclaim that the Hand that made them is divine. And who dreams of gathering them all into one gigantic sun? The Church has her firmament too, with its greater and lesser lights. It too has had its collisions, and its nebulous opinions concentrated in well-defined, full-orbed, and light-radiating creeds. It too has seen that when the central nucleus held

the outlying elements with a weakly grasp, these have broken off or drifted off to become in turn bright stars, themselves working out their divinely given laws according to their own genius. And why not? Behold the effects if rightly viewed! Not one great light to shine on the world but *many*, some greater and some less. If the figure may still be pursued, is God more glorified by one great Sirius absorbing into itself, or even linking close to itself, all the other lights of the November sky, than by the present method whereby the whole vault above is bespangled with myriads of lights of which each in its own office waits? Or, to look elsewhere for a guiding analogy, is the British army, to be efficient, to consist of *one* regiment? Will things be improved by its officers interchanging 'parade grounds'? Or by the rank and file tearing their denominational numbers from their shoulder-straps as though they were symbols of dissension? Will the country's foes, if she has any, be more afraid of us when regimental distinctions of uniform and the like have disappeared, and when the troops refuse to see any value in the system which would place, say, West African regiments, with their weird battle cries and quaint attire, under a different regime from that appointed for the Second Life Guards? An army is not a mob or an unordered crowd. The church in the widest sense, too, has her regimental system. She has her ranks distributed under great varieties of leadership and discipline. She has one Commander-in-Chief, and all parts of the army hold him as the Head. There is a good deal of undesirable jealousy and suspicion, and these owing to some unevenness in the distribution of decorations; but they will not be removed by attempts at fusion, or by prescribing uniform methods of enrolment or training. The troops will, when the last word has been said, best serve under their own officers; and in the day of battle or at the call of their Divine Commander they will go solid with a united front against the foe. And such calls are not few or infrequent. The call to fight drink, unregulated passion, gambling, selfishness, and unbelief is a daily call. In the fight against these hideous enemies of God and the human race united action is called for and is possible every day. There is an immense field of coöperation standing ready with its gates wide open, and free from all ecclesiastical tests, which invites our laboring hands, where the rich grain fields are being devoured by insidious pests while we are settling at the gate questions of precedence, the vesting of the reaper, or the shape of the sickle. *Open-air services*, too, furnish admirable opportunity for the kind of noncompromising coöperation for which this page pleads. There is no denominational test needed. We can boldly rebuke vice and lovingly declare God's supreme demands here. The Wesleyan hand may wrest from his grasp with tender compulsion the drunkard's tankard, while the churchman may place there a draught from the pure river of the water of life; and both can return to their own proper ministries altogether blessed by this form of interchange. Let pardon be granted for introducing here from a weekly paper an impression of another great force which is working in the direction of a union which involves no compromise of principles—the *Keswick Convention*: 'One was more than ever moved by the extraordinary beauty of that girdle

of blue-purple hills which surrounds the town and the Derwentwater lake, "child of the clouds remote from every stain," and also by the indescribable fragrance of the air. In such a setting was the Keswick Convention, mother of many similar sacred Parliaments, first founded by the holy hands of an English clergyman thirty and odd years ago. Though neither possessing nor making a claim to be what is called a Keswick man, I am yet profoundly convinced that in these gatherings, so sober, reverent, and (this year, anyhow) so free from the perils of mere emotion, God makes the place of his feet glorious. The assemblies in the tents were certainly very remarkable in every way. Their size, the great numbers of clergy (some being what are called High Church clergy), the large contingents from universities and mission fields, as well as the great numbers of young men and young women of all ranks—these were features which forced themselves on the notice of those who were in a position to take note of them. I was, if possible, more impressed by the listeners than by the speakers. Their evident keenness to hear and learn, the thousands of Bibles in use all over those vast areas, the strained attention, the singing, and the deep hush which often swept noiselessly over the immense concourse, were all very impressive indeed. Probably nowhere else would quite three thousand persons be seen making their way to an Intercession Meeting at the early hour of seven in the morning. At the evening Convention Meetings no doubt many felt that the speaking varied in spiritual power, and that some of those who addressed us did not gain the same degree of access to their hearers' hearts as was given to others. The general impression remaining in my mind after this sacred and precious interlude in a busy life is that it was good—more than good, blessed—to be there, and that it is a profound loss to any shepherd of souls, as well as to the flock he feeds, if he holds aloof from these holy convocations. And I write at the standpoint of one who gives not a merely official adherence, but a deep and devoted affection, to our more than beloved Church of England. "Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." Men are coming more and more to see that the want of the hour, the want that cries in their deepest heart, is not more or better organization, but more power from God, and deeper life on the part of his representatives." The book closes as follows: "The feature of a pastor's holiday which probably many of us enjoy most, in prospect anyhow, is escape from the sound of our door-bells. When things are right between us and the flock there will be many coming and going, and we cannot 'be hid' any more than our Master could in the days when he would have no man know where he was. Saint Paul 'received all that came in unto him,' and such must be our rule too. Great preachers there have been who fled to the British Museum library to escape the callers; or who hung out cards on their study doors forbidding disturbers, whatever might be their business. But to be always accessible, and to bear the image of the Master on our faces in the presence of bores and gossips as well as of real seekers after help for their souls, needs much grace. That image will be borne only by those who dwell in the secret place; who live in the presence of God. Apart from those who come on their own initiative there

[May]

are many in most congregations who, though they would shrink from a spontaneous opening of their soul's difficulties to us, will yet be encouraged by an occasional informal or passing announcement that we are glad to see real seekers at our homes. The hysterical or neurotic visitor we will be very cautious with. She (for this is the sex of such as a rule) does not require spiritual consolation at all, but possibly sea air, more bodily exercise, to live on better terms with her people at home, or some definite work which will take her out of herself. She must not on any account be encouraged to call on us often. Men, and especially young men, are greatly drawn to us by an invitation to dinner or tea, especially if they are not merely a section of a large gathering. To be able to do this well is a very real pastoral gift. We are in this social way likely to get *nearer* to men than by pulpit gifts, however great. Both are good. Neither can be dispensed with. It is wonderful how few men know their pastor well. A piece of paper was lately picked up in a pew. It contained, in a man's writing, a few notes of a sermon, with this comment at the foot: 'He is not a great preacher, but he has wonderfully helped me, and I feel that I could go to him in spiritual difficulty more easily than to any man I know.'

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#### PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*Essays on Modern Novelists.* By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, M.A., Ph.D., Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale. 12mo, pp. 293. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

A DISTINCTLY modern book; modern in its subjects—William De Morgan, W. D. Howells, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Rudyard Kipling, Mark Twain, and the like; modern in its authorship, Professor Phelps being one of the younger literary critics of America, and quite modern in spirit and in style. The book is every way contemporary with its readers. In particular it has this living interest, that it deals with authors whose ultimate repute and rank are not yet agreed upon and decided; so that the reader may feel at liberty and also feel able to have an opinion of his own, to participate in the discussions, since they relate to open questions and estimates and reputations still debatable. The reader is not suppressed, over-awed, and silenced as by the serene and settled majesty of established classics. When, for example, Professor Phelps gives Mark Twain a place in the front rank and on the top level of literature, the reader feels himself on familiar ground, knows the subject pretty intimately, and is quite likely to have a decided and, possibly, a very different opinion of his own. Largely this book deals with reputations that are still in the making, and with subjects where there is still plenty of room for *pro* and *con*. Any place will do for us to strike into the book. Page 253, Appendix B, has this opinion from the author: "I believe that the cardinal error of a divinity-school education is that the candidate for the ministry spends half his time in the laborious study of Hebrew, whereas he should study the subjects that primarily interest not his colleagues but his audience."

## Priests

Should study passion; how else cure mankind,  
Who come for help in passionate extremes?

A preacher who knows Hebrew, Greek, systematic theology, New Testament interpretation, and who knows nothing about literature, history, art, and human nature, is grotesquely unfitted for his noble profession." One of Professor Phelps's most interesting chapters is on William De Morgan, author of *Joseph Vance*, *Alice-For-Short*, *Somehow Good*, and *It Never Can Happen Again*. One remarkable fact is that this possibly most famous of novelists now living did not begin the first chapter of his first book until he was past sixty-three years of age. He did most of his brilliant and powerful work and rose suddenly into fame after he was sixty-five. One characteristic of De Morgan may be a hint for preachers. He never begins slowly. His books do not deserve the description once given by the advertiser of a certain novel, "This book goes with a rush and ends with a smash," but he always begins briskly. He gets under way speedily and plunges at once into the very heart of action. We are told how Tolstoy, picking up a little story by Pushkin, paused with delight on the first sentence, "The guests began to assemble the evening before the *fête*." "That's the way to begin a story," cried the great Russian. "The reader is taken at one stroke into the midst of the action. Another writer would have commenced by describing the guests, the rooms, while Pushkin goes straight at his goal." De Morgan's books are vivacious at the start; a sense of action stirs in the first scene. It is well for the preacher to get the attention of his audience at the start, by saying something significant in his opening paragraph. Prolongation of preliminary palaver (as Dr. Johnson might have expressed it) has ruined many a sermon. Of two successive pastors in a prominent New York city church it was said: "It took the first one twenty or thirty minutes to get under way. His successor strikes twelve in the first sentence and keeps on striking all the way through." The second of these was Cyrus D. Foss. His first sentence fixed attention like the clear, high sound of a bugle, and from then to the end all was movement, meaning, and incitement. Of such preaching nobody can say, as a little girl said of a certain speaker, "He talked and talked and talked, and we all thought he was going to say something; but he didn't." Professor Phelps says that De Morgan might have prefixed to all his novels the words which Browning prefixes to "*Sordello*": "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study." In *Joseph Vance* the following remark of Dr. Thorpe is said to express both the philosophy of De Morgan and the basal moral principle underlying the whole book: "The highest good is the growth of the soul, and the greatest man is he who rejoices most in great fulfillments of the will of God." Our author notes that De Morgan is a bit shame-faced when he talks about the deepest things, the things that really interest him most. His Reverend Mr. Capstick is far from being an ideal type, "but he has one characteristic that we might, to a certain extent, imitate; he sees no reason to apologize for conversing on great topics, or to break

up such a conversation with an embarrassed laugh. Most of us are horribly afraid of being taken for sanctimonious persons, when there is not the slightest danger of it. We are always pleasantly surprised when we discover that our friends are at heart just as serious as we are, and that they, too, regret the mask of flippancy that our Anglo-Saxon false modesty compels us to wear. It is noted that in De Morgan's books all the characters that he loves show *soul-development*; the few characters that are unlovely have souls that do not advance. Most of his characters have the inner man renewed day by day; and the reader feels that at physical death such personalities proceed naturally into a sphere of eternal progress. But he has some characters whose souls stand still; and the reader finds himself thinking, "Why should they live forever?" This is the distinction which De Morgan seems to make between people who are fundamentally good and those who are fundamentally bad. Another thing noted by Professor Phelps in De Morgan's books is the potent influence of good women on men's lives. It is truly said that the tone and significance of Guy de Maupassant's works would be completely changed if he had included some women who combined virtue with personal charm. We quote: "Young Joseph Vance was fortunate indeed in having in his life the powerful influence of two such characters as Lossie Thorpe and Janey Spencer. They were what a compass is to sailor, taking him straight on his course through the blackest storms. It was for Lossie that he made the greatest sacrifice in his whole existence; and *nothing pays a higher rate of moral interest than a big sacrifice*. It was Janey who led him from the grossness of earth into the spiritual world—something that Lossie, with all her loveliness, could not do. De Morgan's women show that there is nothing inherently dull in goodness; it may be accompanied with some *esprit*. We are too apt to think that moral goodness is represented by such persons as the elder brother in the story of the prodigal son, whereas the parable indicates that the younger brother, with all his crimes, was actually the more virtuous and lovable of the two." Professor Phelps says that, in De Morgan's novels, "Salvation often assumes a feminine shape." Another thing to De Morgan's credit is that he creates "orthodox believers, like Lossie's husband and Athelstan Taylor—big wholesome fellows—and deliberately makes them irresistibly attractive. The professional parson is often ridiculed in modern novels; but in De Morgan's book the only important character who combines intelligence with virtue is the Reverend Athelstan Taylor." Speaking of Kipling, Professor Phelps says that he had, twenty years ago, "what the Methodists call 'liberty.'" Writing of Thomas Hardy, he says: "Every man must love something greater than himself, and as Mr. Hardy had no God, he has drawn close to the world of trees, plains, and rivers." All the god Hardy knows is a hideous and savage monster. Of course he is a bitter and utter pessimist. We are not able to share our author's admiration for this pessimism, even granting that Hardy was sincere in it. We cannot concede dignity or impressiveness or sanity to Hardy's conception of God as "a kind of insane child who cackles foolishly as he destroys the most precious objects." In truth, we

have no respect whatever for such a conception. Hardy's conception is as unworthy and intolerable as the God he imagines. And such a conception makes Hardy absurd. The nature of Hardy's women may be inferred from the fact that one woman reader, exasperated and outraged at his female characters, wrote on the margin of one of his books, "O, how I hate Thomas Hardy!" Professor Phelps says Hardy represents his women as swayed by sudden and constantly changing caprice, changing their minds oftener than they change their clothes. "And they all resemble their maker in one respect: at heart every one of them is a pagan. It is human passion, and not religion, that is the mainspring of their lives. He has never drawn a truly spiritual woman, like Browning's *Pompilia*"—who, we may add, is almost if not quite the most spiritual woman in all poetry or fiction. Writing of Björnstjerne Björnson, our author says that in one of this novelist's books a variety of educational theories are aired, but "the chief one appears to be that in the curriculum for young girls the major study should be physiology. Hygiene, which so many bewildered persons are accepting just now in lieu of the gospel, plays a heavy part in Björnson's later work. The gymnasium takes the place of the church; and acrobatic feats of the body are deemed more healthful than the religious aspirations of the soul. One of the characters usually appears walking on his hands, which is not the only way in which he is upside down." Professor Phelps thinks W. D. Howells has had more influence on the output of fiction in America than any other living man, but rates Mark Twain as "our foremost living American writer." As a sample of Twain's humor this is quoted from *Following the Equator*: "We sailed for America, and there made certain preparations. This took but little time. Two members of my family elected to go with me. Also a carbuncle. The dictionary says a carbuncle is a kind of jewel. Humor is out of place in a dictionary." Huckleberry Finn seems to our essayist a wonderful boy, "the child of nature, harmless, sincere, and crudely imaginative. His reasonings with Jim about God and nature belong to the same department of natural theology as that illustrated by Browning's Caliban. The night on the raft with Jim, when these two creatures look aloft at the stars, and Jim reckons the moon laid them like eggs, is a case in point: 'We had the sky up there, all speckled with stars, and we used to lie on our backs and look up at them, and discuss whether they was made or just happened. Jim he allowed they was made, but I allowed they happened; I judged it would have took too long to *make* so many. Jim said the moon could 'a' *laid* them; well, that looked kind of reasonable, so I didn't say anything against it, 'cause I've seen a frog lay most as many, so of course it could be done. We used to watch the stars that fell too, and see them streak down. Jim allowed they'd got spoiled and was hove out of the nest.'" Louis Stevenson loved Sir Walter Scott, yet said: "It is undeniable that the love of slap-dash and shoddy grew upon Scott along with success. He had splendid gifts. How comes it, then, that he could so often fob us off with languid, inarticulate twaddle?" Wonder if there is any minister in need of that hint? How much more salutary is Stevenson's influence than Hardy's! Of him Professor Phelps

truly says: "His optimism was based on a chronic experience of physical pain and weakness; to him it was a good world and he made it distinctly better by his presence. He was a combination of the Bohemian and the Covenanter; he had all the graces and charm of the one and the bed-rock moral earnestness of the other. 'The world must return some day to the word Duty,' said he, 'and be done with the word Reward.'" Here is an amusing as well as instructive bit about Herbert Spencer. His friends selected a certain woman as his potential spouse. They shut him up with her, and awaited the result with eagerness. They had told him that she had a great mind; but on emerging from the trial interview Spencer remarked that she would not do at all. "The lady is, in my opinion, too highly intellectual; or, I should rather say, morbidly intellectual: a small brain in a state of intense activity." Professor Phelps says this formula fits Mrs. Humphry Ward's heroines. A thoroughly modern book in the dialect of the twentieth century is this volume on modern novelists.

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#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

*Thoburn and India.* Edited by WILLIAM HENRY CRAWFORD, President of Allegheny College. Crown 8vo, pp. 293. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

THE celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Bishop James M. Thoburn's first sailing for India was held at Allegheny College and occupied three days. This volume is a report of all that was said and done in that very notable celebration of the life and work of a most remarkable man. Here are Bishop Thoburn's semicentennial sermon and all the addresses delivered by men gathered from far and near at the call of President Crawford. Seldom has any celebration been planned and managed with such admirable skill. Through the deep impressions made at the time, and through the circulation of the volume now before us, the influence of that unique commemoration will be wide and lasting. This is an inspiring volume. The spirit of missions, the passion for saving men, the glorious gospel of redemption by Jesus Christ, flame through its pages. It is a valuable addition to the burning and luminous literature which is kindling the faith and zeal of Christendom to a white heat for the capture of heathendom for Christ. We are living in a rushing time. The forces of Christianity are being mobilized. A new era for foreign missions is at hand. This volume is a treasure-house of significant facts and living thought, not of essays and disquisitions, but of strenuous and stirring speech, full of lift and swing and go. A few extracts may confirm what we have said. We open at Dr. Herben's address on "High Ideals for High Service," and find this militant bit, suited to make some good soldiers for Jesus Christ: "There is a story of the Scotch Guards and the expedition to Ashanti. The Guards were called upon to engage in a perilous undertaking. The colonel frankly told his men that not many of them would return alive. No man was ordered to go. But volunteers were called for. And so the colonel said, 'Any man who will volunteer

will step one pace to the front,' and then he turned his back to them so as not to embarrass them in their decision. After a moment he faced the line again. It was without a break. Anger arose in his heart, and leaped to his face. 'What,' said he in hot wrath, 'the Scotch Guards and not a volunteer!' Whereupon a soldier stepped from the ranks, saluted his commander, and said, 'Colonel, the whole line has stepped forward.' That was the spirit of conquest. That is the spirit we need to take this world for Jesus Christ." Another bit from President Hyde, of Bowdoin, appealing to students in behalf of Jesus Christ: "Start where you will in the moral world, if you follow principles to their conclusions they always lead you up to Christ. He touched life so deeply, so broadly, and so truly that all brave, generous living is summed up in him. Starting with the code you have here worked out for yourselves, translating it into positive terms, and enlarging it to the dimensions of the world you are about to enter, your code becomes simply a fresh interpretation of the meaning of the Christian life. All that we have been saying has its counterpart in that great life of his. He gave his best, and how good and beneficent it was!" Here is a bit from the biography of Alice Freeman Palmer concerning her service for others: "There was in her a wastefulness like that of the blossoming tree. It sometimes disturbed me, and for it I occasionally took her to task. 'Why will you,' I said, 'give all this time to speaking before uninstructed audiences, to discussions in endless committees with people too dull to know whether they are talking to the point, and to anxious interviews with tired and tiresome women? You would exhaust yourself less in writing books of lasting consequence. At present you are building no monument. When you are gone good people will ask who you were, and nobody will be able to say.' But I always received the same indifferent answer: 'Well, why should they say? I am trying to make girls wiser and happier. Books don't help much toward that. They are really dead things. Why should I make more of them? It is people that count. You want to put yourself into people. They touch other people, these others still, and so you go on working forever.'" Of the preëminence of missionaries Dr. Herben says: "The missionary is held in high esteem wherever his work is known. The idea of sacrifice is always associated with him. He is looked upon as one who endures hardship as a good soldier of the cross. He is on the fighting line. He makes up 'the thin red line of heroes' that is bringing the distant peoples into subjection to Jesus Christ. No wonder he is held in deep affection the whole world around. The late Dr. John Watson said of the missionaries: 'We second-rate fellows here at home are the militia: a very respectable lot of hardworking men, but just militia. They are the fighting line. Theirs are the medals with the bars. They are our Victoria Cross men.' And a short time ago the head master of a famous boys' school in Massachusetts declared: 'I have much to do with boys; and I would rather have one of my boys become a foreign missionary than President of the United States. The work of missionaries is the grandest in the whole world, and the missionaries are the heroes of modern times.' In Bishop McDowell's thrilling speech we feel the onset and urge of a living soul and

a quickening spirit. Hear him: "Professor James has discussed the need of a modern equivalent for war as an occupation. What makes war so appealing to youth? Well, war seems to eager and ardent spirits to be a thing worth going into. I doubt not there are men back here on this campus this week who were on this campus in the early '60's; who thought that their lives would be quite well spent if they gave those lives to the service of the nation. And I do not doubt that on this campus men quit singing 'Lauriger Horatius' and all the rest of the college songs they knew and began to sing, 'We are coming, Father Abraham,' and were glad of the chance, counting not their lives dear unto themselves. Now, what is the modern equivalent for war in its appeal to college youth? I do not hesitate to say that the church's missionary enterprise is the one largest appeal that it has to make to youth this day. In the first place, this is *the one thing that is now best worth doing*. And college fellows want to be into the things that are best worth doing. In the second place, this missionary enterprise offers to the college youth *fellowship with the people that are best worth knowing*. And in the third place, it gives them a *chance to tell the story that is best worth telling*." Bishop McDowell tells what his sick daughter said to him on the eve of the Student Volunteer Missionary Convention at Nashville: "I went to that convention under painful, pitiful circumstances. My college youngster seemed that week near the end of her earthly life, though she rallied and lasted a year after that. I said on Saturday night, 'I do not see how I can go to the convention.' She knew of my engagement there, and, calling me to her, she said: 'Daddy, I will not slip away while you are gone. And there will be all those students at Nashville. You go down and tell them that any one of them who gets a chance to tell the story of Jesus Christ anywhere in the world ought to jump at it.'" One more bit from Bishop McDowell: "I was the other day up at Madison, Wisconsin, and sat down to breakfast in the hotel alone. Presently a fine young fellow sat down opposite me. He was all full of his own affairs. It was evidently one of his early trips out, and he wanted to talk about things. After we had exchanged the courtesies of the morning he asked me if I was a traveling man, and I said I was. 'Yes,' he said, 'so am I.' And he went on to tell me that he was in the jewelry business, and I said I was in the jewel business myself—"When he cometh to make up his jewels," you know. He said, 'I am in business with my father.' I said, 'I am in business with my Father.' He said, 'My father started the business long ago, and he has taken me into partnership with him.' And I said, 'My Father started the business long ago, and I am in partnership with him.' He looked at me a minute and he said, 'I have a suspicion that you are guying me.' I said, 'No, I am a Methodist preacher and a Methodist bishop, and I am in business with my Father, in the business he started, and he took me into partnership with him.' That is it—the business our Father started, and took us into partnership with him, the business of telling the story of Jesus Christ and his redemption. The appeal to college men and women on the basis that the thing is worth doing, and the folks are worth knowing, and the story is worth telling, will awaken its own response."

Dr. John W. King told this story of young James M. Thoburn's first return from India on a furlough: "He invited his sister one day to take a walk with him. They followed the road leading to the schoolhouse on the pike, whither he had so often gone as a lad. He said to her, 'I am tempted to stay at home and not go back again to India.' 'You had a call from God to go, did you not?' 'Certainly I did,' was the reply. 'Have you the same kind of a call to stay, flattering as the offers are to do so?' 'I do not think so,' answered the young missionary, and the sister answered, 'Much as we should love to have you with us, you would better follow the divine leading.' Later this same sister was called to the mission field. Her noble work for and with the women of India is well known." Reviewing the great Thoburn Jubilee, President Crawford, of Allegheny College, says: "In trying to think over all that happened in the three days, I find myself settling down to the thought that the most impressive feature of the Jubilee was Bishop Thoburn himself—quiet, modest, unassuming, apparently altogether undisturbed by what was going on; hearing and seeing everything, responding to every recognition with the simple dignity of a saint; eyes filled up at times, voice choking, but always giving the impression that the strong Son of God was by his side. When one of the speakers in the closing words of his address turned to Thoburn, strong men cried like children; the whole audience was moved and melted at the recognition given, and quietly joined with the dear bishop in giving God all the glory."

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#### MISCELLANEOUS

*The Christian Doctrine of God.* By WILLIAM NEWTON CLARKE, D.D., Professor in Colgate University. 12mo, pp. xiv, 477. International Theological Library. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$2.50, net.

THIS treatise, which in the times of recitation method in professional instruction might be well used as a theological text-book, is presented from the standpoint of the secular thinker who is evidently much affected by the scientific temper of the age. The method differs widely from that of the celebrated Professor Charles Hodge in his famous work on Systematic Theology forty years ago, that, especially in the department of theology proper, commanded the respectful consideration and appreciation of many eminent scholars. Professor Clarke's production is most welcome because it is suited to the spirit of the times, recognizing the importance of the conclusions which the investigations of Charles Darwin and other scholars in the same field have necessitated. The recent achievements in the study of psychology are also utilized. While the book proposes to present the Christian doctrine of God, there is scant quotation of Scripture texts, though such as are chosen are delightfully apt and forcible, showing that the writer accepts the authoritative validity of the Inspired Word. He distinctly avers, however, that much of man's experimental knowledge of the Deity is derived from other sources. Valuable as may be the Hebrew conceptions of God as recorded in the Old Testament, to which Christianity is so greatly indebted, the beliefs founded on the gospel

have been profitably developed by reverential inquiry and investigation apart from the study of the Holy Bible, and thus new statements of the doctrine must be made from time to time. The faith of the Christians is elucidated rather than defended. "Religion," says Professor Clarke, "is the clearest way to the knowledge of God." Monotheism is stoutly affirmed, differing from philosophical monism in that Christianity claims the comforts and other benefits of a divine Personality who is transcendent in relation to his universe. There are no conflicting elements in the character of God, and his creatures may rely on his goodness with absolute confidence. The Trinitarian doctrine of the Godhead, as revealing, revealed, and abiding, is realized in personal experience, and appears as an integral feature in man's spiritual being. It affirms trinity, but denounces tritheism. In divine providence there are no favoritisms. God is Saviour for all, whether good or bad, but the efficacy of his loving provisions depends on the attitude of the potential beneficiaries. Omnipotence is described as power adequate to all the demands of a righteous and rationally conducted universe. Miracles may be within the realm of an entirely normal activity with which men are unfamiliar. The modern statement of God's immanence is a modified and advanced form of the doctrine of omnipresence as formerly taught, laying special stress on personal interposition, and discountenancing pantheistic tendencies. While many difficulties are encountered in the study of theology, some help in their solution may be derived in considering that God is the Author of a world incalculably more extensive than was imagined before modern science, with telescope, microscope, and spectrum, began to display its wonders, but in the very nature of things the mysteries of the Infinite can never be entirely comprehended by the finite mind. In presenting the argument for the existence of God Professor Clarke reverses the order formerly employed. He thinks that the evangelical view of the divine character, discarding the term "attributes," should be first stated, and then the mind is better prepared to consider the reasons for believing. In addition to arguments heretofore offered, more or less convincing, evidence is cited from two sources: First, the universe displays a rational order, and must, therefore, be produced by a rational creator; secondly, the spiritual nature of man, the highest result of development in process for an unknown period, demands a real object to satisfy its longing, and there must ever be something beyond our noblest aspirations. Intellectual difficulties will be encountered at every stage of progress, but the venture that evangelical faith "makes, instead of being an unmanly thing, or an escape from untenable ground into a fool's paradise of confidence, is a consistent declaration of the supremacy of all that has a right to be supreme."